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THE

RAMBLER.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri,
Quo me cunque rapit tempeſtas, deferor hoſpes.

HOR.

THE FOURTEENTH EDITION.

LONDON:

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1801.

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THE

THE

RAMBLER.

NUMB. 160. SATURDAY, *Sept.* 28, 1751.

——*Inter ſe convenit urſis.* JUV.

Beaſts of each kind their fellows ſpare;
Bear lives in amity with bear.

"THE world," ſays *Locke*, "has people of "all ſorts." As in the general hurry produced by the ſuperfluities of ſome, and neceſſities of others, no man needs to ſtand ſtill for want of employment; ſo in the innumerable gradations of ability, and endleſs varieties of ſtudy and inclination, no employment can be vacant for want of a man qualified to diſcharge it.

Such is probably the natural ſtate of the univerſe, but it is ſo much deformed by intereſt and paſſion, that the benefit of this adaptation of men to things is not always perceived. The folly or indigence of thoſe who ſet their ſervices to ſale, inclines them to boaſt of qualifications which they do not poſſeſs, and attempt buſineſs which they do not underſtand; and they who have the power of aſſigning to others the taſk of life, are ſeldom honeſt or ſeldom happy in their nominations. Patrons are corrupted by avarice, cheated by credu-

lity, or overpowered by reſiſtleſs ſolicitation. They are ſometimes too ſtrongly influenced by honeſt prejudices of friendſhip, or the prevalence of virtuous compaſſion. For, whatever cool reaſon may direct, it is not eaſy for a man of tender and ſcrupulous goodneſs to overlook the immediate effect of his own actions, by turning his eyes upon remoter conſequences, and to do that which muſt give preſent pain, for the ſake of obviating evil yet unfelt, or ſecuring advantage in time to come. What is diſtant is in itſelf obſcure, and, when we have no wiſh to ſee it, eaſily eſcapes our notice, or takes ſuch a form as deſire or imagination beſtows upon it.

Every man might for the ſame reaſon, in the multitudes that ſwarm about him, find ſome kindred mind with which he could unite in confidence and friendſhip; yet we ſee many ſtraggling ſingle about the world, unhappy for want of an aſſociate, and pining with the neceſſity of confining their ſentiments to their own boſoms.

This inconvenience ariſes in like manner from ſtruggles of the will againſt the underſtanding. It is not often difficult to find a ſuitable companion, if every man would be content with ſuch as he is qualified to pleaſe. But if vanity tempts him to forſake his rank, and poſt himſelf among thoſe with whom no common intereſt or mutual pleaſure can ever unite him, he muſt always live in a ſtate of unſocial ſeparation, without tenderneſs and without truſt.

There are many natures which can never approach within a certain diſtance, and which, when any irregular motive impels them towards contact, ſeem to ſtart back from each other by ſome invin-

ciple repulsion. There are others which immediately cohere whenever they come into the reach of mutual attraction, and with very little formality of preparation mingle intimately as soon as they meet. Every man, whom either business or curiosity has thrown at large into the world, will recollect many instances of fondness and dislike, which have forced themselves upon him without the intervention of his judgment; of dispositions to court some and avoid others, when he could assign no reason for the preference, or none adequate to the violence of his passions; of influence that acted instantaneously upon his mind, and which no arguments or persuasions could ever overcome.

Among those with whom time and intercourse have made us familiar, we feel our affections divided in different proportions without much regard to moral or intellectual merit. Every man knows some whom he cannot induce himself to trust, though he has no reason to suspect that they would betray him; those to whom he cannot complain though he never observed them to want compassion; those in whose presence he never can be gay, though excited by invitations to mirth and freedom; and those from whom he cannot be content to receive instruction, though they never insulted his ignorance by contempt or ostentation.

That much regard is to be had to those instincts of kindness and dislike, or that reason should blindly follow them, I am far from intending to inculcate: It is very certain that by indulgence we may give them strength which they have not from nature, and almost every example of ingratitude and treachery proves, that by obeying them we may commit our happiness to those who are very unworthy

of ſo great a truſt. But it may deſerve to be remarked, that ſince few contend much with their inclinations, it is generally vain to ſolicit the goodwill of thoſe whom we perceive thus involuntarily alienated from us; neither knowledge nor virtue will reconcile antipathy, and though officiouſneſs may for a time be admitted, and diligence applauded, they will at laſt be diſmiſſed with coldneſs, or diſcouraged by neglect.

Some have indeed an occult power of ſtealing upon the affections, of exciting univerſal benevolence, and diſpoſing every heart to fondneſs and friendſhip. But this is a felicity granted only to the favourites of nature. The greater part of mankind find a different reception from different diſpoſitions; they ſometimes obtain unexpected careſſes from thoſe whom they never flattered with uncommon regard, and ſometimes exhauſt all their arts of pleaſing without effect. To theſe it is neceſſary to look round and attempt every breaſt in which they find virtue ſufficient for the foundation of friendſhip; to enter into the crowd, and try whom chance will offer to their notice, till they fix on ſome temper congenial to their own, as the magnet rolled in the duſt collects the fragments of its kindred metal from a thouſand particles of other ſubſtances.

Every man muſt have remarked the facility with which the kindneſs of others is ſometimes gained by thoſe to whom he never could have imparted his own. We are by our occupations, education, and habits of life, divided almoſt into different ſpecies, which regard one another for the moſt part with ſcorn and malignity. Each of theſe claſſes of the human race has deſires, fears, and converſation, vexations and merriment, peculiar to itſelf; cares

cares which another cannot feel; pleaſures which he cannot partake; and modes of expreſſing every ſenſation which he cannot underſtand. That frolick which ſhakes one man with laughter, will convulſe another with indignation; the ſtrain of jocularity which in one place obtains treats and patronage would in another be heard with indifference, and in a third with abhorrence.

To raiſe eſteem we muſt benefit others, to procure love we muſt pleaſe them. *Ariſtotle* obſerves, that old men do not readily form friendſhips, becauſe they are not eaſily ſuſceptible of pleaſure. He that can contribute to the hilarity of the vacant hour, or partake with equal guſt the favourite amuſement, he whoſe mind is employed on the ſame objects, and who therefore never haraſſes the underſtanding with unaccuſtomed ideas, will be welcomed with ardour, and left with regret, unleſs he deſtroys thoſe recommendations by faults with which peace and ſecurity cannot conſiſt.

It were happy if, in forming friendſhips, virtue could concur with pleaſure; but the greateſt part of human gratifications approach ſo nearly to vice, that few who make the delight of others the rule of conduct, can avoid diſingenuous compliances; yet certainly he that ſuffers himſelf to be driven or allured from virtue, miſtakes his own intereſt, ſince he gains ſuccour by means, for which his friend, if ever he becomes wiſe, muſt ſcorn him, and for which at laſt he muſt ſcorn himſelf.

NUMB. 161. TUESDAY, *October* 1, 1751.

Οἵη γὰρ φύλλων γενεὴ, τοίηδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν. HOM.

Frail as the leaves that quiver on the sprays,
Like them man flourishes, like them decays.

Mr. RAMBLER.

SIR,

YOU have formerly observed that curiosity often terminates in barren knowledge, and that the mind is prompted to study and enquiry rather by the uneasiness of ignorance, than the hope of profit. Nothing can be of less importance to any present interest than the fortune of those who have been long lost in the grave, and from whom nothing now can be hoped or feared. Yet to rouse the zeal of a true antiquary, little more is necessary than to mention a name which mankind have conspired to forget; he will make his way to remote scenes of action through obscurity and contradiction, as *Tully* sought amidst bushes and brambles the tomb of *Archimedes*.

It is not easy to discover how it concerns him that gathers the produce, or receives the rent of an estate, to know through what families the land has passed, who is registered in the Conqueror's survey as its possessor, how often it has been forfeited by treason, or how often sold by prodigality. The power or wealth of the present inhabitants of a country cannot be much increased by an enquiry after the names of those barbarians, who destroyed one another twenty centuries ago, in contests for the shelter of woods or convenience of pasturage. Yet we see that no man can be at rest in the enjoyment of a new purchase till

till he has learned the hiſtory of his grounds from the ancient inhabitants of the pariſh, and that no nation omits to record the actions of their anceſtors, however bloody, ſavage, and rapacious.

The ſame diſpoſition, as different opportunities call it forth, diſcovers itſelf in great or little things. I have always thought it unworthy of a wiſe man to ſlumber in total inactivity, only becauſe he happens to have no employment equal to his ambition or genius; it is therefore my cuſtom to apply my attention to the objects before me, and as I cannot think any place wholly unworthy of notice that affords a habitation to a man of letters, I have collected the hiſtory and antiquities of the ſeveral garrets in which I have reſided.

Quantulacunque eſtis, vos ego magna voco.

How ſmall to others, but how great to me!

Many of theſe narratives my induſtry has been able to extend to a conſiderable length; but the woman with whom I now lodge has lived only eighteen months in the houſe, and can give no account of its ancient revolutions; the plaiſterer having, at her entrance, obliterated, by his white-waſh, all the ſmoky memorials which former tenants had left upon the ceiling, and perhaps drawn the veil of oblivion over politicians, philoſophers, and poets.

When I firſt cheapened my lodgings the landlady told me, that ſhe hoped I was not an author, for the lodgers on the firſt floor had ſtipulated that the upper rooms ſhould not be occupied by a noiſy trade. I very readily promiſed to give no diſturbance to her family, and ſoon diſpatched a bargain on the uſual terms.

I had not ſlept many nights in my new apartment before I began to enquire after my predeceſſors, and found my landlady, whoſe imagination is filled chiefly with her own affairs, very ready to give me information.

Curioſity, like all other deſires, produces pain as well as pleaſure. Before ſhe began her narrative, I had heated my head with expectations of adventures and diſcoveries, of elegance in diſguiſe, and learning in diſtreſs; and was ſomewhat mortified when I heard that the firſt tenant was a tailor, of whom nothing was remembered but that he complained of his room for want of light; and, after having lodged in it a month, and paid only a week's rent, pawned a piece of cloth which he was truſted to cut out, and was forced to make a precipitate retreat from this quarter of the town.

The next was a young woman newly arrived from the country, who lived for five weeks with great regularity, and became by frequent treats very much the favourite of the family, but at laſt received viſits ſo frequently from a couſin in *Cheapſide*, that ſhe brought the reputation of the houſe into danger, and was therefore diſmiſſed with good advice.

The room then ſtood empty for a fortnight; my landlady began to think that ſhe had judged hardly, and often wiſhed for ſuch another lodger. At laſt an elderly man of a grave aſpect read the bill, and bargained for the room at the very firſt price that was aſked. He lived in cloſe retirement, ſeldom went out till evening, and then returned early, ſometimes cheerful, and at other times dejected. It was remarkable, that whatever he purchaſed, he never had ſmall money in his pocket, and though

though cool and temperate on other occaſions, was always vehement and ſtormy till he received his change. He paid his rent with great exactneſs, and ſeldom failed once a week to requite my landlady's civility with a ſupper. At laſt, ſuch is the fate of human felicity, the houſe was alarmed at midnight by the conſtable, who demanded to ſearch the garrets. My landlady aſſuring him that he had miſtaken the door, conducted him up ſtairs, where he found the tools of a coiner; but the tenant had crawled along the roof to an empty houſe, and eſcaped; much to the joy of my landlady, who declares him a very honeſt man, and wonders why any body ſhould be hanged for making money when ſuch numbers are in want of it. She however confeſſes that ſhe ſhall for the future always queſtion the character of thoſe who take her garret without beating down the price.

The bill was then placed again in the window, and the poor woman was teaſed for ſeven weeks by innumerable paſſengers, who obliged her to climb with them every hour up five ſtories, and then diſliked the proſpect, hated the noiſe of a publick ſtreet, thought the ſtairs narrow, objected to a low ceiling, required the walls to be hung with freſher paper, aſked queſtions about the neighbourhood, could not think of living ſo far from their acquaintance, wiſhed the windows had looked to the ſouth rather than the weſt, told how the door and chimney might have been better diſpoſed, bid her half the price that ſhe aſked, or promiſed to give her earneſt the next day, and came no more.

At laſt, a ſhort meagre man, in a tarniſhed waiſtcoat, deſired to ſee the garret, and when he

had ſtipulated for two long ſhelves, and a larger table, hired it at a low rate. When the affair was completed, he looked round him with great ſatiſfaction, and repeated ſome words which the woman did not underſtand. In two days he brought a great box of books, took poſſeſſion of his room, and lived very inoffenſively, except that he frequently diſturbed the inhabitants of the next floor by unſeaſonable noiſes. He was generally in bed at noon, but from evening to midnight he ſometimes talked aloud with great vehemence, ſometimes ſtamped as in rage, ſometimes threw down his poker, then clattered his chairs, then ſat down in deep thought, and again burſt out into loud vociferations; ſometimes he would ſigh as oppreſſed with miſery, and ſometimes ſhake with convulſive laughter. When he encountered any of the family, he gave way or bowed, but rarely ſpoke, except that as he went up ſtairs he often repeated,

——Ὃς ὑπέρτατα δώματα ναίει.
This ha'itant th' aerial regions boaſt,

hard words, to which his neighbours liſtened ſo often, that they learned them without underſtanding them. What was his employment ſhe did not venture to aſk him, but at laſt heard a printer's boy enquire for the author.

My landlady was very often adviſed to beware of this ſtrange man, who, though he was quiet for the preſent, might perhaps become outrageous in the hot months; but as ſhe was punctually paid, ſhe could not find any ſufficient reaſon for diſmiſſing him, till one night he convinced her, by

by ſetting fire to his curtains, that it was not ſafe to have an author for her inmate.

She had then for ſix weeks a ſucceſſion of tenants, who left the houſe on Saturday, and inſtead of paying their rent, ſtormed at their landlady. At laſt ſhe took in two ſiſters, one of whom had ſpent her little fortune in procuring remedies for a lingering diſeaſe, and was now ſupported and attended by the other: ſhe climbed with difficulty to the apartment where ſhe languiſhed eight weeks without impatience or lamentation, except for the expence and fatigue which her ſiſter ſuffered, and then calmly and contentedly expired. The ſiſter followed her to the grave, paid the few debts which they had contracted, wiped away the tears of uſeleſs ſorrow, and returning to the buſineſs of common life, reſigned to me the vacant habitation.

Such, Mr. *Rambler*, are the changes which have happened in the narrow ſpace where my preſent fortune has fixed my reſidence. So true it is that amuſement and inſtruction are always at hand for thoſe who have ſkill and willingneſs to find them; and ſo juſt is the obſervation of *Juvenal*, that a ſingle houſe will ſhew whatever is done or ſuffered in the world.

I am, SIR, &c.

Numb. 162. Tuesday, *October* 5, 1751.

Orbus es, & locuples, & Bruto consule natus,
Esse tibi veras credis amicitias?
Sunt veræ; sed quas Juvenis, quas pauper habebas,
Quis novus est, mortem diligit ille tuam. Mart.

What! old, and rich, and childless too,
And yet believe your friends are true?
Truth might, perhaps, to those belong,
To those who lov'd you poor and young;
But, trust me, for the new you have,
They'll love you dearly——in your grave. F. Lewis.

ONE of the complaints uttered by *Milton's Sampson*, in the anguish of blindness, is, that he shall pass his life under the direction of others; that he cannot regulate his conduct by his own knowledge, but must lie at the mercy of those who undertake to guide him.

There is no state more contrary to the dignity of wisdom, than perpetual and unlimited dependence, in which the understanding lies useless, and every motion is received from external impulse. Reason is the great distinction of human nature, the faculty by which we approach to some degree of association with celestial intelligences; but as the excellence of every power appears only in its operations, not to have reason, and to have it useless and unemployed is nearly the same.

Such is the weakness of man, that the essence of things is seldom so much regarded as external and accidental appendages. A small variation of trifling circumstances, a slight change of form by an artificial dress, or a casual difference of appearance, by a new light and situation, will conciliate affection, or excite abhorrence, and determine us to

to purſue or to avoid. Every man conſiders a neceſſity of compliance with any will but his own, as the loweſt ſtate of ignominy and meanneſs; few are ſo far loſt in cowardice or negligence, as not to rouſe at the firſt inſult of tyranny, and exert all their force againſt him who uſurps their property, or invades any privilege of ſpeech or action. Yet we ſee often thoſe who never wanted ſpirit to repel encroachment, or oppoſe violence, at laſt, by a gradual relaxation of vigilance, delivering up, without capitulation, the fortreſs which they defended againſt aſſault, and laying down unbidden, the weapons which they graſped the harder for every attempt to wreſt them from their hands. Men eminent for ſpirit and wiſdom often reſign themſelves to voluntary pupillage, and ſuffer their lives to be modelled by officious ignorance, and their choice to be regulated by preſumptuous ſtupidity.

This unreſiſting acquieſcence in the determination of others may be the conſequence of application to ſome ſtudy remote from the beaten track of life, ſome employment which does not allow leiſure for ſufficient inſpection of thoſe petty affairs, by which nature has decreed a great part of our duration to be filled. To a mind thus withdrawn from common objects, it is more eligible to repoſe on the prudence of another, than to be expoſed every moment to ſlight interruptions. The ſubmiſſion which ſuch confidence requires, is paid without pain, becauſe it implies no confeſſion of inferiority. The buſineſs from which we withdraw our cognizance, is not above our abilities, but below our notice. We pleaſe our pride with the effects of our influence thus weakly exerted,

and

and fancy ourſelves placed in a higher orb, from which we regulate ſubordinate agents, by a flight and diſtant ſuperintendance. But whatever vanity or abſtraction may ſuggeſt, no man can ſafely do that by others which might be done by himſelf; he that indulges negligence will quickly become ignorant of his own affairs; and he that truſts without reſerve, will at laſt be deceived

It is however impoſſible but that, as the attention tends ſtrongly towards one thing, it muſt retire from another; and he that omits the care of domeſtic buſineſs, becauſe he is engroſſed by enquiries of more importance to mankind, has at leaſt the merit of ſuffering in a good cauſe. But there are many who can plead no ſuch extenuation of their folly; who ſhake off the burthen of their ſtation, not that they may ſoar with leſs incumbrance to the heights of knowledge or virtue, but that they may loiter at eaſe, and ſleep in quiet; and who ſelect for friendſhip and confidence, not the faithful and the virtuous, but the ſoft, the civil, and compliant.

This openneſs to flattery is the common diſgrace of declining life. When men feel weakneſs increaſing on them, they naturally deſire to reſt from the ſtruggles of contradiction, the fatigue of reaſoning, the anxiety of circumſpection; when they are hourly tormented with pains and diſeaſes, they are unable to bear any new diſturbance, and conſider all oppoſition as an addition to miſery, of which they feel already more than they can patiently endure. Thus deſirous of peace, and thus fearful of pain, the old man ſeldom enquires after any other qualities in thoſe whom he careſſes, than quickneſs in conjecturing his deſires, activity in

in fupplying his wants, dexterity in intercepting complaints before they approach near enough to diſturb him, flexibility to his preſent humour, ſubmiſſion to haſty petulance, and attention to wearifome narrations. By theſe arts alone many have been able to defeat the claims of kindred and of merit, and to enrich themſelves with preſents and legacies.

Thraſybulus inherited a large fortune, and augmented it by the revenues of ſeveral lucrative employments, which he diſcharged with honour and dexterity. He was at laſt wiſe enough to conſider, that life ſhould not be devoted wholly to accumulation, and therefore retiring to his eſtate, applied himſelf to the education of his children, and the cultivation of domeſtic happineſs.

He paſſed ſeveral years in this pleaſing amuſement, and ſaw his care amply recompenſed; his daughters were celebrated for modeſty and elegance, and his ſons for learning, prudence, and ſpirit. In time the eagerneſs with which the neighbouring gentlemen courted his alliance, obliged him to reſign his daughters to other families; the vivacity and curioſity of his ſons hurried them out of rural privacy into the open world, from whence they had not ſoon an inclination to return. This however he had always hoped; he pleaſed himſelf with the ſucceſs of his ſchemes, and felt no inconvenience from ſolitude, till an apoplexy deprived him of his wife.

Thraſybulus had now no companion; and the maladies of increaſing years having taken from him much of the power of procuring amuſement for himſelf, he thought it neceſſary to procure ſome inferior friend who might eaſe him of his economical

economical ſolicitudes, and divert him by cheerful converſation. All theſe qualities he ſoon recollected in *Vafer*, a clerk in one of the offices over which he had formerly preſided. *Vafer* was invited to viſit his old patron, and being by this ſtation acquainted with the preſent modes of life, and by conſtant practice dextrous in buſineſs, entertained him with ſo many novelties, and ſo readily diſentangled his affairs, that he was deſired to reſign his clerkſhip, and accept a liberal ſalary in the houſe of *Thraſybulus*.

Vafer, having always lived in a ſtate of dependance, was well verſed in the arts by which favour is obtained, and could without repugnance or heſitation, accommodate himſelf to every caprice, and echo every opinion. He never doubted but to be convinced, nor attempted oppoſition but to flatter *Thraſybulus* with the pleaſure of a victory. By this practice he found his way into his patron's heart, and having firſt made himſelf agreeable, ſoon became important. His inſidious diligence, by which the lazineſs of age was gratified, engroſſed the management of affairs; and his petty offices of civility and occaſional interceſſions, perſuaded the tenants to conſider him as their friend and benefactor, and to entreat his enforcement of their repreſentations of hard years, and his countenance to petitions for abatement of rent.

Thraſybulus had now banqueted on flattery, till he could no longer bear the harſhneſs of remonſtrance, or the inſipidity of truth. All contrariety to his own opinion ſhocked him like a violation of ſome natural right, and all recommendation of his affairs to his own inſpection was dreaded by him as a ſummons to torture. His children were alarmed

alarmed by the ſudden riches of *Vafer*, but their complaints were heard by their father with impatience, as the reſult of a conſpiracy againſt his quiet, and a deſign to condemn him, for their own advantage, to groan out his laſt hours in perplexity and drudgery. The daughters retired with tears in their eyes, but the ſon continued his importunities till he found his inheritance hazarded by his obſtinacy. *Vafer* triumphed over all their efforts, and continuing to confirm himſelf in authority, at the death of his maſter purchaſed an eſtate, and bade defiance to enquiry and juſtice.

NUMB. 163. TUESDAY, *October* 8, 1751.

Mitte ſuperba pati faſtidia, ſpemque caducam
Deſpice; vive tibi, nam moriere tibi. SENECA.

Bow to no patron's inſolence; rely
On no frail hopes, in freedom live and die. F. LEWIS.

NONE of the cruelties exerciſed by wealth and power, upon indigence and dependance is more miſchievous in its conſequences, or more frequently practiſed with wanton negligence, than the encouragement of expectations which are never to be gratified, and the elation and depreſſion of the heart, by needleſs viciſſitudes of hope and diſappointment.

Every man is rich or poor, according to the proportion between his deſires and enjoyments; any enlargement of wiſhes is therefore equally deſtructive to happineſs with the diminution of poſſeſſion, and he that teaches another to long for what he never ſhall obtain, is no leſs an enemy

to

to his quiet, than if he had robbed him of part of his patrimony.

But repreſentations thus refined, exhibit no adequate idea of the guilt of pretended friendſhip; of artifices by which followers are attracted only to decorate the retinue of pomp, and ſwell the ſhout of popularity, and to be diſmiſſed with contempt and ignominy, when their leader has ſucceeded or miſcarried, when he is ſick of ſhow, and weary of noiſe. While a man, infatuated with the promiſes of greatneſs, waſtes his hours and days in attendance and ſolicitation, the honeſt opportunities of improving his condition paſs by without his notice; he neglects to cultivate his own barren ſoil, becauſe he expects every moment to be placed in regions of ſpontaneous fertility, and is ſeldom rouſed from his deluſion, but by the gripe of diſtreſs which he cannot reſiſt, and the ſenſe of evils which cannot be remedied.

The puniſhment of *Tantalus* in the infernal regions, affords a juſt image of hungry ſervility, flattered with the approach of advantage, doomed to loſe it before it comes into his reach, always within a few days of felicity, and always ſinking back to his former wants.

Καὶ μὲν Τάνταλον ἐισεῖδον χαλὲπ' ἄλγε' ἔχοντα
Εςάοτ, ἐν λίμνη, ἡ δὲ προσέπλαζε γενείῳ·
Στεῦτο δὲ διψάων· πιέειν δ' οὐκ εἶχεν ἕλεσθαι.
Οσσάκι γαρ κύψει ὁ γέρων πιέειν μενεαινων,
Τοσσαχ' ἵδωρ αχολέσκετ ἀναβροχθεν· ἀμφὶ δὲ ποσσὶ
Γαῖα μέλαινα φάνεσκε· καταζήνασκε δὲ δαίμων.
Δένδρεα δ' ὑψιπίτηλα καταχρῆθεν χέε καρπὸν.
Ὀχναι, καὶ ῥοιαὶ, καὶ μηλέαι ἀγλαόκαρπον.
Συκᾶι τέ γλυκεραὶ, καὶ ἐλᾶιαι τηλεθόωσαι.
Τῶν ὁπότ' ἰθυσει ὁ γέρων ἐπὶ χερσὶ μάσασθαι
Τάς δ' ἄνεμος ῥιπτασκε ποτὶ νέφεα σκιόεντα.

"I ſaw,"

"I saw," says *Homer's Ulysses*, "the severe punish-
"ment of *Tantalus*. In a lake whose waters ap-
"proached to his lips, he stood burning with thirst,
"without the power to drink. Whenever he in-
"clined his head to the stream, some deity com-
"manded it to be dry, and the dark earth appeared
"at his feet. Around him lofty trees spread their
"fruits to view; the pear, the pomegranate, and
"the apple, the green olive, and the luscious fig,
"quivered before him, which, whenever he extend-
"ed his hand to seize them, were snatched by the
"winds into clouds and obscurity."

This image of misery was perhaps originally suggested to some poet by the conduct of his patron, by the daily contemplation of splendor which he never must partake, by fruitless attempts to catch at interdicted happiness, and by the sudden evanescence of his reward, when he thought his labours almost at an end. To groan with poverty when all about him was opulence, riot, and superfluity, and to find the favours which he had long been encouraged to hope, and had long endeavoured to deserve, squandered at last on nameless ignorance, was to thirst with water flowing before him, and to see the fruits to which his hunger was hastening, scattered by the wind. Nor can my correspondent, whatever he may have suffered, express with more justness or force the vexations of dependance.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I AM one of those mortals who have been courted and envied as the favourites of the great. Having often gained the prize of composition at the

the univerſity, I began to hope that I ſhould obtain the ſame diſtinction in every other place, and determined to forſake the profeſſion to which I was deſtined by my parents, and in which the intereſt of my family would have procured me a very advantageous ſettlement. The pride of wit fluttered in my heart, and when I prepared to leave the college, nothing entered my imagination but honours, careſſes, and rewards, riches without labour, and luxury without expence.

I however delayed my departure for a time, to finiſh the performance by which I was to draw the firſt notice of mankind upon me. When it was completed, I hurried to *London*, and conſidered every moment that paſſed before its publication, as loſt in a kind of neutral exiſtence, and cut off from the golden hours of happineſs and fame. The piece was at laſt printed and diſſeminated by a rapid ſale; I wandered from one place of concourſe to another, feaſted from morning to night on the repetition of my own praiſes, and enjoyed the various conjectures of critics, the miſtaken candour of my friends, and the impotent malice of my enemies. Some had read the manuſcript, and rectified its inaccuracies; others had ſeen it in a ſtate ſo imperfect, that they could not forbear to wonder at its preſent excellence; ſome had converſed with the author at the coffee-houſe; and others gave hints that they had lent him money.

I knew that no performance is ſo favourably read as that of a writer who ſuppreſſes his name, and therefore reſolved to remain concealed, till thoſe by whom literary reputation is eſtabliſhed, had given their ſuffrages too publicly to retract them. At length my bookſeller informed me, that *Aurantius*, the

the ſtanding patron of merit, had ſent enquiries after me, and invited me to his acquaintance.

The time which I had long expected was now arrived. I went to *Aurantius* with a beating heart, for I looked upon our interview as the critical moment of my deſtiny. I was received with civilities, which my academick rudeneſs made me unable to repay; but when I had recovered from my confuſion, I proſecuted the converſation with ſuch livelineſs and propriety, that I confirmed my new friend in his eſteem of my abilities, and was diſmiſſed with the utmoſt ardour of profeſſion, and raptures of fondneſs.

I was ſoon ſummoned to dine with *Aurantius*, who had aſſembled the moſt judicious of his friends to partake of the entertainment. Again I exerted my powers of ſentiment and expreſſion, and again found every eye ſparkling with delight, and every tongue ſilent with attention. I now became familiar at the table of *Aurantius*, but could never, in his moſt private or jocund hours, obtain more from him than general declarations of eſteem, or endearments of tenderneſs, which included no particular promiſe, and therefore conferred no claim. This frigid reſerve ſomewhat diſguſted me, and when he complained of three days abſence, I took care to inform him with how much importunity of kindneſs I had been detained by his rival *Pollio*.

Aurantius now conſidered his honour as endangered by the deſertion of a wit, and leſt I ſhould have an inclination to wander, told me that I could never find a friend more conſtant or zealous than himſelf; that indeed he had made no promiſes, becauſe he hoped to ſurprize me with advancement, but had been ſilently promoting my intereſt, and ſhould

ſhould continue his good offices, unleſs he found the kindneſs of others more deſired.

If you, Mr. *Rambler*, have ever ventured your philoſophy within the attraction of greatneſs, you know the force of ſuch language introduced with a ſmile of gracious tenderneſs, and impreſſed at the concluſion with an air of ſolemn ſincerity. From that inſtant I gave myſelf up wholly to *Aurantius*, and as he immediately reſumed his former gaiety, expected every moment a ſummons to ſome employment of dignity and profit. One month ſucceeded another, and in defiance of appearances I ſtill fancied myſelf nearer to my wiſhes, and continued to dream of ſucceſs, and wake to diſappointment. At laſt the failure of my little fortune compelled me to abate the finery which I hitherto thought neceſſary to the company with whom I aſſociated, and the rank to which I ſhould be-raiſed. *Aurantius*, from the moment in which he diſcovered my poverty, conſidered me as fully in his power, and afterwards rather permitted my attendance, than invited it; thought himſelf at liberty to refuſe my viſits, whenever he had other amuſements within reach, and often ſuffered me to wait, without pretending any neceſſary buſineſs. When I was admitted to his table, if any man of rank, equal to his own, was preſent, he took occaſion to mention my writings, and commend my ingenuity, by which he intended to apologize for the confuſion of diſtinctions, and the improper aſſortment of his company; and often called upon me to entertain his friends with my productions, as a ſportſman delights the ſquires of his neighbourhood with the curvets of his horſe, or the obedience of his ſpaniels.

To

To complete my mortification, it was his practice to impose tasks upon me, by requiring me to write upon such subjects as he thought susceptible of ornament and illustration. With these extorted performances he was little satisfied, because he rarely found in them the ideas which his own imagination had suggested, and which he therefore thought more natural than mine.

When the pale of ceremony is broken, rudeness and insult soon enter the breach. He now found that he might safely harass me with vexation, that he had fixed the shackles of patronage upon me, and that I could neither resist him nor escape. At last, in the eighth year of my servitude, when the clamour of creditors was vehement, and my necessity known to be extreme, he offered me a small office, but hinted his expectation that I should marry a young woman with whom he had been acquainted.

I was not so far depressed by my calamities as to comply with his proposal; but knowing that complaints and expostulations would but gratify his insolence, I turned away with that contempt with which I shall never want spirit to treat the wretch who can outgo the guilt of a robber, without the temptation of his profit, and who lures the credulous and thoughtless to maintain the show of his levee, and the mirth of his table, at the expence of honour, happiness, and life.

I am, SIR, &c.

LIBEALIS.

NUMB. 164. SATURDAY, *October* 12, 1751.

——— *Vitium, Gaure, Catonis habes.* MART.

Gaurus pretends to *Cato*'s fame;
And proves——by *Cato*'s vice, his claim.

DISTINCTION is so pleasing to the pride of man, that a great part of the pain and pleasure of life arises from the gratification or disappointment of an incessant wish for superiority, from the success or miscarriage of secret competitions, from victories and defeats, of which, though they appear to us of great importance, in reality none are conscious except ourselves.

Proportionate to the prevalence of this love of praise is the variety of means by which its attainment is attempted. Every man, however hopeless his pretensions may appear to all but himself, has some project by which he hopes to rise to reputation; some art by which he imagines that the notice of the world will be attracted; some quality, good or bad, which discriminates him from the common herd of mortals, and by which others may be persuaded to love, or compelled to fear him. The ascents of honour, however steep, never appear inaccessible; he that despairs to scale the precipices by which valour and learning have conducted their favourites, discovers some by-path, or easier acclivity, which, though it cannot bring him to the summit, will yet enable him to overlook those with whom he is now contending for eminence; and we seldom require more to the happiness of the present hour, than to surpass him that stands next before us.

As

As the greater part of human kind ſpeak and act wholly by imitation, moſt of thoſe who aſpire to honour and applauſe propoſe to themſelves ſome example which ſerves as the model of their conduct and the limit of their hopes. Almoſt every man, if cloſely examined, will be found to have enliſted himſelf under ſome leader whom he expects to conduct him to renown; to have ſome hero or other, living or dead, in his view, whoſe character he endeavours to aſſume, and whoſe performances he labours to equal.

When the original is well choſen, and judiciouſly copied, the imitator often arrives at excellence, which he could never have attained without direction; for few are formed with abilities to diſcover new poſſibilities of excellence, and to diſtinguiſh themſelves by means never tried before.

But folly and idleneſs often contrive to gratify pride at a cheaper rate: not the qualities which are moſt illuſtrious, but thoſe which are of eaſieſt attainment, are ſelected for imitation; and the honours and rewards which public gratitude has paid to the benefactors of mankind, are expected by wretches who can only imitate them in their vices and defects, or adopt ſome petty ſingularities, of which thoſe from whom they are borrowed, were ſecretly aſhamed.

No man riſes to ſuch a height as to become conſpicuous, but he is on one ſide cenſured by undiſcerning malice, which reproaches him for his beſt actions, and ſlanders his apparent and inconteſtable excellencies; and idolized on the other by ignorant admiration, which exalts his faults and follies into virtues. It may be obſerved, that he by whoſe intimacy his acquaintances imagine themſelves

ſelves dignified, generally diffuſes among them his mien and his habits; and indeed without more vigilance than is generally applied to the regulation of the minuter parts of behaviour, it is not eaſy when we converſe much with one whoſe general character excites our veneration, to eſcape all contagion of his peculiarities, even when we do not deliberately think them worthy of our notice, and when they would have excited laughter or diſguſt, had they not been protected by their alliance to nobler qualities, and accidentally conſorted with knowledge or with virtue.

The faults of a man loved or honoured, ſometimes ſteal ſecretly and imperceptibly upon the wiſe and virtuous, but by injudicious fondneſs, or thoughtleſs vanity are adopted with deſign. There is ſcarce any failing of mind or body, any error of opinion, or depravity of practice, which, inſtead of producing ſhame and diſcontent, its natural effects, has not at one time or other gladdened vanity with the hopes of praiſe, and been diſplayed with oſtentatious induſtry by thoſe who ſought kindred minds among the wits or heroes, and could prove their relation only by ſimilitude of deformity.

In conſequence of this perverſe ambition, every habit which reaſon condemns may be indulged and avowed. When a man is upbraided with his faults, he may, indeed, be pardoned if he endeavours to run for ſhelter to ſome celebrated name; but it is not to be ſuffered that, from the retreats to which he fled from infamy, he ſhould iſſue again with the confidence of conqueſts, and call upon mankind for praiſe. Yet we ſee men that waſte their patrimony in luxury, deſtroy their health with debauchery, and enervate their minds with idleneſs, becauſe there have

have been ſome whom luxury never could ſink into contempt, nor idleneſs hinder from the praiſe of genius.

This general inclination of mankind to copy characters in the groſs, and the force which the recommendation of illuſtrious examples adds to the allurements of vice, ought to be conſidered by all whoſe character excludes them from the ſhades of ſecrecy, as incitements to ſcrupulous caution and univerſal purity of manners. No man, however enſlaved to his appetites, or hurried by his paſſions, can, while he preſerves his intellects unimpaired, pleaſe himſelf with promoting the corruption of others. He whoſe merit has enlarged his influence, would ſurely wiſh to exert it for the benefit of mankind. Yet ſuch will be the effect of his reputation, while he ſuffers himſelf to indulge in any favourite fault, that they who have no hope to reach his excellence will catch at his failings, and his virtues will be cited to juſtify the copyers of his vices.

It is particularly the duty of thoſe who conſign illuſtrious names to poſterity, to take care leſt their readers be miſled by ambiguous examples. That writer may be juſtly condemned as an enemy to goodneſs, who ſuffers fondneſs or intereſt to confound right with wrong, or to ſhelter the faults which even the wiſeſt and the beſt have committed from that ignominy which guilt ought always to ſuffer, and with which it ſhould be more deeply ſtigmatized when dignified by its neighbourhood to uncommon worth, ſince we ſhall be in danger of beholding it without abhorrence, unleſs its turpitude be laid open and the eye ſecured from the deception of ſurrounding ſplendour.

NUMB. 165. TUESDAY, *October* 15, 1751.

Ἦν νέος ἀλλὰ πένης; νῦν γηρᾷν, πλέσιός εἰμι.
Ὦ μόνος ἐκ πάντων οἰκτρὸς ἐν ἀμφοτέροις,
Ὃς τότε μὲν χρῆσθαι δυνάμην, ὁπότ' οὐδὲ ἐν εἶχον.
Νῦν δ' ὁπότε χρῆσθαι μὴ δυναμαι, τότ' ἔχω.

ANTIPHILUS.

Young was I once and poor, now rich and old;
A harder case than mine was never told;
Blest with the pow'r to use them — I had none;
Loaded with *riches* now, the pow'r is gone. F. LEWIS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

THE writers who have undertaken the unpromising task of moderating desire, exert all the power of their eloquence, to shew that happiness is not the lot of man, and have by many arguments and examples, proved the instability of every condition by which envy or ambition are excited. They have set before our eyes all the calamities to which we are exposed from the frailty of nature, the influence of accident, or the stratagems of malice; they have terrified greatness with conspiracies, and riches with anxieties, wit with criticism, and beauty with disease.

All the force of reason, and all the charms of language, are indeed necessary to support positions which every man hears with a wish to confute them. Truth finds an easy entrance into the mind, when she is introduced by desire, and attended by pleasure; but when she intrudes uncalled, and brings only fear and sorrow in her train, the passes of the

the intellect are barred againſt her by prejudice and paſſion; if ſhe ſometimes forces her way by the batteries of argument, ſhe ſeldom long keeps poſſeſſion of her conqueſts, but is ejected by ſome favoured enemy, or at beſt obtains only a nominal ſovereignty, without influence and without authority.

That life is ſhort we are all convinced, and yet ſuffer not that conviction to repreſs our projects or limit our expectations; that life is miſerable we all feel, and yet we believe that the time is near when we ſhall feel it no longer. But to hope happineſs and immortality is equally vain. Our ſtate may, indeed, be more or leſs imbittered, as our duration may be more or leſs contracted; yet the utmoſt felicity which we can ever attain will be little better than alleviation of miſery, and we ſhall always feel more pain from our wants than pleaſure from our enjoyments. The incident which I am going to relate will ſhew, that to deſtroy the effect of all our ſucceſs, it is not neceſſary that any ſignal calamity ſhould fall upon us, that we ſhould be haraſſed by implacable perſecution, or excruciated by irremediable pains; the brighteſt hours of proſperity have their clouds, and the ſtream of life, if it is not ruffled by obſtructions, will grow putrid by ſtagnation.

My father reſolving not to imitate the folly of his anceſtors, who had hitherto left the younger ſons incumbrances on the eldeſt, deſtined me to a lucrative profeſſion; and I being careful to loſe no opportunity of improvement, was, at the uſual time in which young men enter the world, well

qualified for the exercise of the business which I had chosen.

My eagerness to distinguish myself in public, and my impatience of the narrow scheme of life to which my indigence confined me, did not suffer me to continue long in the town where I was born. I went away as from a place of confinement, with a resolution to return no more, till I should be able to dazzle with my splendour, those who now looked upon me with contempt, to reward those who had paid honours to my dawning merit, and to show all who had suffered me to glide by them unknown and neglected, how much they mistook their interest in omitting to propitiate a genius like mine.

Such were my intentions when I sallied forth into the unknown world, in quest of riches and honours, which I expected to procure in a very short time; for what could withhold them from industry and knowledge? He that indulges hope will always be disappointed. Reputation I very soon obtained; but as merit is much more cheaply acknowledged than rewarded, I did not find myself yet enriched in proportion to my celebrity.

I had, however, in time surmounted the obstacles by which envy and competition obstruct the first attempts of a new claimant, and saw my opponents and censurers tacitly confessing their despair of success, by courting my friendship, and yielding to my influence. They who once pursued me, were now satisfied to escape from me; and they who had before thought me presumptuous in hoping to overtake them, had now their utmost wish, if they were permitted at no great distance quietly to follow me.

My

My wants were not madly multiplied as my acquiſitions increaſed, and the time came at length, when I thought myſelf enabled to gratify all reaſonable deſires, and when, therefore, I reſolved to enjoy that plenty and ſerenity which I had been hitherto labouring to procure, to enjoy them while I was yet neither cruſhed by age into infirmity, nor ſo habituated to a particular manner of life as to be unqualified for new ſtudies or entertainments.

I now quitted my profeſſion, and to ſet myſelf at once free from all importunities to reſume it, changed my reſidence, and devoted the remaining part of my time to quiet and amuſement. Amidſt innumerable projects of pleaſure which reſtleſs idleneſs incited me to form, and of which moſt, when they came to the moment of execution, were rejected for others of no longer continuance, ſome accident revived in my imagination the pleaſing ideas of my native place. It was now in my power to viſit thoſe from whom I had been ſo long abſent, in ſuch a manner as was conſiſtent with my former reſolution, and I wondered how it could happen that I had ſo long delayed my own happineſs.

Full of the admiration which I ſhould excite, and the homage which I ſhould receive, I dreſſed my ſervants in a more oſtentatious livery, purchaſed a magnificent chariot, and reſolved to dazzle the inhabitants of the little town with an unexpected blaze of greatneſs.

While the preparations that vanity required were made for my departure, which, as workmen will not eaſily be hurried beyond their ordinary rate, I thought very tedious, I ſolaced my

impatience with imagining the various cenſures that my appearance would produce, the hopes which ſome would feel from my bounty, the terror which my power would ſtrike on others; the awkward reſpect with which I ſhould be accoſted by timorous officiouſneſs; and the diſtant reverence with which others, leſs familiar to ſplendour and dignity, would be contented to gaze upon me. I deliberated a long time, whether I ſhould immediately deſcend to a level with my former acquaintances, or make my condeſcenſion more grateful, by a gentle tranſition from haughtineſs and reſerve. At length I determined to forget ſome of my companions, till they diſcovered themſelves by ſome indubitable token, and to receive the congratulations of others upon my good fortune, with indifference, to ſhew that I always expected what I had now obtained. The acclamations of the populace I purpoſed to reward with ſix hogſheads of ale, and a roaſted ox, and then recommend to them to return to their work.

At laſt all the trappings of grandeur were fitted, and I began the journey of triumph, which I could have wiſhed to have ended in the ſame moment; but my horſes felt none of their maſter's ardour, and I was ſhaken four days upon rugged roads. I then entered the town, and having graciouſly let fall the glaſſes, that my perſon might be ſeen, paſſed ſlowly through the ſtreet. The noiſe of the wheels brought the inhabitants to their doors, but I could not perceive that I was known by them. At laſt I alighted, and my name, I ſuppoſe, was told by my ſervants, for the barber ſtepped from the oppoſite houſe, and

ſeized

ſeized me by the hand with honeſt joy in his countenance, which, according to the rule that I had preſcribed to myſelf, I repreſſed with a frigid graciouſneſs. The fellow, inſtead of ſinking into dejection, turned away with contempt, and left me to conſider how the ſecond ſalutation ſhould be received. The next friend was better treated, for I ſoon found that I muſt purchaſe by civility that regard which I had expected to enforce by inſolence.

There was yet no ſmoke of bonfires, no harmony of bells, no ſhout of crowds, nor riot of joy; the buſineſs of the day went forward as before; and, after having ordered a ſplendid ſupper, which no man came to partake, and which my chagrin hindered me from taſting, I went to bed, where the vexation of diſappointment overpowered the fatigue of my journey, and kept me from ſleep.

I roſe ſo much humbled by thoſe mortifications, as to inquire into the preſent ſtate of the town, and found that I had been abſent too long to obtain the triumph which had flattered my expectation. Of the friends whoſe compliments I expected, ſome had long ago moved to diſtant provinces, ſome had loſt in the maladies of age all ſenſe of another's proſperity, and ſome had forgotten our former intimacy amidſt care and diſtreſſes. Of three whom I had reſolved to puniſh for their former offences by a longer continuance of neglect, one was, by his own induſtry, raiſed above my ſcorn, and two were ſheltered from it in the grave. All thoſe whom I loved, feared or hated, all whoſe envy or whoſe kindneſs I had hopes of contemplating with

pleaſure, were ſwept away, and their place was filled by a new generation, with other views and other competitions; and among many proofs of the impotence of wealth, I found that it conferred upon me very few diſtinctions in my native place.

I am, Sir, &c.

SEROTINUS.

NUMB. 166. SATURDAY, *October* 19, 1751.

Pauper eris ſemper, ſi pauper es, Æmiliane,
Dantur opes nullis nunc niſi divitibus. MART.

Once poor, my friend, ſtill poor you muſt remain,
The rich alone have all the means of gain. EDW. CAVE.

NO complaint has been more frequently repeated in all ages, than that of the neglect of merit aſſociated with poverty, and the difficulty with which valuable or pleaſing qualities force themſelves into view, when they are obſcured by indigence. It has been long obſerved that native beauty has little power to charm without the ornaments which fortune beſtows, and that to want the favour of others, is often ſufficient to hinder us from obtaining it.

Every day diſcovers that mankind are not yet convinced of their error, or that their conviction is without power to influence their conduct; for poverty ſtill continues to produce contempt, and ſtill obſtructs the claims of kindred and of virtue. The eye of wealth is elevated towards higher ſtations, and ſeldom deſcends to examine the actions

tions of thoſe who are placed below the level of its notice, and who in diſtant regions and lower ſituations are ſtruggling with diſtreſs, or toiling for bread. Among the multitudes overwhelmed with inſuperable calamity, it is common to find thoſe whom a very little aſſiſtance would enable to ſupport themſelves with decency, and who yet cannot obtain from near relations what they ſee hourly laviſhed in oſtentation, luxury, or frolick.

There are natural reaſons why poverty does not eaſily conciliate affection. He that has been confined from his infancy to the converſation of the loweſt claſſes of mankind, muſt neceſſarily want thoſe accompliſhments which are the uſual means of attracting favour; and though truth, fortitude, and probity, give an indiſputable right to reverence and kindneſs, they will not be diſtinguiſhed by common eyes, unleſs they are brightened by elegance of manners, but are caſt aſide like unpoliſhed gems, of which none but the artiſt knows the intrinſic value, till their aſperities are ſmoothed, and their incruſtations rubbed away.

The groſſneſs of vulgar habits obſtructs the efficacy of virtue, its impurity and harſhneſs of ſtyle impairs the force of reaſon, and rugged numbers turn off the mind from artifice of diſpoſition, and fertility of invention. Few have ſtrength of reaſon to over-rule the perceptions of ſenſe; and yet fewer have curioſity or benevolence to ſtruggle long againſt the firſt impreſſion; he, therefore, who fails to pleaſe in his ſalutation and addreſs, is at once rejected, and never obtains an opportunity of ſhewing his latent excellencies or eſſential qualities.

It is, indeed, not eaſy to preſcribe a ſucceſsful manner of approach to the diſtreſſed or neceſſitous,

whose condition subjects every kind of behaviour equally to miscarriage. He whose confidence of merit incites him to meet without any apparent sense of inferiority, the eyes of those who flattered themselves with their own dignity, is considered as an insolent leveller, impatient of the just prerogatives of rank and wealth, eager to usurp the station to which he has no right, and to confound the subordinations of society; and who would contribute to the exaltation of that spirit which even want and calamity are not able to restrain from rudeness and rebellion.

But no better success will commonly be found to attend servility and dejection, which often give pride the confidence to treat them with contempt. A request made with diffidence and timidity is easily denied, because the petitioner himself seems to doubt its fitness.

Kindness is generally reciprocal; we are desirous of pleasing others, because we receive pleasure from them; but by what means can the man please, whose attention is engrossed by his distresses, and who has no leisure to be officious; whose will is restrained by his necessities, and who has no power to confer benefits; whose temper is perhaps vitiated by misery, and whose understanding is impeded by ignorance?

It is yet a more offensive discouragement, that the same actions performed by different hands produce different effects, and instead of rating the man by his performances, we rate too frequently the performance by the man. It sometimes happens in the combinations of life, that important services are performed by inferiors; but though their zeal and activity may be paid by pecuniary rewards, they

they ſeldom excite that flow of gratitude, or obtain that accumulation of recompence, with which all think it their duty to acknowledge the favour of thoſe who deſcend to their aſſiſtance from a higher elevation. To be obliged, is to be in ſome reſpect inferior to another; and few willingly indulge the memory of an action which raiſes one whom they have always been accuſtomed to think below them, but ſatisfy themſelves with faint praiſe and penurious payment, and then drive it from their own minds, and endeavour to conceal it from the knowledge of others.

It may be always objected to the ſervices of thoſe who can be ſuppoſed to want a reward, that they were produced not by kindneſs but intereſt; they are therefore, when they are no longer wanted, eaſily diſregarded as arts of inſinuation, or ſtratagems of ſelfiſhneſs. Benefits which are received as gifts from wealth, are exacted as debts from indigence; and he that in a high ſtation is celebrated for ſuperfluous goodneſs, would in a meaner condition have barely been confeſſed to have done his duty.

It is ſcarcely poſſible for the utmoſt benevolence to oblige, when exerted under the diſadvantages of great inferiority; for by the habitual arrogance of wealth, ſuch expectations are commonly formed as no zeal or induſtry can ſatisfy; and what regard can he hope, who has done leſs than was demanded from him?

There are indeed kindneſſes conferred which were never purchaſed by precedent favours, and there is an affection not ariſing from gratitude or groſs intereſt, by which ſimilar natures are attracted to each other, without proſpect of any other advantage than the pleaſure of exchanging ſentiments, and the hope of confirming their eſteem of themſelves by the approbation

probation of each other. But this ſpontaneous fondneſs ſeldom riſes at the ſight of poverty, which every one regards with habitual contempt, and of which the applauſe is no more courted by vanity, than the countenance is ſolicited by ambition. The moſt generous and diſintereſted friendſhip muſt be reſolved at laſt into the love of ourſelves; he, therefore, whoſe reputation or dignity inclines us to conſider his eſteem as a teſtimonial of deſert, will always find our hearts open to his endearments. We every day ſee men of eminence followed with all the obſequiouſneſs of dependance, and courted with all the blandiſhments of flattery, by thoſe who want nothing from them but profeſſions of regard, and who think themſelves liberally rewarded by a bow, a ſmile, or an embrace.

But thoſe prejudices which every mind feels more or leſs in favour of riches, ought, like other opinions which only cuſtom and example have impreſſed upon us, to be in time ſubjected to reaſon. We muſt learn how to ſeparate the real character from extraneous adheſions and caſual circumſtances, to conſider cloſely him whom we are about to adopt or to reject; to regard his inclinations as well as his actions; to trace out thoſe virtues which lie torpid in the heart, for want of opportunity, and thoſe vices that lurk unſeen by the abſence of temptation; that when we find worth faintly ſhooting in the ſhades of obſcurity, we may let in light and ſun-ſhine upon it, and ripen barren volition into efficacy and power.

NUMB. 167. TUESDAY, *October* 22, 1751.

Candida perpetuo reſide concordia lecto,
Tamque pari ſemper ſit Venus æqua jugo.
Diligat ipſa ſenem quondam, ſed et ipſa marito
Tum quoque cum fuerit, non videatur anus. MART.

Their nuptial bed may ſmiling concord dreſs,
And *Venus* ſtill the happy union bleſs!
Wrinkled with age, may mutual love and truth
To their dim eyes recall the bloom of youth. F. LEWIS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

IT is not common to envy thoſe with whom we cannot eaſily be placed in compariſon. Every man ſees without malevolence the progreſs of another in the tracks of life which he has himſelf no deſire to tread, and hears without inclination to cavals or contradiction, the renown of thoſe whoſe diſtance will not ſuffer them to draw the attention of mankind from his own merit. The ſailor never thinks it neceſſary to conteſt the lawyer's abilities; nor would the *Rambler*, however jealous of his reputation, be much diſturbed by the ſucceſs of rival wits at *Agra* or *Iſpahan*.

We do not therefore aſcribe to you any ſuperlative degree of virtue, when we believe that we may inform you of our change of condition, without danger of malignant faſcination; and that when you read of the marriage of your correſpondents *Hymenæus* and *Tranquilla*, you will join your wiſhes to thoſe of their other friends, for the happy event of an union in which caprice and ſelfiſhneſs had ſo little part.

There

There is at leaſt this reaſon why we ſhould be leſs deceived in our connubial hopes than many who enter into the ſame ſtate, that we have allowed our minds to form no unreaſonable expectations, nor vitiated our fancies, in the ſoft hours of courtſhip, with viſions of felicity which human power cannot beſtow, or of perfection which human virtue cannot attain. That impartiality with which we endeavoured to inſpect the manners of all whom we have known was never ſo much overpowered by our paſſion, but that we diſcovered ſome faults and weakneſſes in each other; and joined our hands in conviction, that as there are advantages to be enjoyed in marriage, there are inconveniencies likewiſe to be endured; and that together with confederate intellects and auxiliar virtues, we muſt find different opinions and oppoſite inclinations.

We however flatter ourſelves, for who is not flattered by himſelf as well as by others on the day of marriage, that we are eminently qualified to give mutual pleaſure. Our birth is without any ſuch remarkable diſparity as can give either an opportunity of inſulting the other with pompous names and ſplendid alliances, or of calling in, upon any domeſtic controverſy, the overbearing aſſiſtance of powerful relations. Our fortune was equally ſuitable, ſo that we meet without any of thoſe obligations which always produce reproach, or ſuſpicion of reproach, which, though they may be forgotten in the gaieties of the firſt month, no delicacy will always ſuppreſs, or of which the ſuppreſſion muſt be conſidered as a new favour, to be repaid by tameneſs and ſubmiſſion, till gratitude takes the place of love, and

and the desire of pleasing degenerates by degrees into the fear of offending.

The settlements caused no delay; for we did not trust our affairs to the negociation of wretches who would have paid their court by multiplying stipulations. *Tranquilla* scorned to detain any part of her fortune from him into whose hands she delivered up her person; and *Hymenæus* thought no act of baseness more criminal than his who enslaves his wife by her own generosity, who by marrying without a jointure condemns her to all the dangers of accident and caprice, and at last boasts his liberality, by granting what only the indiscretion of her kindness enabled him to withhold. He therefore received on the common terms the portion which any other woman might have brought him, and reserved all the exuberance of acknowledgment for those excellencies which he has yet been able to discover only in *Tranquilla*.

We did not pass the weeks of courtship like those who consider themselves as taking the last draught of pleasure, and resolve not to quit the bowl without a surfeit, or who know themselves about to set happiness to hazard, and endeavour to lose their sense of danger in the inebriety of perpetual amusement, and whirl round the gulph before they sink. *Hymenæus* often repeated a medical axiom, that *the succours of sickness ought not to be wasted in health.* We know that however our eyes may yet sparkle, and our hearts bound at the presence of each other, the time of listlessness and satiety, of peevishness and discontent, must come at last, in which we shall be driven for relief to shows and recreations; that the uniformity

formity of life muſt be ſometimes diverſified, and the vacuities of converſation ſometimes ſupplied. We rejoice in the reflection that we have ſtores of novelty yet unexhauſted, which may be opened when repletion ſhall call for change, and gratifications yet untaſted, by which life, when it ſhall become vapid or bitter, may be reſtored to its former ſweetneſs and ſprightlineſs, and again irritate the appetite, and again ſparkle in the cup.

Our time will probably be leſs taſteleſs than that of thoſe whom the authority and avarice of parents unites, almoſt without their conſent, in their early years, before they have accumulated any fund of reflection, or collected materials for mutual entertainment. Such we have often ſeen riſing in the morning to cards, and retiring in the afternoon to doze, whoſe happineſs was celebrated by their neighbours, becauſe they happened to grow rich by parſimony, and to be kept quiet by inſenſibility, and agreed to eat and to ſleep together.

We have both mingled with the world, and are therefore no ſtrangers to the faults and virtues, the deſigns and competitions, the hopes and fears of our cotemporaries. We have both amuſed our leiſure with books, and can therefore recount the events of former times, or cite the dictates of ancient wiſdom. Every occurrence furniſhes us with ſome hint which one or the other can improve, and if it ſhould happen that memory or imagination fail us, we can retire to no idle or unimproving ſolitude.

Though our characters, beheld at a diſtance, exhibit this general reſemblance, yet a nearer inſpection diſcovers ſuch a diſſimilitude of our habitudes

bitudes and ſentiments, as leaves each ſome peculiar advantages, and affords that *concordia diſcors*, that ſuitable diſagreement which is always neceſſary to intellectual harmony. There may be a total diverſity of ideas, which admits no participation of the ſame delight, and there may likewiſe be ſuch a conformity of notions, as leaves neither any thing to add to the deciſions of the other. With ſuch contrariety there can be no peace, with ſuch ſimilarity there can be no pleaſure. Our reaſonings, though often formed upon different views, terminate generally in the ſame concluſion. Our thoughts, like rivulets iſſuing from diſtant ſprings, are each impregnated in its courſe with various mixtures, and tinged by infuſions unknown to the other, yet at laſt eaſily unite into one ſtream, and purify themſelves by the gentle effervescence of contrary qualities.

Theſe benefits we receive in a greater degree, as we converſe without reſerve, becauſe we have nothing to conceal. We have no debts to be paid by imperceptible deductions from avowed expences, no habits to be indulged by the private ſubſerviency of a favoured ſervant, no private interviews with needy relations, no intelligence with ſpies placed upon each other. We conſidered marriage as the moſt ſolemn league of perpetual friendſhip, a ſtate from which artifice and concealment are to be baniſhed for ever, and in which every act of diſſimulation is a breach of faith.

The impetuous vivacity of youth, and that ardour of deſire, which the firſt ſight of pleaſure naturally produces, have long ceaſed to hurry us into irregularity and vehemence; and experience has

has ſhewn us that few gratifications are too valuable to be ſacrificed to complaiſance. We have thought it convenient to reſt from the fatigue of pleaſure, and now only continue that courſe of life into which we had before entered, confirmed in our choice by mutual approbation, ſupported in our reſolution by mutual encouragement, and aſſiſted in our efforts by mutual exhortation.

Such, Mr. *Rambler*, is our proſpect of life, a proſpect which, as it is beheld with more attention, ſeems to open more extenſive happineſs, and ſpreads by degrees into the boundleſs regions of eternity. But if all our prudence has been vain, and we are doomed to give one inſtance more of the uncertainty of human diſcernment, we ſhall comfort ourſelves amidſt our diſappointments, that we were not betrayed but by ſuch deluſions as caution could not eſcape, ſince we ſought happineſs only in the arms of virtue. We are,

SIR,

Your humble Servants,

HYMENÆUS.
TRANQUILLA.

NUMB. 168. SATURDAY, *October* 26, 1751.

——— Decipit
Frons prima multos, rara mens intelligit
Quod interiore condidit cura angulo. PHÆDRUS.

The tinſel glitter, and the ſpecious mien,
Delude the moſt: few pry behind the ſcene.

IT has been obſerved by *Boileau*, that "a mean "or common thought, expreſſed in pompous "diction, generally pleaſes more than a new or "noble ſentiment, delivered in low and vulgar "language; becauſe the number is greater of thoſe "whom cuſtom has enabled to judge of words, than "whom ſtudy has qualified to examine things."

This ſolution might ſatisfy, if ſuch only were offended with meanneſs of expreſſion as are unable to diſtinguiſh propriety of thought, and to ſeparate propoſitions or images from the vehicles by which they are conveyed to the underſtanding. But this kind of diſguſt is by no means confined to the ignorant or ſuperficial; it operates uniformly and univerſally upon readers of all claſſes; every man however profound or abſtracted, perceives himſelf irreſiſtibly alienated by low terms; they who profeſs the moſt zealous adherence to truth are forced to admit that ſhe owes part of her charms to her ornaments; and loſes much of power over the ſoul, when ſhe appears diſgraced by a dreſs uncouth or ill-adjuſted.

We are all offended by low terms, but are not diſguſted alike by the ſame compoſitions, becauſe we do not all agree to cenſure the ſame terms as low. No word is naturally or intrinſically meaner than another: our opinion therefore of words, as

of

of other things arbitrarily and capriciouſly eſtabliſhed, depends wholly upon accident and cuſtom. The cottager thinks thoſe apartments ſplendid and ſpacious, which an inhabitant of palaces will deſpiſe for their inelegance; and to him who has paſſed moſt of his hours with the delicate and polite, many expreſſions will ſeem ſordid, which another, equally acute, may hear without offence; but a mean term never fails to diſpleaſe him to whom it appears mean, as poverty is certainly and invariably deſpiſed, though he who is poor in the eyes of ſome, may by others be envied for his wealth.

Words become low by the occaſions to which they are applied, or the general character of them who uſe them; and the diſguſt which they produce, ariſes from the revival of thoſe images with which they are commonly united. Thus if, in the moſt ſolemn diſcourſe, a phraſe happens to occur which has been ſucceſsfully employed in ſome ludicrous narrative, the graveſt auditor finds it difficult to refrain from laughter, when they who are not prepoſſeſſed by the ſame accidental aſſociation, are utterly unable to gueſs the reaſon of his merriment. Words which convey ideas of dignity in one age, are baniſhed from elegant writing or converſation in another, becauſe they are in time debaſed by vulgar mouths, and can be no longer heard without the involuntary recollection of unpleaſing images.

When *Mackbeth* is confirming himſelf in the horrid purpoſe of ſtabbing his king, he breaks out amidſt his emotions, into a wiſh natural to a murderer.

——Come,

——Come, thick night !
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoke of hell,
That my keen knife ſee not the wound it makes ;
Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, Hold, hold !

In this paſſage is exerted all the force of poetry, that force which calls new powers into being, which embodies ſentiment, and animates matter ; yet perhaps ſcarce any man now peruſes it without ſome diſturbance of his attention from the counteraction of the words to the ideas. What can be more dreadful than to implore the preſence of night, inveſted, not in common obſcurity, but in the ſmoke of hell ? Yet the efficacy of this invocation is deſtroyed by the inſertion of an epithet, now ſeldom heard but in the ſtable, and *dun* night may come or go without any other notice than contempt.

If we ſtart into raptures when ſome hero of the Iliad tells us, that δόρυ μάνηται, his lance rages with eagerneſs to deſtroy ; if we are alarmed at the terror of the ſoldiers commanded by *Cæſar* to hew down the ſacred grove, who dreaded, ſays *Lucan*, leſt the axe aimed at the oak, ſhould fly back upon the ſtriker,

——*Si robora ſacra ferirent,*
In ſua credebant redituras membra ſecures ;

None dares with impious ſteel the grove to rend,
Leſt on himſelf the deſtined ſtroke deſcend ;

we cannot ſurely but ſympathize with the horrors of a wretch about to murder his maſter, his friend, his benefactor, who ſuſpects that the weapon will refuſe its office, and ſtart back from the breaſt which he is preparing to violate. Yet this ſentiment is weakened by the name of an inſtrument

uſed by butchers and cooks in the meaneſt employments; we do not immediately conceive that any crime of importance is to be committed with a *knife*; or who does not, at laſt, from the long habit of connecting a knife with ſordid offices, feel averſion rather than terror?

Mackbeth proceeds to wiſh, in the madneſs of guilt, that the inſpection of heaven may be intercepted, and that he may, in the involutions of infernal darkneſs, eſcape the eye of providence. This is the utmoſt extravagance of determined wickedneſs; yet this is ſo debaſed by two unfortunate words, that while I endeavour to impreſs on my reader the energy of the ſentiment, I can ſcarce check my riſibility, when the expreſſion forces itſelf upon my mind; for who, without ſome relaxation of his gravity, can hear of the avengers of guilt *peeping through a blanket*.

Theſe imperfections of diction are leſs obvious to the reader, as he is leſs acquainted with common uſages; they are therefore wholly imperceptible to a foreigner, who learns our language from books, and will ſtrike a ſolitary academick leſs forcibly than a modiſh lady.

Among the numerous requiſites that muſt concur to complete an author, few are of more importance than an early entrance into the living world. The ſeeds of knowledge may be planted in ſolitude, but muſt be cultivated in public. Argumentation may be taught in colleges, and theories formed in retirement; but the artifice of embelliſhment, and the powers of attraction, can be gained only by general converſe.

An acquaintance with prevailing cuſtoms and faſhionable elegance, is neceſſary likewiſe for other

purpoſes.

purpoſes. The injury that grand imagery ſuffers from unſuitable language, perſonal merit may fear from rudeneſs and indelicacy. When the ſucceſs of *Æneas* depended on the favour of the queen upon whoſe coaſts he was driven, his celeſtial protectreſs thought him not ſufficiently ſecured againſt rejection by his piety or bravery, but decorated him for the interview with preternatural beauty. Whoever deſires, for his writings or himſelf, what none can reaſonably contemn, the favour of mankind, muſt add grace to ſtrength, and make his thoughts agreeable, as well as uſeful. Many complain of neglect who never tried to attract regard. It cannot be expected that the patrons of ſcience or virtue, ſhould be ſolicitous to diſcover excellencies, which they who poſſeſs them ſhade and diſguiſe. Few have abilities ſo much needed by the reſt of the world as to be careſſed on their own terms; and he that will not condeſcend to recommend himſelf by external embelliſhments, muſt ſubmit to the fate of juſt ſentiment, meanly expreſſed, and be ridiculed and forgotten before he is underſtood.

NUMB. 169. TUESDAY, *October* 29, 1751.

Nec plutcum cædit, nec demorſos ſapit ungues, PERSIUS.

No blood from bitten nails thoſe poems drew;
But churn'd, like ſpittle, from the lips they flew.
DRYDEN.

NATURAL hiſtorians aſſert, that whatever is formed for long duration, arrives ſlowly to its maturity. Thus the firmeſt timber is of tardy growth, and animals generally exceed each other

in longevity, in proportion to the time between their conception and their birth.

The same observation may be extended to the offspring of the mind. Hasty compositions, however they please at first by flowery luxuriance, and spread in the sunshine of temporary favour, can seldom endure the change of seasons, but perish at the first blast of criticism, or frost of neglect. When *Apelles* was reproached with the paucity of his productions, and the incessant attention with which he retouched his pieces, he condescended to make no other answer, than that *he painted for perpetuity*.

No vanity can more justly incur contempt and indignation, than that which boasts of negligence and hurry. For who can bear with patience the writer who claims such superiority to the rest of his species, as to imagine that mankind are at leisure for attention to his extemporary sallies, and that posterity will reposite his casual effusions among the treasures of ancient wisdom?

Men have sometimes appeared of such transcendent abilities, that their slightest and most cursory performances, excel all that labour and study can enable meaner intellects to compose; as there are regions of which the spontaneous products cannot be equalled in other soils by care and culture. But it is no less dangerous for any man to place himself in this rank of understanding, and fancy that he is born to be illustrious without labour, than to omit the cares of husbandry, and expect from his ground the blossoms of *Arabia*.

The greatest part of those who congratulate themselves upon their intellectual dignity, and usurp the privileges of genius, are men whom only themselves would

would ever have marked out as enriched by uncommon liberalities of nature, or entitled to veneration and immortality, on eaſy terms. This ardour of confidence is uſually found among thoſe who, having not enlarged their notions by books or converſation, are perſuaded, by the partiality which we all feel in our own favour, that they have reached the ſummit of excellence, becauſe they diſcover none higher than themſelves; and who acquieſce in the firſt thoughts that occur, becauſe their ſcantineſs of knowledge allows them little choice, and the narrowneſs of their views affords them no glimpſe of perfection, of that ſublime idea which human induſtry has from the firſt ages been vainly toiling to approach. They ſee a little, and believe that there is nothing beyond their ſphere of viſion, as the *Patuecos* of *Spain*, who inhabited a ſmall valley, conceived the ſurrounding mountains to be the boundaries of the world. In proportion as perfection is more diſtinctly conceived, the pleaſure of contemplating our own performances will be leſſened; it may therefore be obſerved, that they who moſt deſerve praiſe, are often afraid to decide in favour of their own performances; they know how much is ſtill wanting to their completion, and wait with anxiety and terror, the determination of the public. *I pleaſe every one elſe*, ſays *Tully*, *but never ſatisfy myſelf.*

It has often been enquired, why, notwithſtanding the advances of latter ages in ſcience, and the aſſiſtance which the infuſion of ſo many new ideas has given us, we ſtill fall below the ancients in the art of compoſition. Some part of their ſuperiority may be juſtly aſcribed to the graces of their language, from which the moſt poliſhed of the preſent

ſent *European* tongues are nothing more than barbarous degenerations. Some advantage they might gain merely by priority, which put them in poſſeſſion of the moſt natural ſentiments, and left us nothing but ſervile repetition, or forced conceits. But the greater part of their praiſe ſeems to have been the juſt reward of modeſty and labour. Their ſenſe of human weakneſs confined them commonly to one ſtudy, which their knowledge of the extent of every ſcience engaged them to proſecute with indefatigable diligence.

Among the writers of antiquity I remember none except *Statius* who ventures to mention the ſpeedy production of his writings, either as an extenuation of his faults, or a proof of his facility. Nor did *Statius*, when he conſidered himſelf as a candidate for laſting reputation, think a cloſer attention unneceſſary, but amidſt all his pride and indigence, the two great haſteners of modern poems, employed twelve years upon the *Thebaid*, and thinks his claim to renown proportionate to his labour.

Thebais, multa cruciata lima,
Tentat, audaci ſide, Mantuanæ
Gaudia famæ.

Poliſh'd with endleſs toil, my lays
At length aſpire to *Mantuan* praiſe.

Ovid indeed apologizes in his baniſhment for the imperfection of his letters, but mentions his want of leiſure to poliſh them as an addition to his calamities; and was ſo far from imagining reviſals and corrections unneceſſary, that at his departure from *Rome*, he threw his Metamorphoſes into the fire, leſt he ſhould be diſgraced by a book which he could not hope to finiſh.

It seems not often to have happened that the same writer aspired to reputation in verse and prose; and of those few that attempted such diversity of excellence, I know not that even one succeeded. Contrary characters they never imagined a single mind able to support, and therefore no man is recorded to have undertaken more than one kind of dramatick poetry.

What they had written they did not venture in their first fondness, to thrust into the world, but considering the impropriety of sending forth inconsiderately, that which cannot be recalled, deferred the publication, if not nine years, according to the direction of *Horace*, yet, till their fancy was cooled, after the raptures of invention and the glare of novelty had ceased to dazzle the judgment.

There were in those days no weekly or diurnal writers; *multa dies, & multa litura*, much time, and many rasures, were considered as indispensable requisites; and that no other method of attaining lasting praise has been yet discovered, may be conjectured from the blotted manuscripts of *Milton* now remaining, and from the tardy emission of *Pope*'s compositions, delayed more than once till the incidents to which they alluded were forgotten, till his enemies were secure from his satire, and what to an honest mind must be more painful, his friends were deaf to his encomiums.

To him whose eagerness of praise hurries his productions soon into the light, many imperfections are unavoidable, even where the mind furnishes the materials, as well as regulates their disposition, and nothing depends upon search or information. Delay opens new veins of thought, the subject dismissed for a time, appears with a new train of dependant

images, the accidents of reading or converſation ſupply new ornaments or alluſions, or mere intermiſſion of the fatigue of thinking enables the mind to collect new force, and make new excurſions. But all thoſe benefits come too late for him, who, when he was weary with labour, ſnatched at the recompence, and gave his work to his friends and his enemies, as ſoon as impatience and pride perſuaded him to conclude it.

One of the moſt pernicious effects of haſte, is obſcurity. He that teems with a quick ſucceſſion of ideas, and perceives how one ſentiment produces another, eaſily believes that he can clearly expreſs what he ſo ſtrongly comprehends; he ſeldom ſuſpects his thoughts of embarraſſment, while he preſerves in his own memory the ſeries of connection, or his diction of ambiguity, while only one ſenſe is preſent to his mind. Yet if he has been employed on an abſtruſe or complicated argument, he will find, when he has a while withdrawn his mind, and returns as a new reader to his work, that he has only a conjectural glimpſe of his own meaning, and that to explain it to thoſe whom he deſires to inſtruct, he muſt open his ſentiments, diſentangle his method, and alter his arrangement.

Authors and lovers always ſuffer ſome infatuation, from which only abſence can ſet them free; and every man ought to reſtore himſelf to the full exerciſe of his judgment, before he does that which he cannot do improperly, without injuring his honour and his quiet.

NUMB. 170. SATURDAY, *November* 2, 1751.

Confiteor; si quid prodeſt delicta fateri. OVID.

I grant the charge; forgive the fault confeſs'd.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I AM one of thoſe beings, from whom many, that melt at the ſight of all other miſery, think it meritorious to withhold relief; one whom the rigour of virtuous indignation dooms to ſuffer without complaint, and periſh without regard; and whom I myſelf have formerly inſulted in the pride of reputation and ſecurity of innocence.

I am of a good family, but my father was burthened with more children than he could decently ſupport. A wealthy relation, as he travelled from *London* to his country ſeat, condeſcended to make him a viſit, was touched with compaſſion of his narrow fortune, and reſolved to eaſe him of part of his charge, by taking the care of a child upon himſelf. Diſtreſs on one ſide, and ambition on the other, were too powerful for parental fondneſs, and the little family paſſed in review before him, that he might make his choice. I was then ten years old, and without knowing for what purpoſe, I was called to my great couſin, endeavoured to recommend myſelf by my beſt courteſy, ſung him my prettieſt ſong, told the laſt ſtory that I had read, and ſo much endeared myſelf by my innocence, that he declared his reſolution to adopt me, and to educate me with his own daughters.

My parents felt the common ſtruggles at the thought of parting, and *ſome natural tears they*

dropp'd, but wip'd them ſoon. They conſidered, not without that falſe eſtimation of the value of wealth, which poverty long continued always produces, that I was raiſed to higher rank than they could give me, and to hopes of more ample fortune than they could bequeath. My mother ſold ſome of her ornaments to dreſs me in ſuch a manner as might ſecure me from contempt at my firſt arrival; and when ſhe diſmiſſed me, preſſed me to her boſom with an embrace that I ſtill feel, gave me ſome precepts of piety, which, however neglected, I have not forgotten, and uttered prayers for my final happineſs, of which I have not yet ceaſed to hope that they will at laſt be granted.

My ſiſters envied my new finery, and ſeemed not much to regret our ſeparation; my father conducted me to the ſtage-coach, with a kind of cheerful tenderneſs; and in a very ſhort time, I was tranſported to ſplendid apartments, and a luxurious table, and grew familiar to ſhew, noiſe, and gaiety.

In three years my mother died, having implored a bleſſing on her family with her laſt breath. I had little opportunity to indulge a ſorrow which there was none to partake with me, and therefore ſoon ceaſed to reflect much upon my loſs. My father turned all his care upon his other children, whom ſome fortunate adventures, and unexpected legacies enabled him, when he died four years after my mother, to leave in a condition above their expectations.

I ſhould have ſhared the increaſe of his fortune, and had once a portion aſſigned me in his will; but my couſin aſſuring him that all care for me was needleſs, ſince he had reſolved to place me happily in

in the world, directed him to divide my part amongſt my ſiſters.

Thus I was thrown upon dependance without reſource. Being now at an age in which young women are initiated into company, I was no longer to be ſupported in my former character, but at conſiderable expence; ſo that partly leſt I ſhould waſte money, and partly leſt my appearance might draw too many compliments and aſſiduities, I was inſenſibly degraded from my equality, and enjoyed few privileges above the head ſervant, but that of receiving no wages.

I felt every indignity, but knew that reſentment would precipitate my fall. I therefore endeavoured to continue my importance by little ſervices and active officiouſneſs, and for a time preſerved myſelf from neglect, by withdrawing all pretences to competition, and ſtudying to pleaſe rather than to ſhine. But my intereſt, notwithſtanding this expedient, hourly declined, and my couſin's favourite maid began to exchange repartees with me, and conſult me about the alterations of a caſt gown.

I was now completely depreſſed; and though I had ſeen mankind enough to know the neceſſity of outward cheerfulneſs, I often withdrew to my chamber to vent my grief, or turn my condition in my mind, and examine by what means I might eſcape from perpetual mortification. At laſt my ſchemes and ſorrows were interrupted by a ſudden change of my relation's behaviour, who one day took an occaſion, when we were left together in a room, to bid me ſuffer myſelf no longer to be inſulted, but aſſume the place which he always intended me to hold in the family. He aſſured me that his wife's preference of her own daughters ſhould never

hurt me; and, accompanying his profeſſions with a purſe of gold, ordered me to beſpeak a rich ſuit at the mercer's, and to apply privately to him for money when I wanted it, and inſinuate that my other friends ſupplied me, which he would take care to confirm.

By this ſtratagem, which I did not then underſtand, he filled me with tenderneſs and gratitude, compelled me to repoſe on him as my only ſupport, and produced a neceſſity of private converſation. He often appointed interviews at the houſe of an acquaintance, and ſometimes called on me with a coach, and carried me abroad. My ſenſe of his favour, and the deſire of retaining it, diſpoſed me to unlimited complaiſance, and though I ſaw his kindneſs grow every day more fond, I did not ſuffer any ſuſpicion to enter my thoughts. At laſt the wretch took advantage of the familiarity which he enjoyed as my relation, and the ſubmiſſion which he exacted as my benefactor, to complete the ruin of an orphan, whom his own promiſes had made indigent, whom his indulgence had melted, and his authority ſubdued.

I know not why it ſhould afford ſubject of exultation, to overpower on any terms the reſolution, or ſurpriſe the caution of a girl; but of all the boaſters that deck themſelves in the ſpoils of innocence and beauty, they ſurely have the leaſt pretenſions to triumph, who ſubmit to owe their ſucceſs to ſome caſual influence. They neither employ the graces of fancy, nor the force of underſtanding, in their attempts; they cannot pleaſe their vanity with the art of their approaches, the delicacy of their adulations, the elegance of their addreſs, or the efficacy of their eloquence; nor

applaud

applaud themſelves as poſſeſſed of any qualities, by which affection is attracted. They ſurmount no obſtacles, they defeat no rivals, but attack only thoſe who cannot reſiſt, and are often content to poſſeſs the body, without any ſolicitude to gain the heart

Many of theſe deſpicable wretches does my preſent acquaintance with infamy and wickedneſs enable me to number among the heroes of debauchery: Reptiles whom their own ſervants would have deſpiſed, had they not been their ſervants, and with whom beggary would have diſdained intercourſe, had ſhe not been allured by hopes of relief. Many of the beings which are now rioting in taverns, or ſhivering in the ſtreets, have been corrupted not by arts of gallantry which ſtole gradually upon the affections, and laid prudence aſleep, but by the fear of loſing benefits which were never intended, or of incurring reſentment which they could not eſcape; ſome have been frighted by maſters, and ſome awed by guardians into ruin.

Our crime had its uſual conſequence, and he ſoon perceived that I could not long continue in his family. I was diſtracted at the thought of the reproach which I now believed inevitable. He comforted me with hopes of eluding all diſcovery, and often upbraided me with the anxiety, which perhaps none but himſelf ſaw in my countenance; but at laſt mingled his aſſurances of protection and maintenance with menaces of total deſertion, if in the moments of perturbation I ſhould ſuffer his ſecret to eſcape, or endeavour to throw on him any part of my infamy.

Thus paſſed the diſmal hours till my retreat could no longer be delayed. It was pretended that my relations had ſent for me to a diſtant country, and I entered upon a ſtate which ſhall be deſcribed in my next letter.

I am, SIR, &c.

MISELLA.

NUMB. 171. TUESDAY, *November* 5, 1751.

Tædet cœli convexa tueri. VIRG.

Dark is the ſun, and loathſome is the day.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

MISELLA now ſits down to continue her narrative. I am convinced that nothing would more powerfully preſerve youth from irregularity, or guard inexperience from ſeduction, than a juſt deſcription of the condition into which the wanton plunges herſelf, and therefore hope that my letter may be a ſufficient antidote to my example.

After the diſtraction, heſitation, and delays which the timidity of guilt naturally produces, I was removed to lodgings in a diſtant part of the town, under one of the characters commonly aſſumed upon ſuch occaſions. Here being by my circumſtances condemned to ſolitude, I paſſed moſt of my hours in bitterneſs and anguiſh. The converſation of the people with whom I was placed was not at all capable of engaging my attention, or diſpoſſeſſing the reigning ideas. The books which I carried

carried to my retreat were such as heightened my abhorrence of myself; for I was not so far abandoned as to sink voluntarily into corruption, or endeavour to conceal from my own mind the enormity of my crime.

My relation remitted none of his fondness, but visited me so often, that I was sometimes afraid lest his assiduity should expose him to suspicion. Whenever he came he found me weeping, and was therefore less delightfully entertained than he expected. After frequent expostulations upon the unreasonableness of my sorrow, and innumerable protestations of everlasting regard, he at last found that I was more affected with the loss of my innocence than the danger of my fame, and that he might not be disturbed by my remorse, began to lull my conscience with the opiates of irreligion. His arguments were such as my course of life has since exposed me often to the necessity of hearing, vulgar, empty, and fallacious; yet they at first confounded by their novelty, filled me with doubt and perplexity, and interrupted that peace which I began to feel from the sincerity of my repentance, without substituting any other support. I listened a while to his impious gabble, but its influence was soon overpowered by natural reason and early education, and the convictions which this new attempt gave me of his baseness completed my abhorrence. I have heard of barbarians, who, when tempests drive ships upon their coast, decoy them to the rocks that they may plunder their lading, and have always thought that wretches, thus merciless in their depredations, ought to be destroyed by a general insurrection of all social beings; yet how light is this guilt to the crime

crime of him, who in the agitations of remorſe cuts away the anchor of piety, and when he has drawn aſide credulity from the paths of virtue, hides the light of heaven which would direct her to return. I had hitherto conſidered him as a man equally betrayed with myſelf by the concurrence of appetite and opportunity; but I now ſaw with horror that he was contriving to perpetuate his gratification, and was deſirous to fit me to his purpoſe by complete and radical corruption.

To eſcape, however, was not yet in my power. I could ſupport the expences of my condition, only by the continuance of his favour. He provided all that was neceſſary, and, in a few weeks, congratulated me upon my eſcape from the danger which we had both expected with ſo much anxiety. I then began to remind him of his promiſe to reſtore me with my fame uninjured to the world. He promiſed me in general terms, that nothing ſhould be wanting which his power could add to my happineſs, but forbore to releaſe me from my confinement. I knew how much my reception in the world depended upon my ſpeedy return, and was therefore outrageouſly impatient of his delays, which I now perceived to be only artifices of lewdneſs. He told me, at laſt, with an appeaaance of ſorrow, that all hopes of reſtoration to my former ſtate were for ever precluded; that chance had diſcovered my ſecret, and malice divulged it; and that nothing now remained, but to ſeek a retreat more private, where curioſity or hatred could never find us.

The rage, anguiſh, and reſentment, which I felt at this account, are not to be expreſſed. I was in ſo much dread of reproach and infamy, which

which he repreſented as purſuing me with full cry, that I yielded myſelf implicitly to his diſpoſal, and was removed, with a thouſand ſtudied precautions, through by-ways and dark paſſages, to another houſe, where I harraſſed him with perpetual ſolicitations for a ſmall annuity, that might enable me to live in the country in obſcurity and innocence.

This demand he at firſt evaded with ardent profeſſions, but in time appeared offended at my importunity and diſtruſt; and having one day endeavoured to ſoothe me with uncommon expreſſions of tenderneſs, when he found my diſcontent immoveable, left me with ſome inarticulate murmurs of anger. I was pleaſed that he was at laſt rouſed to ſenſibility, and expecting that at his next viſit he would comply with my requeſt, lived with great tranquillity upon the money in my hands, and was ſo much pleaſed with this pauſe of perſecution, that I did not reflect how much his abſence had exceeded the uſual intervals, till I was alarmed with the danger of wanting ſubſiſtence. I then ſuddenly contracted my expences, but was unwilling to ſupplicate for aſſiſtance. Neceſſity, however, ſoon overcame my modeſty or my pride, and I applied to him by a letter, but had no anſwer. I writ in terms more preſſing, but without effect. I then ſent an agent to enquire after him, who informed me that he had quitted his houſe, and was gone with his family to reſide for ſome time upon his eſtate in *Ireland*.

However ſhocked at this abrupt departure, I was yet unwilling to believe that he could wholly abandon me, and therefore, by the ſale of my clothes, I ſupported myſelf, expecting that every poſt would

would bring me relief. Thus I passed seven months between hope and dejection, in a gradual approach to poverty and distress, emaciated with discontent, and bewildered with uncertainty. At last, my landlady, after many hints of the necessity of a new lover, took the opportunity of my absence to search my boxes, and missing some of my apparel, seized the remainder for rent, and led me to the door.

To remonstrate against legal cruelty, was vain; to supplicate obdurate brutality, was hopeless. I went away I knew not whither, and wandered about without any settled purpose, unacquainted with the usual expedients of misery, unqualified for laborious offices, afraid to meet an eye that had seen me before, and hopeless of relief from those who were strangers to my former condition. Night came on in the midst of my distraction, and I still continued to wander till the menaces of the watch obliged me to shelter myself in a covered passage.

Next day, I procured a lodging in the backward garret of a mean house, and employed my landlady to enquire for a service. My applications were generally rejected for want of a character. At length, I was received at a draper's; but when it was known to my mistress that I had only one gown, and that of silk, she was of opinion that I looked like a thief, and without warning hurried me away. I then tried to support myself by my needle; and, by my landlady's recommendation, obtained a little work from a shop, and for three weeks lived without repining; but when my punctuality had gained me so much reputation, that I was trusted to make up a head of some value, one of

of my fellow-lodgers ſtole the lace, and I was obliged to fly from a proſecution.

Thus driven again into the ſtreets, I lived upon the leaſt that could ſupport me, and at night accommodated myſelf under pent-houſes as well as I could. At length I became abſolutely pennyleſs; and having ſtrolled all day without ſuſtenance, was, at the cloſe of evening accoſted by an elderly man, with an invitation to a tavern. I refuſed him with heſitation; he ſeized me by the hand and drew me into a neighbouring houſe, where when he ſaw my face pale with hunger, and my eyes ſwelling with tears, he ſpurned me from him, and bad me cant and whine in ſome other place; he for his part would take care of his pockets.

I ſtill continued to ſtand in the way, having ſcarcely ſtrength to walk further, when another ſoon addreſſed me in the ſame manner. When he ſaw the ſame tokens of calamity, he conſidered that I might be obtained at a cheap rate, and therefore quickly made overtures, which I had no longer firmneſs to reject. By this man I was maintained four months in penurious wickedneſs, and then abandoned to my former condition, from which I was delivered by another keeper.

In this abject ſtate I have now paſſed four years, the drudge of extortion and the ſport of drunkenneſs; ſometimes the property of one man, and ſometimes the common prey of accidental lewdneſs; at one time tricked up for ſale by the miſtreſs of a brothel, at another begging in the ſtreets to be relieved from hunger by wickedneſs; without any hope in the day but of finding ſome whom folly or exceſs may expoſe to my allurements, and without any reflections at night, but ſuch as guilt and terror impreſs upon me.

If

If thoſe who paſs their days in plenty and ſecurity, could viſit for an hour the diſmal receptacles to which the proſtitute retires from her nocturnal excurſions, and ſee the wretches that lie crowded together, mad with intemperance, ghaſtly with famine, nauſeous with filth, and noiſome with diſeaſe; it would not be eaſy for any degree of abhorrence to harden them againſt compaſſion, or to repreſs the deſire which they muſt immediately feel to reſcue ſuch numbers of human beings from a ſtate ſo dreadful.

It is ſaid that in *France* they annually evacuate their ſtreets and ſhip their proſtitutes and vagabonds to their colonies. If the women that infeſt this city had the ſame opportunity of eſcaping from their miſeries, I believe very little force would be neceſſary; for who among them can dread any change? Many of us indeed are wholly unqualified for any but the moſt ſervile employments, and thoſe perhaps would require the care of a magiſtrate to hinder them from following the ſame practices in another country; but others are only precluded by infamy from reformation, and would gladly be delivered on any terms from the neceſſity of guilt and the tyranny of chance. No place but a populous city can afford opportunities for open proſtitution, and where the eye of juſtice can attend to individuals, thoſe who cannot be made good may be reſtrained from miſchief. For my part, I ſhould exult at the privilege of baniſhment, and think myſelf happy in any region that ſhould reſtore me once again to honeſty and peace.

I am, SIR, &c.

MISELLA.

NUMB. 172. SATURDAY, *November* 9, 1751.

Sæpe rogare soles qualis sim, Prisce, *futurus*
Si fiam locuples; simque repente potens.
Quemquam posse putas mores narrare futuros?
Dic mihi, si fias tu leo, qualis eris. MART.

Priscus, you've often ask'd me how I'd live,
Should fate at once both wealth and honour give;
What soul his future conduct can foresee?
Tell me what sort of lion you would be. F. LEWIS.

NOTHING has been longer observed, than that a change of fortune causes a change of manners; and that it is difficult to conjecture, from the conduct of him whom we see in a low condition, how he would act, if wealth and power were put into his hands. But it is generally agreed, that few men are made better by affluence or exaltation; and that the powers of the mind, when they are unbound and expanded by the sun-shine of felicity, more frequently luxuriate into follies, than blossom into goodness.

Many observations have concurred to establish this opinion, and it is not likely soon to become obsolete, for want of new occasions to revive it. The greater part of mankind are corrupt in every condition, and differ in high and in low stations, only as they have more or fewer opportunities of gratifying their desires, or as they are more or less restrained by human censures. Many vitiate their principles in the acquisition of riches; and who can wonder that what is gained by fraud and extortion is enjoyed with tyranny and excess?

Yet I am willing to believe that the depravation of the mind by external advantages, though certainly

tainly not uncommon, yet approaches not so nearly to universality, as some have asserted in the bitterness of resentment, or heat of declamation.

Whoever rises above those who once pleased themselves with equality, will have many malevolent gazers at his eminence. To gain sooner than others that which all pursue with the same ardour, and to which all imagine themselves entitled, will for ever be a crime. When those who started with us in the race of life, leave us so far behind, that we have little hope to overtake them, we revenge our disappointment by remarks on the arts of supplantation by which they gained the advantage, or on the folly and arrogance with which they possess it. Of them, whose rise we could not hinder, we solace ourselves by prognosticating the fall.

It is impossible for human purity not to betray to an eye, thus sharpened by malignity, some stains which lay concealed and unregarded while none thought it their interest to discover them; nor can the most circumspect attention, or steady rectitude, escape blame from censors, who have no inclination to approve. Riches therefore perhaps do not so often produce crimes as incite accusers.

The common charge against those who rise above their original condition, is that of pride. It is certain that success naturally confirms us in a favourable opinion of our own abilities. Scarce any man is willing to allot to accident, friendship, and a thousand causes, which concur in every event without human contrivance or interposition, the part which they may justly claim in his advancement. We rate ourselves by our fortune

tune rather than our virtues, and exorbitant claims are quickly produced by imaginary merit. But captiouſneſs and jealouſy are likewiſe eaſily offended, and to him who ſtudiouſly looks for an affront, every mode of behaviour will ſupply it; freedom will be rudeneſs, and reſerve ſullenneſs; mirth will be negligence, and ſeriouſneſs formality: when he is received with ceremony, diſtance and reſpect are inculcated; if he is treated with familiarity, he concludes himſelf inſulted by condeſcenſions.

It muſt however be confeſſed, that as all ſudden changes are dangerous, a quick tranſition from poverty to abundance can ſeldom be made with ſafety. He that has long lived within ſight of pleaſures which he could not reach, will need more than common moderation, not to loſe his reaſon in unbounded riot, when they are firſt put into his power.

Every poſſeſſion is endeared by novelty; every gratification is exaggerated by deſire. It is difficult not to eſtimate what is lately gained above its real value; it is impoſſible not to annex greater happineſs to that condition from which we are unwillingly excluded, than nature has qualified us to obtain. For this reaſon, the remote inheritor of an unexpected fortune, may be generally diſtinguiſhed from thoſe who are enriched in the common courſe of lineal deſcent, by his greater haſte to enjoy his wealth, by the finery of his dreſs, the pomp of his equipage, the ſplendour of his furniture, and the luxury of his table.

A thouſand things which familiarity diſcovers to be of little value, have power for a time to ſeize the imagination. A *Virginian* king, when the *Europeans*

Europeans had fixed a lock on his door, was so delighted to find his subjects admitted or excluded with such facility, that it was from morning to evening his whole employment to turn the key. We, among whom locks and keys have been longer in use, are inclined to laugh at this *American* amusement; yet I doubt whether this paper will have a single reader that may not apply the story to himself, and recollect some hours of his life in which he has been equally overpowered by the transitory charms of trifling novelty.

Some indulgence is due to him whom a happy gale of fortune has suddenly transported into new regions, where unaccustomed lustre dazzles his eyes, and untasted delicacies solicit his appetite. Let him not be considered as lost in hopeless degeneracy, though he for a while forgets the regard due to others, to indulge the contemplation of himself, and in the extravagance of his first raptures expects that his eye should regulate the motions of all that approach him, and his opinion be received as decisive and oraculous. His intoxication will give way to time; the madness of joy will fume imperceptibly away; the sense of his insufficiency will soon return; he will remember that the co-operation of others is necessary to his happiness, and learn to conciliate their regard by reciprocal beneficence.

There is, at least, one consideration which ought to alleviate our censures of the powerful and rich. To imagine them chargeable with all the guilt and folly of their own actions, is to be very little acquainted with the world.

De l'abſolu pouvoir vous ignorez l'yvreſſe,
Et du lache flateur la voix enchantereſſe.

Thou haſt not known the giddy whirls of fate,
Nor ſervile flatteries which enchant the great.

Miſs A. W.

He that can do much good or harm, will not find many whom ambition or cowardice will ſuffer to be ſincere. While we live upon the level with the reſt of mankind, we are reminded of our duty by the admonitions of friends and reproaches of enemies; but men who ſtand in the higheſt ranks of ſociety, ſeldom hear of their faults; if by any accident an opprobrious clamour reaches their ears, flattery is always at hand to pour in her opiates, to quiet conviction, and obtund remorſe.

Favour is ſeldom gained but by conformity in vice. Virtue can ſtand without aſſiſtance, and conſiders herſelf as very little obliged by countenance and approbation: but vice, ſpiritleſs and timorous, ſeeks the ſhelter of crowds, and ſupport of confederacy. The ſycophant, therefore, neglects the good qualities of his patron, and employs all his art on his weakneſſes and follies, regales his reigning vanity, or ſtimulates his prevalent deſires.

Virtue is ſufficiently difficult with any circumſtances, but the difficulty is increaſed when reproof and advice are frighted away. In common life, reaſon and conſcience have only the appetites and paſſions to encounter; but in higher ſtations, they muſt oppoſe artifice and adulation. He, therefore, that yields to ſuch temptations, cannot give thoſe who look upon his miſcarriage much

much reaſon for exultation, ſince few can juſtly preſume that from the ſame ſnare they ſhould have been able to eſcape.

Numb. 173. Tuesday, *November* 12, 1751.

Quo virtus, quo ferat error? Hor.

Now ſay, where virtue ſtops and vice begins?

As any action or poſture, long continued, will diſtort and diſfigure the limbs; ſo the mind likewiſe is crippled and contracted by perpetual application to the ſame ſet of ideas. It is eaſy to gueſs the trade of an artizan by his knees, his fingers, or his ſhoulders; and there are few among men of the more liberal profeſſions, whoſe minds do not carry the brand of their calling, or whoſe converſation does not quickly diſcover to what claſs of the community they belong.

Theſe peculiarities have been of great uſe, in the general hoſtility which every part of mankind exerciſes againſt the reſt, to furniſh inſults and ſarcaſms. Every art has its dialect uncouth and ungrateful to all whom cuſtom has not reconciled to its ſound, and which therefore becomes ridiculous by a ſlight miſapplication or unneceſſary repetition.

The general reproach with which ignorance revenges the ſuperciliouſneſs of learning, is that of pedantry; a cenſure which every man incurs, who has at any time the misfortune to talk to thoſe who cannot underſtand him, and by which the modeſt and timorous are ſometimes frighted from

from the diſplay of their acquiſitions and the exertion of their powers.

The name of a pedant is ſo formidable to young men when they firſt ſally from their colleges, and is ſo liberally ſcattered by thoſe who mean to boaſt their elegance of education, eaſineſs of manners, and knowledge of the world, that it ſeems to require particular conſideration; ſince, perhaps, if it were once underſtood, many a heart might be freed from painful apprehenſions, and many a tongue delivered from reſtraint.

Pedantry is the unſeaſonable oſtentation of learning. It may be diſcovered either in the choice of a ſubject, or in the manner of treating it. He is undoubtedly guilty of pedantry, who, when he has made himſelf maſter of ſome abſtruſe and uncultivated part of knowledge, obtrudes his remarks and diſcoveries upon thoſe whom he believes unable to judge of his proficiency, and from whom, as he cannot fear contradiction, he cannot properly expect applauſe.

To this error the ſtudent is ſometimes betrayed by the natural recurrence of the mind to its common employment, by the pleaſure which every man receives from the recollection of pleaſing images, and the deſire of dwelling upon topicks, on which he knows himſelf able to ſpeak with juſtneſs. But becauſe we are ſeldom ſo far prejudiced in favour of each other, as to ſearch out for palliations, this failure of politeneſs is imputed always to vanity; and the harmleſs collegiate, who perhaps intended entertainment and inſtruction, or at worſt only ſpoke without ſufficient reflection upon the character of his hearers, is cenſured as arrogant or overbear-

ing, and eager to extend his renown, in contempt of the convenience of ſociety and the laws of converſation.

All diſcourſe of which others cannot partake, is not only an irkſome uſurpation of the time devoted to pleaſure and entertainment, but, what never fails to excite very keen reſentment, an inſolent aſſertion of ſuperiority, and a triumph over leſs enlightened underſtandings. The pedant is therefore not only heard with wearineſs, but malignity; and thoſe who conceive themſelves inſulted by his knowledge, never fail to tell with acrimony how injudiciouſly it was exerted.

To avoid this dangerous imputation, ſcholars ſometimes diveſt themſelves with too much haſte of their academical formality, and in their endeavours to accomodate their notions and their ſtyle to common conceptions, talk rather of any thing than of that which they underſtand, and ſink into inſipidity of ſentiment and meanneſs of expreſſion.

There prevails among men of letters an opinion, that all appearance of ſcience is particularly hateful to women; and that therefore, whoever deſires to be well received in female aſſemblies, muſt qualify himſelf by a total rejection of all that is ſerious, rational, or important; muſt conſider argument or criticiſm, as perpetually interdicted; and devote all his attention to trifles, and all his eloquence to compliment.

Students often form their notions of the preſent generation from the writings of the paſt, and are not very early informed of thoſe changes which the gradual diffuſion of knowledge, or the ſudden caprice of faſhion, produces in the world. Whatever might

might be the ſtate of female literature in the laſt century, there is now no longer any danger leſt the ſcholar ſhould want an adequate audience at the tea-table; and whoever thinks it neceſſary to regulate his converſation by antiquated rules will be rather deſpiſed for his futility than careſſed for his politeneſs.

To talk intentionally in a manner above the comprehenſion of thoſe whom we addreſs, is unqueſtionable pedantry; but ſurely complaiſance requires, that no man ſhould, without proof, conclude his company incapable of following him to the higheſt elevation of his fancy, or the utmoſt extent of his knowledge. It is always ſafer to err in favour of others than of ourſelves, and therefore we ſeldom hazard much by endeavouring to excel.

It ought at leaſt to be the care of learning, when ſhe quits her exaltation, to deſcend with dignity. Nothing is more deſpicable than the airineſs and jocularity of a man bred to ſevere ſcience and ſolitary meditation. To triſle agreeably is a ſecret which ſchools cannot impart; that gay negligence and vivacious levity, which charm down reſiſtance wherever they appear, are never attainable by him who, having ſpent his firſt years among the duſt of libraries, enters late into the gay world with an unpliant attention and eſtabliſhed habits.

It is obſerved in the panegyrick on *Fabricius* the mechaniſt, that, though forced by publick employments into mingled converſation, he never loſt the modeſty and ſerioufneſs of the convent, nor drew ridicule upon himſelf by an affected imitation of faſhionable life. To the ſame praiſe every man devoted to learning ought to aſpire. If he attempts

the ſofter arts of pleaſing, and endeavours to learn the graceful bow and the familiar embrace, the inſinuating accent and the general ſmile, he will loſe the reſpect due to the character of learning, without arriving at the envied honour of doing any thing with elegance and facility.

Theophraſtus was diſcovered not to be a native of *Athens*, by ſo ſtrict an adherence to the *Attic* dialect, as ſhewed that he had learned it not by cuſtom, but by rule. A man not early formed to habitual elegance, betrays in like manner the effects of his education, by an unneceſſary anxiety of behaviour. It is as poſſible to become pedantick by fear of pedantry, as to be troubleſome by ill-timed civility. There is no kind of impertinence more juſtly cenſurable, than his who is always labouring to level thoughts to intellects higher than his own; who apologizes for every word which his own narrowneſs of converſe inclines him to think unuſual; keeps the exuberance of his faculties under viſible reſtraint; is ſolicitous to anticipate enquiries by needleſs explanations; and endeavours to ſhade his own abilities, leſt weak eyes ſhould be dazzled with their luſtre.

NUMB. 174. SATURDAY, *Nov.* 15, 1751.

Fronum habet in cornu, longe fuge, dummodo riſum
Excutiat ſibi, non hic cuiquam parcet amico. HOR.

Yonder he drives——avoid that furious beaſt:
If he may have his jeſt, he never cares
At whoſe expence; nor friend nor patron ſpares.
FRANCIS.

To the RAMBLER.

MR. RAMBLER,

THE laws of ſocial benevolence require, that every man ſhould endeavour to aſſiſt others by his experience. He that has at laſt eſcaped into port from the fluctuations of chance and the guſts of oppoſition, ought to make ſome improvements in the chart of life, by marking the rocks on which he has been daſhed, and the ſhallows where he has been ſtranded.

The error into which I was betrayed, when cuſtom firſt gave me up to my own direction, is very frequently incident to the quick, the ſprightly, the fearleſs, and the gay; to all whoſe ardour hurries them into precipitate execution of their deſigns, and imprudent declaration of their opinions; who ſeldom count the coſt of pleaſure, or examine the diſtant conſequences of any practice that flatters them with immediate gratification.

I came forth into the crowded world with the uſual juvenile ambition, and deſired nothing beyond the title of a wit. Money I conſidered as below my care; for I ſaw ſuch multitudes grow rich without underſtanding, that I could not forbear to look on wealth as an acquiſition eaſy to

induſtry directed by genius, and therefore threw it aſide as a ſecondary convenience, to be procured when my principal wiſh ſhould be ſatisfied, and the claim to intellectual excellence univerſally acknowledged.

With this view I regulated my behaviour in publick, and exerciſed my meditations in ſolitude. My life was divided between the care of providing topicks for the entertainment of my company, and that of collecting company worthy to be entertained; for I ſoon found, that wit, like every other power, has its boundaries; that its ſucceſs depends upon the aptitude of others to receive impreſſions; and that as ſome bodies, indiſſoluble by heat, can ſet the furnace and crucible at defiance, there are minds upon which the rays of fancy may be pointed without effect, and which no fire or ſentiment can agitate or exalt.

It was, however, not long before I fitted myſelf with a ſet of companions who knew how to laugh, and to whom no other recommendation was neceſſary than the power of ſtriking out a jeſt. Among thoſe I fixed my reſidence, and for a time enjoyed the felicity of diſturbing the neighbours every night with the obſtreperous applauſe which my ſallies forced from the audience. The reputation of our club every day encreaſed, and as my flights and remarks were circulated by my admirers, every day brought new ſolicitations for admiſſion into our ſociety.

To ſupport this perpetual fund of merriment, I frequented every place of concourſe, cultivated the acquaintance of all the faſhionable race, and paſſed the day in a continual ſucceſſion of viſits, in which I col-

I collected a treasure of pleasantry for the expences of the evening. Whatever error of conduct I could discover, whatever peculiarity of manner I could observe, whatever weakness was betrayed by confidence, whatever lapse was suffered by neglect, all was drawn together for the diversion of my wild companions, who, when they had been taught the art of ridicule, never failed to signalize themselves by a zealous imitation, and filled the town on the ensuing day with scandal and vexation, with merriment and shame.

I can scarcely believe, when I recollect my own practice, that I could have been so far deluded with petty praise, as to divulge the secrets of trust, and to expose the levities of frankness; to waylay the walks of the cautious, and surprize the security of the thoughtless. Yet it is certain, that for many years I heard nothing but with design to tell it, and saw nothing with any other curiosity than after some failure that might furnish out a jest.

My heart, indeed, acquits me of deliberate malignity, or interested insidiousness. I had no other purpose than to heighten the pleasure of laughter by communication, nor ever raised any pecuniary advantage from the calamities of others. I led weakness and negligence into difficulties, only that I might divert myself with their perplexities and distresses; and violated every law of friendship, with no other hope than that of gaining the reputation of smartness and waggery.

I would not be understood to charge myself with any crimes of the atrocious or destructive kind. I never betrayed an heir to gamesters, or a girl to debauchees: never intercepted the kind-

neſs of a patron, or ſported away the reputation of innocence. My delight was only in petty miſchief and momentary vexations, and my acuteneſs was employed not upon fraud and oppreſſion which it had been meritorious to detect, but upon harmleſs ignorance or abſurdity, prejudice or miſtake.

This enquiry I purſued with ſo much diligence and ſagacity, that I was able to relate, of every man whom I knew, ſome blunder or miſcarriage; to betray the moſt circumſpect of my friends into follies, by a judicious flattery of his predominant paſſion; or expoſe him to contempt, by placing him in circumſtances which put his prejudices into action, brought to view his natural defects, or drew the attention of the company on his airs of affectation.

The power had been poſſeſſed in vain if it had never been exerted; and it was not my cuſtom to let any arts of jocularity remain unemployed. My impatience of applauſe brought me always early to the place of entertainment; and I ſeldom failed to lay a ſcheme with the ſmall knot that firſt gathered round me, by which ſome of thoſe whom we expected might be made ſubſervient to our ſport. Every man has ſome favourite topick of converſation, on which, by a feigned ſerioufneſs of attention, he may be drawn to expatiate without end. Every man has ſome habitual contortion of body, or eſtabliſhed mode of expreſſion, which never fails to raiſe mirth if it be pointed out to notice. By promotions of theſe particularities I ſecured our pleaſantry. Our companion entered with his uſual gaiety, and began to partake of our noiſy cheerfulneſs, when the con-

converſation was imperceptibly diverted to a ſubject which preſſed upon his tender part, and extorted the expected ſhrug, the cuſtomary exclamation, or the predicted remark. A general clamour of joy then burſt from all that were admitted to the ſtratagem. Our mirth was often encreaſed by the triumph of him that occaſioned it; for as we do not haſtily form concluſions againſt ourſelves, ſeldom any one ſuſpected, that he had exhilarated us otherwiſe than by his wit.

You will hear, I believe, with very little ſurprize, that by this conduct I had in a ſhort time united mankind againſt me, and that every tongue was diligent in prevention or revenge. I ſoon perceived myſelf regarded with malevolence or diſtruſt, but wondered what had been diſcovered in me either terrible or hateful. I had invaded no man's property; I had rivalled no man's claims; nor had ever engaged in any of thoſe attempts which provoke the jealouſy of ambition or the rage of faction. I had lived but to laugh, and make others laugh; and believed that I was loved by all who careſſed, and favoured by all who applauded me. I never imagined, that he who, in the mirth of a nocturnal revel, concurred in ridiculing his friend, would conſider, in a cooler hour, that the ſame trick might be played againſt himſelf; or that, even where there is no ſenſe of danger, the natural pride of human nature riſes againſt him, who by general cenſures lays claim to general ſuperiority.

I was convinced, by a total deſertion, of the impropriety of my conduct; every man avoided, and cautioned others to avoid me. Wherever I came, I found ſilence and dejection, coldneſs

and terror. No one would venture to ſpeak, leſt he ſhould lay himſelf open to unfavourable repreſentations; the company, however numerous, dropped off at my entrance upon various pretences; and if I retired to avoid the ſhame of being left, I heard confidence and mirth revive at my departure.

If thoſe whom I had thus offended, could have contented themſelves with repaying one inſult for another, and kept up the war only by a recipro-cation of ſarcaſms, they might have perhaps vexed, but would never much have hurt me; for no man heartily hates him at whom he can laugh. But theſe wounds which they give me as they fly, are without cure; this alarm which they ſpread by their ſolicitude to eſcape me, excludes me from all friendſhip and from all pleaſure: I am condemned to paſs a long interval of my life in ſolitude, as a man ſuſpected of infection is refuſed admiſſion into cities; and muſt linger in obſcurity, till my conduct ſhall convince the world, that I may be approached without hazard.

I am, &c.

DICACULUS.

NUMB. 175. TUESDAY, *Nov.* 19, 1751.

Rari quippe boni, numero vix ſunt totidem quot
Thebarum *portæ, vel divitis oſtia* Nili. JUV.

Good men are ſcarce, the juſt are thinly ſown;
They thrive but ill, nor can they laſt when grown.
And ſhould we count them, and our ſtore compile;
Yet *Thebes* more gates could ſhew, more mouths the *Nile*.
CREECH.

NONE of the axioms of wiſdom which recommend the ancient ſages to veneration, ſeems to have required leſs extent of knowledge, or perſpicacity of penetration, than the remark of *Bias*, that οἱ πλέονες κακοὶ, *the majority are wicked.*

The depravity of mankind is ſo eaſily diſcoverable, that nothing but the deſert or the cell can exclude it from notice. The knowledge of crimes intrudes uncalled and undeſired. They whom their abſtraction from common occurrences hinders from ſeeing iniquity, will quickly have their attention awakened by feeling it. Even he who ventures not into the world, may learn its corruption in his cloſet. For what are treatiſes of morality, but perſuaſives to the practice of duties, for which no arguments would be neceſſary, but that we are continually tempted to violate or neglect them? What are all the records of hiſtory, but narratives of ſucceſſive villanies, of treaſons and uſurpations, maſſacres and wars?

But, perhaps, the excellence of aphoriſms conſiſts not ſo much in the expreſſion of ſome rare or abſtruſe ſentiment, as in the comprehenſion of ſome obvious and uſeful truth in a few words.

We frequently fall into error and folly, not becauſe the true principles of action are not known, but becauſe, for a time, they are not remembered; and he may therefore be juſtly numbered among the benefactors of mankind, who contracts the great rules of life into ſhort ſentences, that may be eaſily impreſſed on the memory, and taught by frequent recollection to recur habitually to the mind.

However thoſe who have paſſed through half the life of man, may now wonder that any ſhould require to be cautioned againſt corruption, they will find, that they have themſelves purchaſed their conviction by many diſappointments and vexations, which an earlier knowledge would have ſpared them; and may ſee, on every ſide, ſome entangling themſelves in perplexities, and ſome ſinking into ruin, by ignorance or neglect of the maxim of *Bias*.

Every day ſends out, in queſt of pleaſure and diſtinction, ſome heir fondled in ignorance, and flattered into pride. He comes forth with all the confidence of a ſpirit unacquainted with ſuperiors, and all the benevolence of a mind not yet irritated by oppoſition, alarmed by fraud, or embittered by cruelty. He loves all, becauſe he imagines himſelf the univerſal favourite. Every exchange of ſalutation produces new acquaintance, and every acquaintance kindles into friendſhip.

Every ſeaſon brings a new flight of beauties into the world, who have hitherto heard only of their own charms, and imagine that the heart feels no paſſion but that of love. They are ſoon ſurrounded by admirers whom they credit, becauſe they tell them only what is heard with delight. Whoever

ever gazes upon them is a lover; and whoever forces a ſigh, is pining in deſpair.

He ſurely is a uſeful monitor, who inculcates to theſe thoughtleſs ſtrangers, that the *majority are wicked*; who informs them that the train which wealth and beauty draw after them, is lured only by the ſcent of prey; and that, perhaps, among all thoſe who crowd about them with profeſſions and flatteries, there is not one who does not hope for ſome opportunity to devour or betray them, to glut himſelf by their deſtruction, or to ſhare their ſpoils with a ſtronger ſavage.

Virtue preſented ſingly to the imagination or the reaſon, is ſo well recommended by its own graces, and ſo ſtrongly ſupported by arguments, that a good man wonders how any can be bad; and they who are ignorant of the force of paſſion and intereſt, who never obſerved the arts of ſeduction, the contagion of example, the gradual deſcent from one crime to another, or the inſenſible depravation of the principles by looſe converſation, naturally expect to find integrity in every boſom, and veracity on every tongue.

It is indeed impoſſible not to hear from thoſe who have lived longer, of wrongs and falſehoods, of violence and circumvention; but ſuch narratives are commonly regarded by the young, the heady, and the confident, as nothing more than the murmurs of peeviſhneſs, or the dreams of dotage; and notwithſtanding all the documents of hoary wiſdom, we commonly plunge into the world, fearleſs and credulous, without any foreſight of danger, or apprehenſion of deceit.

I have remarked, in a former paper, that credulity is the common failing of unexperienced virtue; and

and that he who is ſpontaneouſly ſuſpicious, may be juſtly charged with radical corruption; for if he has not known the prevalence of diſhoneſty by information, nor had time to obſerve it with his own eyes, whence can he take his meaſures of judgment but from himſelf.

They who beſt deſerve to eſcape the ſnares of artifice, are moſt likely to be entangled. He that endeavours to live for the good of others, muſt always be expoſed to the arts of them who live only for themſelves, unleſs he is taught by timely precepts the caution required in common tranſactions, and ſhewn at a diſtance the pitfals of treachery.

To youth, therefore, it ſhould be carefully inculcated, that to enter the road of life without caution or reſerve, in expectation of general fidelity and juſtice, is to launch on the wide ocean without the inſtruments of ſteerage, and to hope that every wind will be proſperous, and that every coaſt will afford a harbour.

To enumerate the various motives to deceit and injury, would be to count all the deſires that prevail among the ſons of men; ſince there is no ambition however petty, no wiſh however abſurd, that by indulgence will not be enabled to overpower the influence of virtue. Many there are, who openly and almoſt profeſſedly regulate all their conduct by their love of money; who have no reaſon for action or forbearance, for compliance or refuſal, than that they hope to gain more by one than by the other. Theſe are indeed the meaneſt and crueleſt of human beings, a race with whom, as with ſome peſtiferous animals, the whole creation ſeems to be at war; but who, however deteſted or

ſcorned, long continue to add heap to heap, and when they have reduced one to beggary, are ſtill permitted to faſten on another.

Others yet leſs rationally wicked, paſs their lives in miſchief, becauſe they cannot bear the ſight of ſucceſs, and mark out every man for hatred, whoſe fame or fortune they believe increaſing.

Many, who have not advanced to theſe degrees of guilt, are yet wholly unqualified for friendſhip, and unable to maintain any conſtant or regular courſe of kindneſs. Happineſs may be deſtroyed not only by union with the man who is apparently the ſlave of intereſt, but with him whom a wild opinion of the dignity of perſeverance, in whatever cauſe, diſpoſes to purſue every injury with unwearied and perpetual reſentment; with him whoſe vanity inclines him to conſider every man as a rival in every pretenſion; with him whoſe airy negligence puts his friend's affairs or ſecrets in continual hazard, and who thinks his forgetfulneſs of others excuſed by his inattention to himſelf; and with him whoſe inconſtancy ranges without any ſettled rule of choice through varieties of friendſhip, and who adopts and diſmiſſes favourites, by the ſudden impulſe of caprice.

Thus numerous are the dangers to which the converſe of mankind expoſes us, and which can be avoided only by prudent diſtruſt. He, therefore, that remembering this ſalutary maxim learns early to withhold his fondneſs from fair appearances, will have reaſon to pay ſome honours to *Bias* of *Priene*, who enabled him to become wiſe without the coſt of experience.

NUMB. 176. SATURDAY, *Nov.* 23, 1751.

——*Naſo ſuſpendere adunco.* HOR.

On me you turn the noſe.——

THERE are many vexatious accidents and uneaſy ſituations which raiſe little compaſſion for the ſufferer, and which no man but thoſe whom they immediately diſtreſs, can regard with ſerioufneſs. Petty miſchiefs, that have no influence on futurity, nor extend their effects to the reſt of life, are always ſeen with a kind of malicious pleaſure. A miſtake or embarraſſment, which for the preſent moment fills the face with bluſhes, and the mind with confuſion, will have no other effect upon thoſe who obſerve it, than that of convulſing them with irreſiſtible laughter. Some circumſtances of miſery are ſo powerfully ridiculous, that neither kindneſs nor duty can withſtand them; they bear down love, intereſt, and reverence, and force the friend, the dependent, or the child, to give way to inſtantaneous motions of merriment.

Among the principal of comic calamities, may be reckoned the pain which an author, not yet hardened into inſenſibility, feels at the ouſet of a furious critick, whoſe age, rank, or fortune, gives him confidence to ſpeak without reſerve; who heaps one objection upon another, and obtrudes his remarks, and enforces his corrections without tenderneſs or awe.

The author, full of the importance of his work, and anxious for the juſtification of every ſyllable, ſtarts and kindles at the ſlighteſt attack; the critick, eager to eſtabliſh his ſuperiority, triumphing in

in every diſcovery of failure, and zealous to impreſs the cogency of his arguments, purſues him from line to line without ceſſation or remorſe. The critick, who hazards little, proceeds with vehemence, impetuoſity, and fearleſſneſs: the author, whoſe quiet and fame, and life and immortality, are involved in the controverſy, tries every art of ſubterfuge and defence; maintains modeſtly what he reſolves never to yield, and yields unwillingly what cannot be maintained. The critick's purpoſe is to conquer, the author only hopes to eſcape; the critick therefore knits his brow and raiſes his voice, and rejoices whenever he perceives any tokens of pain excited by the preſſure of his aſſertions, or the point of his ſarcaſms. The author, whoſe endeavour is at once to mollify and elude his perſecutor, compoſes his features and ſoftens his accent, breaks the force of aſſault by retreat, and rather ſteps aſide than flies or advances.

As it very ſeldom happens that the rage of extemporary criticiſm inflicts fatal or laſting wounds, I know not that the laws of benevolence entitle this diſtreſs to much ſympathy. The diverſion of baiting an author has the ſanction of all ages and nations, and is more lawful than the ſport of teizing other animals, becauſe, for the moſt part, he comes voluntarily to the ſtake, furniſhed, as he imagines, by the patron powers of literature, with reſiſtleſs weapons, and impenetrable armour, with the mail of the boar of *Erymanth*, and the paws of the lion of *Nemea*.

But the works of genius are ſometimes produced by other motives than vanity; and he whom neceſſity or duty enforces to write, is not always ſo well

well satisfied with himself, as not to be discouraged by censorious impudence. It may therefore be necessary to consider how they whom publication lays open to the insults of such as their obscurity secures against reprisals, may extricate themselves from unexpected encounters.

Vida, a man of considerable skill in the politicks of literature, directs his pupil wholly to abandon his defence, and even when he can irrefragably refute all objections, to suffer tamely the exultations of his antagonist.

This rule may perhaps be just, when advice is asked and severity solicited, because no man tells his opinion so freely as when he imagines it received with implicit veneration; and criticks ought never to be consulted, but while errors may yet be rectified or insipidity suppressed. But when the book has once been dismissed into the world, and can be no more retouched, I know not whether a very different conduct should not be prescribed, and whether firmness and spirit may not sometimes be of use to overpower arrogance and repel brutality. Softness, diffidence, and moderation, will often be mistaken for imbecility and dejection; they lure cowardice to the attack by the hopes of easy victory, and it will soon be found that he whom every man thinks he can conquer, shall never be at peace.

The animadversions of critieks are commonly such as may easily provoke the sedatest writer to some quickness of resentment and asperity of reply. A man who by long consideration has familiarized a subject to his own mind, carefully surveyed the series of his thoughts, and planned all the parts of his composition into a regular dependance on

on each other, will often ſtart at the ſiniſtrous interpretations, or abſurd remarks of haſte and ignorance, and wonder by what infatuation they have been led away from the obvious ſenſe, and upon what peculiar principles of judgment they decide againſt him.

The eye of the intellect, like that of the body, is not equally perfect in all, nor equally adapted in any to all objects; the end of criticiſm is to ſupply its defects; rules are the inſtruments of mental viſion, which may indeed aſſiſt our faculties when properly uſed, but produce confuſion and obſcurity by unſkilful application.

Some ſeem always to read with the microſcope of criticiſm, and employ their whole attention upon minute elegance, or faults ſcarcely viſible to common obſervation. The diſſonance of a ſyllable, the recurrence of the ſame ſound, the repetition of a particle, the ſmalleſt deviation from propriety, the ſlighteſt defect in conſtruction or arrangement, ſwell before their eyes into enormities. As they diſcern with great exactneſs, they comprehend but a narrow compaſs, and know nothing of the juſtneſs of the deſign, the general ſpirit of the performance, the artifice of connection, or the harmony of the parts; they never conceive how ſmall a proportion that which they are buſy in contemplating bears to the whole, or how the petty inaccuracies with which they are offended, are abſorbed and loſt in general excellence.

Others are furniſhed by criticiſm with a teleſcope. They ſee with great clearneſs whatever is too remote to be diſcovered by the reſt of mankind, but are totally blind to all that lies immediately before them. They diſcover in every paſſage

ſome

ſome ſecret meaning, ſome remote alluſion, ſome artful allegory, or ſome occult imitation which no other reader ever ſuſpected; but they have no perception of the cogency of arguments, the force of pathetick ſentiments, the various colours of diction, or the flowery embelliſhments of fancy; of all that engages the attention of others, they are totally inſenſible, while they pry into worlds of conjecture, amuſe themſelves with phantoms in the clouds.

In criticiſm, as in every other art, we fail ſometimes by our weakneſs, but more frequently by our fault. We are ſometimes bewildered by ignorance and ſometimes by prejudice, but we ſeldom deviate far from the right, but when we deliver ourſelves up to the direction of vanity.

NUMB. 177. TUESDAY, *November* 26, 1751.

Turpe eſt difficiles habere nugas. MART.

Thoſe things which now ſeem frivolous and ſlight,
Will be of ſerious conſequence to you,
When they have made you once ridiculous.

ROSCOMMON.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

WHEN I was at the uſual time, about to enter upon the profeſſion to which my friends had deſtined me, being ſummoned, by the death of my father, into the country, I found myſelf maſter of an unexpected ſum of money, and of an eſtate which, though not large, was, in my opinion, ſufficient to ſupport me in a condition far preferable to the fatigue, dependance, and

and uncertainty of any gainful occupation. I therefore reſolved to devote the reſt of my life wholly to curioſity, and without any confinement of my excurſions, or termination of my views, to wander over the boundleſs regions of general knowledge.

This ſcheme of life ſeemed pregnant with inexhauſtible variety, and therefore I could not forbear to congratulate myſelf upon the wiſdom of my choice. I furniſhed a large room with all conveniencies for ſtudy; collected books of every kind; quitted every ſcience at the firſt perception of diſguſt; returned to it again as ſoon as my former ardour happened to revive; and having no rival to depreſs me by compariſon, nor any critick to alarm me with objections, I ſpent day after day in profound tranquillity, with only ſo much complacence in my own improvements, as ſerved to excite and animate my application.

Thus I lived for ſome years with complete acquieſcence in my own plan of conduct, riſing early to read, and dividing the latter part of the day between œconomy, exerciſe, and reflection. But in time, I began to find my mind contracted and ſtiffened by ſolitude. My eaſe and elegance were ſenſibly impaired; I was no longer able to accommodate myſelf with readineſs to the accidental current of converſation, my notions grew particular and paradoxical, and my phraſeology formal and unfaſhionable; I ſpoke, on common occaſions, the language of books. My quickneſs of apprehenſion, and celerity of reply, had entirely deſerted me: when I delivered my opinion, or detailed my knowledge, I was bewildered by an unſeaſonable interrogatory, diſconcerted by any ſlight oppoſition,

poſition, and overwhelmed and loſt in dejection, when the ſmalleſt advantage was gained againſt me in diſpute. I became deciſive and dogmatical, impatient of contradiction, perpetually jealous of my character, inſolent to ſuch as acknowledged my ſuperiority, and ſullen and malignant to all who refuſed to receive my dictates.

This I ſoon diſcovered to be one of thoſe intellectual diſeaſes which a wiſe man ſhould make haſte to cure. I therefore reſolved for a time to ſhut my books, and learn again the art of converſation; to defecate and clear my mind by briſker motions and ſtronger impulſes; and to unite myſelf once more to the living generation.

For this purpoſe I haſted to *London*, and entreated one of my academical acquaintances, to introduce me into ſome of the little ſocieties of literature, which are formed in taverns and coffee-houſes. He was pleaſed with an opportunity of ſhewing me to his friends, and ſoon obtained me admiſſion among a ſelect company of curious men, who met once a week to exhilarate their ſtudies and compare their acquiſitions.

The eldeſt and moſt venerable of this ſociety was *Hirſutus*, who, after the firſt civilities of my reception, found means to introduce the mention of his favourite ſtudies, by a ſevere cenſure of thoſe who want the due regard for their native country. He informed me, that he had early withdrawn his attention from foreign trifles, and that ſince he begun to addict his mind to ſerious and manly ſtudies, he had very carefully amaſſed all the *Engliſh* books that were printed in the black character. This ſearch he had purſued ſo diligently, that he was able to ſhew the deficiencies

encies of the beſt catalogues. He had long ſince completed his *Caxton*, had three ſheets of *Treveris*, unknown to the antiquaries, and wanted to a perfect *Pynſon* but two volumes, of which one was promiſed him as a legacy by its preſent poſſeſſor, and the other he was reſolved to buy, at whatever price, when *Quiſquilius*'s library ſhould be ſold. *Hirſutus* had no other reaſon for the valuing or ſlighting a book, than that it was printed in the *Roman* or the *Gothic* letter, nor any ideas but ſuch as his favourite volumes had ſupplied; when he was ſerious, he expatiated on the narratives of *Johan de Treviſa*, and, when he was merry, regaled us with a quotation from the *Shippe of Foles*.

While I was liſtening to this hoary ſtudent, *Ferratus* entered in a hurry, and informed us with the abruptneſs of extaſy, that his ſet of half-pence was now complete; he had juſt received in a handful of change, the piece that he had ſo long been ſeeking, and could now defy mankind to outgo his collection of *Engliſh* copper.

Chartophilax then obſerved how fatally human ſagacity was ſometimes baffled, and how often the moſt valuable diſcoveries are made by chance. He had employed himſelf and his emiſſaries ſeven years at great expence, to perfect his ſeries of *Gazettes*, but had long wanted a ſingle paper, which, when he deſpaired of obtaining it, was ſent him wrapped round a parcel of tobacco.

Cantilenus turned all his thoughts upon old ballads, for he conſidered them as the genuine records of the national taſte. He offered to ſhew me a copy of *The Children in the Wood*, which he firmly believed to be of the firſt edition, and by the help of which, the text might be freed from ſeveral corruptions,

ruptions, if this age of barbarity had any claim to ſuch favours from him.

Many were admitted into this ſociety as inferior members, becauſe they had collected old prints and neglected pamphlets, or poſſeſſed ſome fragment of antiquity, as the ſeal of an antient corporation, the charter of a religious houſe, the genealogy of a family extinct, or a letter written in the reign of *Elizabeth*.

Every one of theſe virtuoſos looked on all his aſſociates as wretches of depraved taſte and narrow notions. Their converſation was, therefore, fretful and waſpiſh, their behaviour brutal, their merriment bluntly ſarcaſtick, and their ſerioufneſs gloomy and ſuſpicious. They were totally ignorant of all that paſſes, or has lately paſſed, in the world; unable to diſcuſs any queſtion of religious, political, or military knowledge; equally ſtrangers to ſcience and politer learning, and without any wiſh to improve their minds, or any other pleaſure than that of diſplaying rarities, of which they would not ſuffer others to make the proper uſe.

Hirſutus graciouſly informed me, that the number of their ſociety was limited, but that I might ſometimes attend as an auditor. I was pleaſed to find myſelf in no danger of an honour, which I could not have willingly accepted, nor gracefully refuſed, and left them without any intention of returning, for I ſoon found, that the ſuppreſſion of thoſe habits with which I was vitiated, required aſſociation with men very different from this ſolemn race.

I am, SIR, &c.

VIVACULUS.

It is natural to feel grief or indignation, when any thing, neceſſary or uſeful, is wantonly waſted, or negligently deſtroyed; and therefore my correſpondent cannot be blamed for looking with uneaſineſs on the waſte of life. Leiſure and curioſity might ſoon make great advances in uſeful knowledge, were they not diverted by minute emulation and laborious trifles. It may, however, ſomewhat mollify his anger to reflect, that perhaps none of the aſſembly which he deſcribes, was capable of any nobler employment, and that he who does his beſt, however little, is always to be diſtinguiſhed from him who does nothing. Whatever buſies the mind without corrupting it, has at leaſt this uſe, that it reſcues the day from idleneſs, and he that is never idle will not often be vicious.

NUMB. 178. SATURDAY, *November* 30, 1751.

Pars ſanitatis velle ſanaria fuit. SENEC.

To yield to remedies is half the cure.

PYTHAGORAS is reported to have required from thoſe whom he inſtructed in philoſophy a probationary ſilence of five years. Whether this prohibition of ſpeech extended to all the parts of this time, as ſeems generally to be ſuppoſed, or was to be obſerved only in the ſchool or in the preſence of their maſter, as is more probable, it was ſufficient to diſcover the pupil's diſpoſition; to try whether he was willing to pay the price of learning, or whether he was one of thoſe whoſe

ardour was rather violent than laſting, and who expected to grow wiſe on other terms than thoſe of patience and obedience.

Many of the bleſſings univerſally deſired, are very frequently wanted, becauſe moſt men, when they ſhould labour, content themſelves to complain, and rather linger in a ſtate in which they cannot be at reſt, than improve their condition by vigour and reſolution.

Providence has fixed the limits of human enjoyment by immoveable boundaries, and has ſet different gratifications at ſuch a diſtance from each other, that no art or power can bring them together. This great law it is the buſineſs of every rational being to underſtand, that life may not paſs away in an attempt to make contradictions conſiſtent, to combine oppoſite qualities, and to unite things which the nature of their being muſt always keep aſunder.

Of two objects tempting at a diſtance on contrary ſides, it is impoſſible to approach one but by receding from the other; by long deliberation and dilatory projects, they may be both loſt, but can never be both gained. It is, therefore, neceſſary to compare them, and when we have determined the preference, to withdraw our eyes and our thoughts at once from that which reaſon directs us to reject. This is more neceſſary, if that which we are forſaking has the power of delighting the ſenſes, or firing the fancy. He that once turns aſide to the allurements of unlawful pleaſure, can have no ſecurity that he ſhall ever regain the paths of virtue.

The philoſophick goddeſs of *Boethius*, having related the ſtory of *Orpheus*, who, when he had recovered

recovered his wife from the dominions of death, loſt her again by looking back upon her in the confines of light, concludes with a very elegant and forcible application. *Whoever you are that endeavour to elevate your minds to the illuminations of Heaven, conſider yourſelves as repreſented in this fable; for he that is once ſo far overcome as to turn back his eyes towards the infernal caverns, loſes at the firſt ſight all that influence which attracted him on high.*

Vos hæc fabula reſpicit,
Quicunque in ſuperum diem
Mentem ducere quæritis.
Nam qui *Tartareum* in ſpecus
Victus lumina flexerit,
Quidquid præcipuum trahit,
Perdit, dum videt inferos.

It may be obſerved in general, that the future is purchaſed by the preſent. It is not poſſible to ſecure diſtant or permanent happineſs but by the forbearance of ſome immediate gratification. This is ſo evidently true with regard to the whole of our exiſtence, that all the precepts of theology have no other tendency than to enforce a life of faith; a life regulated not by our ſenſes but our belief; a life in which pleaſures are to be refuſed for fear of inviſible puniſhments, and calamities ſometimes to be ſought, and always endured, in hope of rewards that ſhall be obtained in another ſtate.

Even if we take into our view only that particle of our duration which is terminated by the grave, it will be found that we cannot enjoy one part of life beyond the common limitations of pleaſure,

but by anticipating ſome of the ſatisfaction which ſhould exhilarate the following years. The heat of youth may ſpread happineſs into wild luxuriance, but the radical vigour requiſite to make it perennial is exhauſted, and all that can be hoped afterwards is languor and ſterility.

The reigning error of mankind is, that we are not content with the conditions on which the goods of life are granted. No man is inſenſible of the value of knowledge, the advantages of health, or the convenience of plenty, but every day ſhews us thoſe on whom the conviction is without effect.

Knowledge is praiſed and deſired by multitudes whom her charms could never rouſe from the couch of ſloth; whom the fainteſt invitation of pleaſure draws away from their ſtudies; to whom any other method of wearing out the day is more elegible than the uſe of books, and who are more eaſily engaged by any converſation, than ſuch as may rectify their notions or enlarge their comprehenſion.

Every man that has felt pain, knows how little all other comforts can gladden him to whom health is denied. Yet who is there does not ſometimes hazard it for the enjoyment of an hour? All aſſemblies of jollity, all places of publick entertainment, exhibit examples of ſtrength waſting in riot, and beauty withering in irregularity; nor is it eaſy to enter a houſe in which part of the family is not groaning in repentance of paſt intemperance, and part admitting diſeaſe by negligence, or ſoliciting it by luxury.

There is no pleaſure which men in every age and ſect have more generally agreed to mention with contempt, than the gratifications of the palate;

late; an entertainment so far removed from intellectual happiness, that scarcely the most shameless of the sensual herd have dared to defend it; yet even to this, the lowest of our delights, to this, though neither quick nor lasting, is health with all its activity and sprightliness daily sacrificed; and for this are half the miseries endured which urge impatience to call on death.

The whole world is put in motion by the wish for riches, and the dread of poverty. Who, then, would not imagine that such conduct as will inevitably destroy what all are thus labouring to acquire, must generally be avoided? That he who spends more than he receives, must in time become indigent, cannot be doubted; but how evident soever this consequence may appear, the spendthrift moves in the whirl of pleasure with too much rapidity to keep it before his eyes, and, in the intoxication of gaiety, grows every day poorer without any such sense of approaching ruin as is sufficient to wake him into caution.

Many complaints are made of the misery of life; and indeed it must be confessed that we are subject to calamities by which the good and bad, the diligent and slothful, the vigilant and heedless, are equally afflicted. But surely, though some indulgence may be allowed to groans extorted by inevitable misery, no man has a right to repine at evils which, against warning, against experience, he deliberately and leisurely brings upon his own head; or to consider himself as debarred from happiness by such obstacles as resolution may break, or dexterity may put aside.

Great numbers who quarrel with their condition have wanted not the power but the will to obtain a

better ſtate. They have never contemplated the difference between good and evil ſufficiently to quicken averſion, or invigorate deſire; they have indulged a drowſy thoughtleſſneſs or giddy levity; have committed the balance of choice to the management of caprice; and when they have long accuſtomed themſelves to receive all that chance offered them, without examination, lament at laſt that they find themſelves deceived.

NUMB. 179. TUESDAY, *December* 3, 1751.

Perpetuo riſu pulmonem agitare ſolebat. JUV.

Democritus would feel his ſpleen, and ſhake
His ſides and ſhoulders till he felt them ake. DRYDEN.

EVERY man, ſays *Tully*, has two characters; one, which he partakes with all mankind, and by which he is diſtinguiſhed from brute animals; another, which diſcriminates him from the reſt of his own ſpecies, and impreſſes on him a manner and temper peculiar to himſelf; this particular character, if it be not repugnant to the laws of general humanity, it is always his buſineſs to cultivate and preſerve.

Every hour furniſhes ſome confirmation of *Tully*'s precept. It ſeldom happens that an aſſembly of pleaſure is ſo happily ſelected, but that ſome one finds admiſſion, with whom the reſt are deſervedly offended; and it will appear, on a cloſe inſpection, that ſcarce any man becomes eminently diſagreeable, but by a departure from his real character, and

and an attempt at ſomething for which nature or education have left him unqualified.

Ignorance or dulneſs have indeed no power of affording delight, but they never give diſguſt except when they aſſume the dignity of knowledge, or ape the ſprightlineſs of wit. Awkwardneſs and inelegance have none of thoſe attractions by which eaſe and politeneſs take poſſeſſion of the heart; but ridicule and cenſure ſeldom riſe againſt them, unleſs they appear aſſociated with that confidence which belongs only to long acquaintance with the modes of life, and to conſciouſneſs of unfailing propriety of behaviour. Deformity itſelf is regarded with tenderneſs rather than averſion, when it does not attempt to deceive the ſight by dreſs and decoration, and to ſeize upon fictitious claims the prerogatives of beauty.

He that ſtands to contemplate the crowds that fill the ſtreets of a populous city, will ſee many paſſengers whoſe air and motion it will be difficult to behold without contempt and laughter; but if he examines what are the appearances that thus powerfully excite his riſibility, he will find among them neither poverty nor diſeaſe, nor any involuntary or painful defect. The diſpoſition to deriſion and inſult is awakened by the ſoftneſs of foppery, the ſwell of inſolence, the livelineſs of levity, or the ſolemnity of grandeur; by the ſprightly trip, the ſtately ſtalk, the formal ſtrut, and the lofty mien; by geſtures intended to catch the eye, and by looks elaborately formed as evidences of importance.

It has, I think, been ſometimes urged in favour of affectation, that it is only a miſtake of the means to a good end, and that the intention with

which it is practiſed is always to pleaſe. If all attempts to innovate the conſtitution or habitual character have really proceeded from publick ſpirit and love of others, the world has hitherto been ſufficiently ungrateful, ſince no return but ſcorn has yet been made to the moſt difficult of all enterpriſes, a conteſt with nature; nor has any pity been ſhewn to the fatigues of labour which never ſucceeded, and the uneaſineſs of diſguiſe by which nothing was concealed.

It ſeems therefore to be determined by the general ſuffrage of mankind, that he who decks himſelf in adſcititious qualities rather purpoſes to command applauſe than impart pleaſure; and he is therefore treated as a man who by an unreaſonable ambition uſurps the place in ſociety to which he has no right. Praiſe is ſeldom paid with willingneſs even to inconteſtable merit, and it can be no wonder that he who calls for it without deſert is repulſed with univerſal indignation.

Affectation naturally counterfeits thoſe excellencies which are placed at the greateſt diſtance from poſſibility of attainment. We are conſcious of our own defects, and eagerly endeavour to ſupply them by artificial excellence; nor would ſuch efforts be wholly without excuſe, were they not often excited by ornamental trifles, which he, that thus anxiouſly ſtruggles for the reputation of poſſeſſing them, would not have been known to want, had not his induſtry quickened obſervation.

Gelaſimus paſſed the firſt part of his life in academical privacy and rural retirement, without any other converſation than that of ſcholars, grave, ſtudious, and abſtracted as himſelf. He cultivated the mathematical ſciences with indefatigable diligence,

diligence, discovered many useful theorems, discussed with great accuracy the resistance of fluids, and though his priority was not generally acknowledged, was the first who fully explained all the properties of the catenarian curve.

Learning, when it rises to eminence, will be observed in time, whatever mists may happen to surround it. *Gelasimus*, in his forty-ninth year, was distinguished by those who have the rewards of knowledge in their hands, and called out to display his acquisitions for the honour of his country, and add dignity by his presence to philosophical assemblies. As he did not suspect his unfitness for common affairs, he felt no reluctance to obey the invitation, and what he did not feel he had yet too much honesty to feign. He entered into the world as a larger and more populous college, where his performances would be more publick, and his renown farther extended; and imagined that he should find his reputation universally prevalent, and the influence of learning every where the same.

His merit introduced him to splendid tables and elegant acquaintance; but he did not find himself always qualified to join in the conversation. He was distressed by civilities, which he knew not how to repay, and entangled in many ceremonial perplexities, from which his books and diagrams could not extricate him. He was sometimes unluckily engaged in disputes with ladies, with whom algebraick axioms had no great weight, and saw many whose favour and esteem he could not but desire, to whom he was very little recommended by his theories of the tides, or his approximations to the quadrature of the circle.

Gelaſimus did not want penetration to diſcover, that no charm was more generally irreſiſtible than that of eaſy facetiouſneſs and flowing hilarity. He ſaw that diverſion was more frequently welcome than improvement, that authority and ſeriouſneſs were rather feared than loved, and that the grave ſcholar was a kind of imperious ally, haſtily diſmiſſed when his aſſiſtance was no longer neceſſary. He came to a ſudden reſolution of throwing off theſe cumbrous ornaments of learning, which hindered his reception, and commenced a man of wit and jocularity. Utterly unacquainted with every topick of merriment, ignorant of the modes and follies, the vices and virtues of mankind, and unfurniſhed with any ideas but ſuch as *Pappus* and *Archimedes* had given him, he began to ſilence all enquiries with a jeſt inſtead of a ſolution, extended his face with a grin, which he miſtook for a ſmile, and in the place of a ſcientifick diſcourſe, retailed in a new language, formed between the college and the tavern, the intelligence of the newſpaper.

Laughter, he knew, was a token of alacrity; and, therefore, whatever he ſaid or heard, he was careful not to fail in that great duty of a wit. If he aſked or told the hour of the day, if he complained of heat or cold, ſtirred the fire, or filled a glaſs, removed his chair, or ſnuffed a candle, he always found ſome occaſion to laugh. The jeſt was indeed a ſecret to all but himſelf; but habitual confidence in his own diſcernment hindered him from ſuſpecting any weakneſs or miſtake. He wondered that his wit was ſo little underſtood, but expected that his audience would comprehend

prehend it by degrees, and perſiſted all his life to ſhow by groſs buffoonery, how little the ſtrongeſt faculties can perform beyond the limits of their own province.

NUMB. 180. SATURDAY, *December* 7, 1751.

Ταῦτ εἰδὼς σοφός ἴσθι μάτην δ' Επίκειρον ἔασον
Πᾶ το κενὸν ζητεῖν, καὶ τίνες αἱ μονάδες.

AUTOMEDON.

On life, on morals, be thy thoughts employ'd;
Leave to the ſchools their atoms and their void.

IT is ſomewhere related by *Le Clerc*, that a wealthy trader of good underſtanding, having the common ambition to breed his ſon a ſcholar, carried him to an univerſity, reſolving to uſe his own judgment in the choice of a tuter. He had been taught, by whatever intelligence, the neareſt way to the heart of an academick, and at his arrival entertained all who came about him with ſuch profuſion, that the profeſſors were lured by the ſmell of his table from their books, and flocked round him with all the cringes of awkward complaiſance. This eagerneſs anſwered the merchant's purpoſe; he glutted them with delicacies, and ſoftened them with careſſes, till he prevailed upon one after another to open his boſom, and make a diſcovery of his competitions, jealouſies, and reſentments. Having thus learned each man's character, partly from himſelf, and partly from his acquaintances, he reſolved to

find ſome other education for his ſon, and went away convinced, that a ſcholaſtick life has no other tendency than to vitiate the morals, and contract the underſtanding; nor would he afterwards hear with patience the praiſes of the ancient authors, being perſuaded that ſcholars of all ages muſt have been the ſame, and that *Xenophon* and *Cicero* were profeſſors of ſome former univerſity, and therefore mean and ſelfiſh, ignorant and ſervile, like thoſe whom he had lately viſited and forſaken.

Envy, curioſity, and a ſenſe of the imperfection of our preſent ſtate, inclines us to eſtimate the advantages which are in the poſſeſſion of others above their real value. Every one muſt have remarked, what powers and prerogatives the vulgar imagine to be conferred by learning. A man of ſcience is expected to excel the unlettered and unenlightened, even on occaſions where literature is of no uſe, and among weak minds, loſes part of his reverence, by diſcovering no ſuperiority in thoſe parts of life, in which all are unavoidably equal; as when a monarch makes a progreſs to the remoter provinces, the ruſticks are ſaid ſometimes to wonder that they find him of the ſame ſize with themſelves.

Theſe demands of prejudice and folly can never be ſatisfied; and therefore many of the imputations which learning ſuffers from diſappointed ignorance, are without reproach. But there are ſome failures to which men of ſtudy are peculiarly expoſed. Every condition has its diſadvantages. The circle of knowledge is too wide for the moſt active and diligent intellect, and while ſcience is purſued,

fued, other accompliſhments are neglected; as a ſmall garriſon muſt leave one part of an extenſive fortreſs naked, when an alarm calls them to another.

The learned, however, might generally ſupport their dignity with more ſucceſs, if they ſuffered not themſelves to be miſled by the deſire of ſuperfluous attainments. *Raphael*, in return to *Adam*'s enquiries into the courſes of the ſtars and the revolutions of heaven, counſels him to withdraw his mind from idle ſpeculations, and employ his faculties upon nearer and more intereſting objects, the ſurvey of his own life, the ſubjection of his paſſions, the knowledge of duties which muſt daily be perform d, and the detection of dangers which muſt daily be incurred.

This angelick counſel every man of letters ſhould always have before him. He that devotes himſelf to retired ſtudy, naturally ſinks from omiſſion to forgetfulneſs of ſocial duties; he muſt be therefore ſometimes awakened, and recalled to the general condition of mankind.

I am far from any intention to limit curioſity, or confine the labours of learning to arts of immediate and neceſſary uſe. It is only from the various eſſays of experimental induſtry, and the vague excurſion of minds ſent out upon diſcovery, that any advancement of knowledge can be expected, and though many muſt be diſappointed in their labours, yet they are not to be charged with having ſpent their time in vain; their example contributed to inſpire emulation, and their miſcarriages taught others the way to ſucceſs.

But

But the distant hope of being one day useful or eminent, ought not to mislead us too far from that study, which is equally requisite to the great and mean, to the celebrated and obscure; the art of moderating the desires, of repressing the appetites; and of conciliating or retaining the favour of mankind.

No man can imagine the course of his own life, or the conduct of the world around him, unworthy his attention; yet among the sons of learning many seem to have thought of every thing rather than of themselves, and to have observed every thing but what passes before their eyes: many who toil through the intricacy of complicated systems, are insuperably embarrassed with the least perplexity in common affairs; many who compare the actions, and ascertain the characters of ancient heroes, let their own days glide away without examination, and suffer vicious habits to encroach upon their minds without resistance or detection.

The most frequent reproach of the scholastick race is the want of fortitude, not martial but philosophick. Men bred in shades and silence, taught to immure themselves at sunset, and accustomed to no other weapon than syllogism, may be allowed to feel terror at personal danger, and to be disconcerted by tumult and alarm. But why should he whose life is spent in contemplation, and whose business is only to discover truth, be unable to rectify the fallacies of imagination, or contend successfully against prejudice and passion? To what end has he read and meditated, if he gives up his understanding to false appearances, and suffers, himself to be enslaved by fear

of

of evils to which only folly or vanity can expoſe him, or elated by advantages to which, as they are equally conferred upon the good and bad, no real dignity is annexed?

Such, however, is the ſtate of the world, that the moſt obſequious of the ſlaves of pride, the moſt rapturous of the gazers upon wealth, the moſt officious of the whiſperers of greatneſs, are collected from ſeminaries appropriated to the ſtudy of wiſdom and of virtue, where it was intended that appetite ſhould learn to be content with little, and that hope ſhould aſpire only to honours which no human power can give or take away.

The ſtudent, when he comes forth into the world, inſtead of congratulating himſelf upon his exemption from the errors of thoſe whoſe opinions have been formed by accident or cuſtom, and who live without any certain principles of conduct, is commonly in haſte to mingle with the multitude, and ſhew his ſprightlineſs and ductility by an expeditious compliance with faſhions or vices. The firſt ſmile of a man, whoſe fortune gives him power to reward his dependants, commonly enchants him beyond reſiſtance; the glare of equipage, the ſweets of luxury, the liberality of general promiſes, the ſoftneſs of habitual affability, fill his imagination; and he ſoon ceaſes to have any other wiſh than to be well received, or any meaſure of right and wrong but the opinion of his patron.

A man flattered and obeyed, learns to exact groſſer adulation, and enjoin lower ſubmiſſion. Neither our virtues nor vices are all our own. If there were no cowardice there would be little inſolence; pride cannot riſe to any great degree, but

but by the concurrence of blandiſhment or the ſufferance of tameneſs. The wretch who would ſhrink and crouch before one that ſhould dart his eyes upon him with the ſpirit of natural equality, becomes capricious and tyrannical when he ſees himſelf approached with a downcaſt look, and hears the ſoft addreſs of awe and ſervility. To thoſe who are willing to purchaſe favour by cringes and compliance, is to be imputed the haughtineſs that leaves nothing to be hoped by firmneſs and integrity.

If, inſtead of wandering after the meteors of philoſophy, which fill the world with ſplendour for a while, and then ſink and are forgotten, the candidates of learning fixed their eyes upon the permanent luſtre of moral and religious truth, they would find a more certain direction to happineſs. A little plauſibility of diſcourſe and acquaintance with unneceſſary ſpeculations, is dearly purchaſed, when it excludes thoſe inſtructions which fortify the heart with reſolution, and exalt the ſpirit to independence.

NUMB. 181. TUESDAY, *December* 10, 1751.

——*Nec ſuitem dulcis ſpe pendulus horæ.* HOR.

Nor let me float in fortune's pow'r,
Dependant on the future hour. FRANCIS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

AS I have paſſed much of my life in diſquiet and ſuſpenſe, and loſt many opportunities of advantage by a paſſion which I have reaſon to believe prevalent in different degrees over a great part of mankind, I cannot but think myſelf well qualified to warn thoſe who are yet uncaptivated, of the danger which they incur by placing themſelves within its influence.

I ſerved an apprenticeſhip to a linen-draper, with uncommon reputation for diligence and fidelity; and at the age of three and twenty opened a ſhop for myſelf with a large ſtock, and ſuch credit among all the merchants, who were acquainted with my maſter, that I could command whatever was imported curious or valuable. For five years I proceeded with ſucceſs proportionate to cloſe application and untainted integrity; was a daring bidder at every ſale; always paid my notes before they were due; and advanced ſo faſt in commercial reputation, that I was proverbially marked out as the model of young traders, and every one expected that a few years would make me an alderman.

In this courſe of even proſperity, I was one day perſuaded to buy a ticket in the lottery. The ſum

ſum was inconſiderable, part was to be repaid though fortune might fail to favour me, and therefore my eſtabliſhed maxims of frugality did not reſtrain me from ſo trifling an experiment. The ticket lay almoſt forgotten till the time at which every man's fate was to be determined; nor did the affair even then ſeem of any importance, till I diſcovered by the publick papers that the number next to mine had conferred the great prize.

My heart leaped at the thought of ſuch an approach to ſudden riches, which I conſidered myſelf, however contrarily to the laws of computation, as having miſſed by a ſingle chance; and I could not forbear to revolve the conſequences which ſuch a bounteous allotment would have produced, if it had happened to me. This dream of felicity, by degrees, took poſſeſſion of my imagination. The great delight of my ſolitary hours was to purchaſe an eſtate, and form plantations with money which once might have been mine, and I never met my friends but I ſpoiled all their merriment by perpetual complaints of my ill luck.

At length another lottery was opened, and I had now ſo heated my imagination with the proſpect of a prize, that I ſhould have preſſed among the firſt purchaſers, had not my ardour been withheld by deliberation upon the probability of ſucceſs from one ticket rather than another. I heſitated long between even and odd; conſidered the ſquare and cubick numbers through the lottery; examined all thoſe to which good luck had been hitherto annexed; and at laſt fixed upon one, which, by ſome ſecret relation to the events of

of my life, I thought predeſtined to make me happy. Delay in great affairs is often miſchievous; the ticket was ſold, and its poſſeſſor could not be found.

I returned to my conjectures, and after many arts of prognoſtication, fixed upon another chance, but with leſs confidence. Never did captive, heir, or lover, feel ſo much vexation from the ſlow pace of time, as I ſuffered between the purchaſe of my ticket and the diſtribution of the prizes. I ſolaced my uneaſineſs as well as I could, by frequent contemplations of approaching happineſs; when the ſun roſe I knew it would ſet, and congratulated myſelf at night that I was ſo much nearer to my wiſhes. At laſt the day came, my ticket appeared, and rewarded all my care and ſagacity with a deſpicable prize of fifty pounds.

My friends, who honeſtly rejoiced upon my ſucceſs, were very coldly received; I hid myſelf a fortnight in the country, that my chagrin might fume away without obſervation, and then returning to my ſhop, began to liſten after another lottery.

With the news of a lottery I was ſoon gratified, and having now found the vanity of conjecture and inefficacy of computation, I reſolved to take the prize by violence, and therefore bought forty tickets, not omitting however to divide them between the even and odd numbers, that I might not miſs the lucky claſs. Many concluſions did I form, and many experiments did I try to determine from which of thoſe tickets I might moſt reaſonably expect riches. At laſt, being unable to ſatisfy myſelf by any modes of reaſoning, I wrote the

the numbers upon dice, and allotted five hours every day to the amuſement of throwing them in a garret; and, examining the event by an exact regiſter, found, on the evening before the lottery was drawn, that one of my numbers had been turned up five times more than any of the reſt in three hundred and thirty thouſand throws.

This experiment was fallacious; the firſt day preſented the hopeful ticket, a deteſtable blank. The reſt came out with different fortune, and in concluſion I loſt thirty pounds by this great adventure.

I had now wholly changed the caſt of my behaviour and the conduct of my life. The ſhop was for the moſt part abandoned to my ſervants, and if I entered it, my thoughts were ſo engroſſed by my tickets, that I ſcarcely heard or anſwered a queſtion, but conſidered every cuſtomer as an intruder upon my meditations, whom I was in haſte to diſpatch. I miſtook the price of my goods, committed blunders in my bills, forgot to file my receipts, and neglected to regulate my books. My acquaintances by degrees began to fall away; but I perceived the decline of my buſineſs with little emotion, becauſe whatever deficience there might be in my gains I expected the next lottery to ſupply.

Miſcarriage naturally produces diffidence; I began now to ſeek aſſiſtance againſt ill luck, by an alliance with thoſe that had been more ſucceſsful. I enquired diligently at what office any prize had been ſold, that I might purchaſe of a propitious vender: ſolicited thoſe who had been fortunate in former lotteries, to partake with me in my new tickets; and whenever I met with one that had

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in any event of his life been eminently prosperous, I invited him to take a larger share. I had, by this rule of conduct, so diffused my interest, that I had a fourth part of fifteen tickets, an eighth of forty, and a sixteenth of ninety.

I waited for the decision of my fate with my former palpitations, and looked upon the business of my trade with the usual neglect. The wheel at last was turned, and its revolutions brought me a long succession of sorrows and disappointments. I indeed often partook of a small prize, and the loss of one day was generally balanced by the gain of the next; but my desires yet remained unsatisfied, and when one of my chances had failed, all my expectation was suspended on those which remained yet undetermined. At last a prize of five thousand pounds was proclaimed; I caught fire at the cry, and enquiring the number found it to be one of my own tickets, which I had divided among those on whose luck I depended, and of which I had retained only a sixteenth part.

You will easily judge with what detestation of himself, a man thus intent upon gain reflected that he had sold a prize which was once in his possession. It was to no purpose, that I represented to my mind the impossibility of recalling the past, or the folly of condemning an act, which only its event, an event which no human intelligence could foresee, proved to be wrong. The prize which though put in my hands, had been suffered to slip from me, filled me with anguish; and knowing that complaint would only expose me to ridicule, I gave myself up

ſilently to grief, and loſt by degrees my appetite and my reſt.

My indiſpoſition ſoon became viſible; I was viſited by my friends, and among them by *Eumathes*, a clergyman, whoſe piety and learning gave him ſuch an aſcendant over me, that I could not refuſe to open my heart. There are, ſaid he, few minds ſufficiently firm to be truſted in the hands of chance. Whoever finds himſelf inclined to anticipate futurity, and exalt poſſibility to certainty, ſhould avoid every kind of caſual adventure, ſince his grief muſt be always proportionate to his hope. You have long waſted that time, which, by a proper application, would have certainly, though moderately, increaſed your fortune, in a laborious and anxious purſuit of a ſpecies of gain, which no labour or anxiety, no art or expedient, can ſecure or promote. You are now fretting away your life in repentance of an act, againſt which repentance can give no caution, but to avoid the occaſion of committing it. Rouſe from this lazy dream of fortuitous riches, which, if obtained, you could ſcarcely have enjoyed, becauſe they could confer no conſciouſneſs of deſert; return to rational and manly induſtry, and conſider the mere gift of luck as below the care of a wiſe man.

NUMB. 182. SATURDAY, *December* 14, 1751.

Dives qui fieri vult,
Et cito vult fieri. JUVENAL.

The luſt of wealth can never bear delay.

IT has been obſerved in a late paper, that we are unreaſonably deſirous to ſeparate the goods of life from thoſe evils which Providence has connected with them, and to catch advantages without paying the price at which they are offered us. Every man wiſhes to be rich, but very few have the powers neceſſary to raiſe a ſudden fortune, either by new diſcoveries, or by ſuperiority of ſkill in any neceſſary employment; and among lower underſtandings, many want the firmneſs and induſtry requiſite to regular gain and gradual acquiſitions.

From the hope of enjoying affluence by methods more compendious than thoſe of labour, and more generally practicable than thoſe of genius, proceeds the common inclination to experiment and hazard, and that willingneſs to ſnatch all opportunities of growing rich by chance, which when it has once taken poſſeſſion of the mind, is ſeldom driven out either by time or argument, but continues to waſte life in perpetual deluſion, and generally ends in wretchedneſs and want.

The folly of untimely exultation and viſionary proſperity, is by no means peculiar to the purchaſers of tickets; there are multitudes whoſe life is nothing but a continual lottery; who are always within a few months of plenty and happineſs, and how often ſoever they are mocked with blanks, expect a prize from the next adventure.

Among

Among the moſt reſolute and ardent of the votaries of chance, may be numbered the mortals whoſe hope is to raiſe themſelves by a wealthy match; who lay out all their induſtry on the aſſiduities of courtſhip, and ſleep and wake with no other ideas than of treats, compliments, guardians, and rivals.

One of the moſt indefatigable of this claſs, is my old friend *Leviculus*, whom I have never known for thirty years without ſome matrimonial project of advantage. *Leviculus* was bred under a merchant, and by the graces of his perſon, the ſprightlineſs of his prattle, and the neatneſs of his dreſs, ſo much enamoured his maſter's ſecond daughter, a girl of ſixteen, that ſhe declared her reſolution to have no other huſband. Her father, after having chidden her for undutifulneſs, conſented to the match, not much to the ſatisfaction of *Leviculus*, who was ſufficiently elated with his conqueſt to think himſelf entitled to a larger fortune. He was, however, ſoon rid of his perplexity, for his miſtreſs died before their marriage.

He was now ſo well ſatisfied with his own accompliſhments, that he determined to commence fortune-hunter; and when his apprenticeſhip expired, inſtead of beginning, as was expected, to walk the exchange with a face of importance, or aſſociating himſelf with thoſe who were moſt eminent for their knowledge of the ſtocks, he at once threw off the ſolemnity of the counting-houſe, equipped himſelf with a modiſh wig, liſtened to wits in coffee-houſes, paſſed his evenings behind the ſcenes in the theatres, learned the names of beauties of quality, hummed the laſt ſtanzas of faſhionable ſongs, talked with familiarity of high play,

play, boasted of his atchievements upon drawers and coachmen, was often brought to his lodgings at midnight in a chair, told with negligence and jocularity of bilking a taylor, and now and then let fly a shrewd jest at a sober citizen.

Thus furnished with irresistible artillery, he turned his batteries upon the female world, and in the first warmth of self-approbation, proposed no less than the possession of riches and beauty united. He therefore paid his civilities to *Flavilla*, the only daughter of a wealthy shopkeeper, who not being accustomed to amorous blandishments or respectful addresses, was delighted with the novelty of love, and easily suffered him to conduct her to the play, and to meet her where she visited. *Leviculus* did not doubt but her father, however offended by a clandestine marriage, would soon be reconciled by the tears of his daughter, and the merit of his son-in-law, and was in haste to conclude the affair. But the lady liked better to be courted than married, and kept him three years in uncertainty and attendance. At last she fell in love with a young ensign at a ball, and having danced with him all night, married him in the morning.

Leviculus, to avoid the ridicule of his companions took a journey to a small estate in the country, where after his usual enquiries concerning the nymphs in the neighbourhood, he found it proper to fall in love with *Altilia*, a maiden lady, twenty years older than himself, for whose favour fifteen nephews and nieces were in perpetual contention. They hovered round her with such jealous officiousness, as scarcely left a moment vacant for a lover. *Leviculus*, nevertheless, discovered his passion in a letter, and *Altilia* could not withstand the pleasure

of hearing vows and ſighs, and flatteries and proteſtations. She admitted his viſits, enjoyed, for five years, the happineſs of keeping all her expectants in perpetual alarms, and amuſed herſelf with the various ſtratagems which were practiſed to diſengage her affections. Sometimes ſhe was adviſed with great earneſtneſs to travel for her health, and ſometimes intreated to keep her brother's houſe. Many ſtories were ſpread to the diſadvantage of *Leviculus*, by which ſhe commonly ſeemed affected for a time, but took care ſoon afterwards to expreſs her conviction of their falſehood. But being at laſt fatiated with this ludicrous tyranny, ſhe told her lover, when he preſſed for the reward of his ſervices, that ſhe was very ſenſible of his merit, but was reſolved not to impoveriſh an ancient family.

He then returned to the town, and ſoon after his arrival became acquainted with *Latronia*, a lady diſtinguiſhed by the elegance of her equipage and the regularity of her conduct. Her wealth was evident in her magnificence, and her prudence in her economy; and therefore *Leviculus*, who had ſcarcely confidence to ſolicit her favour, readily acquitted Fortune of her former debts, when he found himſelf diſtinguiſhed by her with ſuch marks of preference as a woman of modeſty is allowed to give. He now grew bolder, and ventured to breathe out his impatience before her. She heard him without reſentment, in time permitted him to hope for happineſs, and at laſt fixed the nuptial day, without any diſtruſtful reſerve of pin-money, or ſordid ſtipulations for jointure and ſettlements.

Leviculus

Leviculus was triumphing on the eve of marriage when he heard on the ſtairs the voice of *Latronia*'s maid, whom frequent bribes had ſecured in his ſervice. She ſoon burſt into his room, and told him that ſhe could not ſuffer him to be longer deceived; that her miſtreſs was now ſpending the laſt part of her fortune, and was only ſupported in her expence by the credit of his eſtate. *Leviculus* ſhuddered to ſee himſelf ſo near a precipice, and found that he was indebted for his eſcape to the reſentment of the maid, who, having aſſiſted *Latronia* to gain the conqueſt, quarrelled with her at laſt about the plunder.

Leviculus was now hopeleſs and diſconſolate, till one Sunday he ſaw a lady in the Mall, whom her dreſs declared a widow, and whom, by the jolting prance of her gait, and the broad reſplendence of her countenance, he gueſſed to have lately buried ſome proſperous citizen. He followed her home, and found her to be no leſs than the relict of *Prune* the grocer, who having no children, had bequeathed to her all his debts and dues, and his eſtates real and perſonal. No formality was neceſſary in addreſſing madam *Prune*, and therefore *Leviculus* went next morning without an introductor. His declaration was received with a loud laugh; ſhe then collected her countenance, wondered at his impudence, aſked if he knew to whom he was talking, then ſhewed him the door, and again laughed to find him confuſed. *Leviculus* diſcovered that this coarſeneſs was nothing more than the coquetry of *Cornhill*, and next day returned to the attack. He ſoon grew familiar to her dialect, and in a few weeks heard, without any emotion, hints of gay clothes with empty pockets; concurred in many

ſage remarks on the regard due to the people of property; and agreed with her in deteſtation of the ladies at the other end of the town, who pinched their bellies to buy fine laces, and then pretended to laugh at the city.

He ſometimes preſumed to mention marriage; but was always anſwered with a ſlap, a hoot, and a flounce. At laſt he began to preſs her cloſer, and thought himſelf more favourably received; but going one morning with a reſolution to trifle no longer, he found her gone to church with a young journeyman from the neighbouring ſhop, of whom ſhe had become enamoured at her window.

In theſe, and a thouſand intermediate adventures, has *Leviculus* ſpent his time, till he is now grown grey with age, fatigue, and diſappointment. He begins at laſt to find that ſucceſs is not to be expected, and being unfit for any employment that might improve his fortune, and unfurniſhed with any arts that might amuſe his leiſure, is condemned to wear out a taſteleſs life in narratives which few will hear, and complaints which none will pity.

NUMB. 183. TUESDAY, *December* 17, 1751.

Nulla fides fociis, omnisque potestas
Impatiens consortis erat. LUCAN.

No faith of partnership dominion owns;
Still discord hovers o'er divided thrones.

THE hostility perpetually exercised between one man and another, is caused by the desire of many for that which only few can possess. Every man would be rich, powerful, and famous; yet fame, power, and riches, are only the names of relative conditions, which imply the obscurity, dependance, and poverty of greater numbers.

This universal and incessant competition produces injury and malice by two motives, interest, and envy; the prospect of adding to our possessions what we can take from others, and the hope of alleviating the sense of our disparity by lessening others, though we gain nothing to ourselves.

Of these two malignant and destructive powers, it seems probable at the first view, that interest has the strongest and most extensive influence. It is easy to conceive that opportunities to seize what has been long wanted, may excite desires almost irresistible; but surely the same eagerness cannot be kindled by an accidental power of destroying that which gives happiness to another. It must be more natural to rob for gain, than to ravage only for mischief.

Yet I am inclined to believe that the great law of mutual benevolence is oftener violated by envy than by interest, and that most of the misery which the defamation of blameless actions, or the obstruction of honest endeavours, brings upon the world,

is inflicted by men that propose no advantage to themselves but the satisfaction of poisoning the banquet which they cannot taste, and blasting the harvest which they have no right to reap.

Interest can diffuse itself but to a narrow compass. The number is never large of those who can hope to fill the posts of degraded power, catch the fragments of shattered fortune, or succeed to the honours of depreciated beauty. But the empire of envy has no limits, as it requires to its influence very little help from external circumstances. Envy may always be produced by idleness and pride, and in what place will they not be found?

Interest requires some qualities not universally bestowed. The ruin of another will produce no profit to him who has not discernment to mark his advantage, courage to seize, and activity to pursue it; but the cold malignity of envy may be exerted in a torpid and quiescent state, amidst the gloom of stupidity, in the coverts of cowardice. He that falls by the attacks of interest, is torn by hungry tigers; he may discover and resist his enemies. He that perishes in the ambushes of envy, is destroyed by unknown and invisible assailants, and dies like a man suffocated by a poisonous vapour, without knowledge of his danger, or possibility of contest.

Interest is seldom pursued but at some hazard. He that hopes to gain much, has commonly something to lose, and when he ventures to attack superiority, if he fails to conquer, is irrecoverably crushed. But envy may act without expence or danger. To spread suspicion, to invent calumnies, to propagate scandal, requires neither labour nor courage. It is easy for the author of a lie, however malignant,

malignant, to escape detection, and infamy needs very little industry to assist its circulation.

Envy is almost the only vice which is practicable at all times, and in every place; the only passion which can never lie quiet for want of irritation: its effects therefore are every where discoverable, and its attempts always to be dreaded.

It is impossible to mention a name which any advantageous distinction has made eminent, but some latent animosity will burst out. The wealthy trader, however he may abstract himself from publick affairs, will never want those who hint, with *Shylock*, that ships are but boards. The beauty, adorned only with the unambitious graces of innocence and modesty, provokes, whenever she appears, a thousand murmurs of detraction. The genius, even when he endeavours only to entertain or instruct, yet suffers persecution from innumerable criticks, whose acrimony is excited merely by the pain of seeing others pleased, and of hearing applauses which another enjoys.

The frequency of envy makes it so familiar that it escapes our notice; nor do we often reflect upon its turpitude or malignity, till we happen to feel its influence. When he that has given no provocation to malice, but by attempting to excel, finds himself pursued by multitudes whom he never saw, with all the implacability of personal resentment; when he perceives clamour and malice let loose upon him as a public enemy, and incited by every stratagem of defamation; when he hears the misfortunes of his family, or the follies of his youth exposed to the world; and every failure of conduct, or defect of nature, aggravated and ridiculed; he then learns to abhor those artifices at which he only

laughed before, and diſcovers how much the happineſs of life would be advanced by the eradication of envy from the human heart.

Envy is, indeed, a ſtubborn weed of the mind, and ſeldom yields to the culture of philoſophy. There are, however, conſiderations, which, if carefully implanted and diligently propagated, might in time overpower and repreſs it, ſince no one can nurſe it for the ſake of pleaſure, as its effects are only ſhame, anguiſh, and perturbation.

It is above all other vices inconſiſtent with the character of a ſocial being, becauſe it ſacrifices truth and kindneſs to very weak temptations. He that plunders a wealthy neighbour gains as much as he takes away, and may improve his own condition in the ſame proportion as he impairs another's; but he that blaſts a flouriſhing reputation, muſt be content with a ſmall dividend of additional fame, ſo ſmall as can afford very little conſolation to balance the guilt by which it is obtained.

I have hitherto avoided that dangerous and empirical morality, which cures one vice by means of another. But envy is ſo baſe and deteſtable, ſo vile in its original, and ſo pernicious in its effects, that the predominance of almoſt any other quality is to be preferred. It is one of thoſe lawleſs enemies of ſociety, againſt which poiſoned arrows may honeſtly be uſed. Let it therefore be conſtantly remembered, that whoever envies another confeſſes his ſuperiority, and let thoſe be reformed by their pride who have loſt their virtue.

It is no ſlight aggravation of the injuries which envy incites, that they are committed againſt thoſe who have given no intentional provocation; and that

that the ſufferer is often marked out for ruin, not becauſe he has failed in any duty, but becauſe he has dared to do more than was required.

Almoſt every other crime is practiſed by the help of ſome quality which might have produced eſteem or love, if it had been well employed; but envy is mere unmixed and genuine evil; it purſues a hateful end by deſpicable means, and deſires not ſo much its own happineſs as another's miſery. To avoid depravity like this, it is not neceſſary that any one ſhould aſpire to heroiſm or ſanctity, but only that he ſhould reſolve not to quit the rank which nature aſſigns him, and wiſh to maintain the dignity of a human being.

NUMB. 184. SATURDAY, *December* 21, 1751.

Permittes ipſis expendere numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebuſque ſit utile noſtris. JUV.

Intruſt thy fortune to the pow'rs above;
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wiſdom ſees thee want. DRYDEN.

AS every ſcheme of life, ſo every form of writing, has its advantages and inconveniencies, though not mingled in the ſame proportions. The writer of eſſays eſcapes many embarraſſments to which a large work would have expoſed him; he ſeldom haraſſes his reaſon with long trains of conſequences, dims his eyes with the peruſal of antiquated volumes, or burthens his memory with great accumulations of preparatory knowledge. A careleſs glance upon a favourite author, or tran-

ſient ſurvey of the varieties of life, is ſufficient to ſupply the firſt hint or ſeminal idea, which, enlarged by the gradual accretion of matter ſtored in the mind, is by the warmth of fancy eaſily expanded into flowers, and ſometimes ripened into fruit.

The moſt frequent difficulty by which the authors of theſe petty compoſitions are diſtreſſed, ariſes from the perpetual demand of novelty and change. The compiler of a ſyſtem of ſcience lays his invention at reſt, and employs only his judgment, the faculty exerted with leaſt fatigue. Even the relator of feigned adventures, when once the principal characters are eſtabliſhed, and the great events regularly connected, finds incidents and epiſodes crowding upon his mind; every change opens new views, and the latter part of the ſtory grows without labour out of the former. But he that attempts to entertain his reader with unconnected pieces, finds the irkſomeneſs of his taſk rather increaſed than leſſened by every production. The day calls afreſh upon him for a new topick, and he is again obliged to chooſe, without any principle to regulate his choice.

It is indeed true, that there is ſeldom any neceſſity of looking far, or inquiring long, for a proper ſubject. Every diverſity of art or nature, every publick bleſſing or calamity, every domeſtick pain or gratification, every fally of caprice, blunder of abſurdity, or ſtratagem of affectation, may ſupply matter to him whoſe only rule is to avoid uniformity. But it often happens, that the judgment is diſtracted with boundleſs multiplicity, the imagination ranges from one deſign to another, and the hours paſs imperceptibly away, till the com-

compoſition can be no longer delayed, and neceſſity enforces the uſe of thoſe thoughts which then happen to be at hand. The mind, rejoicing at deliverance on any terms from perplexity and ſuſpenſe, applies herſelf vigorouſly to the work before her, collects embelliſhments and illuſtrations, and ſometimes finiſhes, with great elegance and happineſs, what in a ſtate of eaſe and leiſure ſhe never had begun.

It is not commonly obſerved, how much, even of actions conſidered as particularly ſubject to choice, is to be attributed to accident, or ſome cauſe out of our own power, by whatever name it be diſtinguiſhed. To cloſe tedious deliberations with haſty reſolves, and after long conſultations with reaſon to refer the queſtion to caprice, is by no means peculiar to the eſſayiſt. Let him that peruſes this paper review the ſeries of his life, and inquire how he was placed in his preſent condition. He will find, that of the good or ill which he has experienced, a great part came unexpected, without any viſible gradations of approach; that every event has been influenced by cauſes acting without his intervention; and that whenever he pretended to the prerogative of foreſight, he was mortified with new conviction of the ſhortneſs of his views.

The buſy, the ambitious, the inconſtant, and the adventurous, may be ſaid to throw themſelves by deſign into the arms of fortune, and voluntarily to quit the power of governing themſelves; they engage in a courſe of life in which little can be aſcertained by previous meaſures; nor is it any wonder that their time is paſt between elation and deſpondency, hope and diſappointment.

Some there are who appear to walk the road of life with more circumſpection, and make no ſtep till they think themſelves ſecure from the hazard of a precipice; when neither pleaſure nor profit can tempt them from the beaten path; who refuſe to climb leſt they ſhould fall, or to run leſt they ſhould ſtumble, and move ſlowly forward without any compliance with thoſe paſſions by which the heady and vehement are ſeduced and betrayed.

Yet even the timorous prudence of this judicious claſs, is far from exempting them from the dominion of chance, a ſubtle and inſidious power, who will intrude upon privacy and embarraſs caution. No courſe of life is ſo preſcribed and limited, but that many actions muſt reſult from arbitrary election. Every one muſt form the general plan of his conduct by his own reflections; he muſt reſolve whether he will endeavour at riches or at content; whether he will exerciſe private or publick virtues; whether he will labour for the general benefit of mankind, or contract his beneficence to his family and dependants.

This queſtion has long exerciſed the ſchools of philoſophy, but remains yet undecided; and what hope is there that a young man, unacquainted with the arguments on either ſide, ſhould determine his own deſtiny otherwiſe than by chance?

When chance has given him a partner of his bed, whom he prefers to all other women, without any proof of ſuperior deſert, chance muſt again direct him in the education of his children; for, who was ever able to convince himſelf by arguments, that he had choſen for his ſon that mode of inſtruction to which his underſtanding was beſt adapted, or by which he would moſt eaſily be made wiſe or virtuous?

Whoever

Whoever ſhall enquire by what motives he was determined on theſe important occaſions, will find them ſuch as his pride will ſcarcely ſuffer him to confeſs; ſome ſudden ardour of deſire, ſome uncertain glimpſe of advantage, ſome petty competition, ſome inaccurate concluſion, or ſome example implicitly reverenced. Such are often the firſt cauſes of our reſolves; for it is neceſſary to act, but impoſſible to know the conſequences of action, or to diſcuſs all the reaſons which offer themſelves on every part to inquiſitiveneſs and ſolicitude.

Since life itſelf is uncertain, nothing which has life for its baſis can boaſt much ſtability. Yet this is but a ſmall part of our perplexity. We ſet out on a tempeſtuous ſea in queſt of ſome port, where we expect to find reſt, but where we are not ſure of admiſſion; we are not only in danger of ſinking in the way, but of being miſled by meteors miſtaken for ſtars, of being driven from our courſe by the changes of the wind, and of loſing it by unſkilful ſteerage; yet it ſometimes happens, that croſs winds blow us to a ſafer coaſt, that meteors draw us aſide from whirlpools, and that negligence or error contributes to our eſcape from miſchiefs to which a direct courſe would have expoſed us. Of thoſe that, by precipitate concluſions, involve themſelves in calamities without guilt, very few, however they may reproach themſelves, can be certain that other meaſures would have been more ſucceſsful.

In this ſtate of univerſal uncertainty, where a thouſand dangers hover about us, and none can tell whether the good that he purſues is not evil in diſguiſe, or whether the next ſtep will lead him to ſafety or deſtruction, nothing can afford any rational

tional tranquillity, but the conviction that, however we amuse ourselves with unideal sounds, nothing in reality is governed by chance, but that the universe is under the perpetual superintendance of him who created it; that our being is in the hands of omnipotent goodness, by whom what appears casual to us, is directed for ends ultimately kind and merciful; and that nothing can finally hurt him who debars not himself from the divine favour.

NUMB. 185. TUESDAY, *December* 24, 1751.

At vindicta bonum vita jucundius ipsa,
Nempe hoc indocti.———
Chrysippus *non dicit idem, nec mite* Thaletis
Ingenium, dulcique senex vicinus Hymetto,
Qui partem acceptæ sævæ inter vincla Cicutæ
Accusatori nollet dare.——Quippe minuti
Semper, & infirmi est animi, exiguique Voluptas
Ultio. JUV.

But O! revenge is sweet.
Thus think the crowd; who, eager to engage,
Take quickly fire and kindle into rage.
Not so mild *Thales* nor *Chrisippus* thought,
Nor that good man who drank the pois'nous draught
With mind serene; and could not wish to see
His vile accuser drink as deep as he:
Exalted *Socrates!* divinely brave!
Injur'd he fell, and dying he forgave,
Too noble for revenge; which still we find
The weakest frailty of a feeble mind. DRYDEN.

NO vicious dispositions of the mind more obstinately resist both the counsels of philosophy and the injunctions of religion, than those

which are complicated with an opinion of dignity; and which we cannot diſmiſs without leaving in the hands of oppoſition ſome advantage iniquitouſly obtained, or ſuffering from our own prejudices ſome imputation of puſillanimity.

For this reaſon ſcarcely any law of our REDEEMER is more openly tranſgreſſed, or more induſtriouſly evaded, than that by which he commands his followers to forgive injuries, and prohibits, under the ſanction of eternal miſery, the gratification of the deſire which every man feels to return pain upon him that inflicts it. Many who could have conquered their anger are unable to combat pride, and purſue offences to extremity of vengeance, leſt they ſhould be inſulted by the triumph of an enemy.

But certainly no precept could better become him, at whoſe birth *peace* was proclaimed *to the earth*. For, what would ſo ſoon deſtroy all the order of ſociety, and deform life with violence and ravage, as a permiſſion to every one to judge his own cauſe, and to apportion his own recompence for imagined injuries?

It is difficult for a man of the ſtricteſt juſtice not to favour himſelf too much, in the calmeſt moments of ſolitary meditation. Every one wiſhes for the diſtinctions for which thouſands are wiſhing at the ſame time, in their own opinion, with better claims. He that, when his reaſon operates in its full force, can thus, by the mere prevalence of ſelf-love, prefer himſelf to his fellow-beings, is very unlikely to judge equitably when his paſſions are agitated by a ſenſe of wrong, and his attention wholly engroſſed by pain, intereſt, or danger. Whoever arrogates to himſelf the right of vengeance,

ance, ſhows how little he is qualified to decide his own claims, ſince he certainly demands what he would think unfit to be granted to another.

Nothing is more apparent than that, however injured, or however provoked, ſome muſt at laſt be contented to forgive. For it can never be hoped, that he who firſt commits an injury, will contentedly acquieſce in the penalty required: the ſame haughtineſs of contempt, or vehemence of deſire, that prompt the act of injuſtice, will more ſtrongly incite its juſtification; and reſentment can never ſo exactly balance the puniſhment with the fault, but there will remain an overplus of vengeance which even he who condemns his firſt action will think himſelf entitled to retaliate. What then can enſue but a continual exacerbation of hatred, an unextinguiſhable feud, an inceſſant reciprocation of miſchief, a mutual vigilance to entrap, and eagerneſs to deſtroy?

Since then the imaginary right of vengeance muſt be at laſt remitted, becauſe it is impoſſible to live in perpetual hoſtility, and equally impoſſible, that of two enemies, either ſhould firſt think himſelf obliged by juſtice to ſubmiſſion, it is ſurely eligible to forgive early. Every paſſion is more eaſily ſubdued before it has been long accuſtomed to poſſeſſion of the heart; every idea is obliterated with leſs difficulty, as it has been more ſlightly impreſſed, and leſs frequently renewed. He who has often brooded over his wrongs, pleaſed himſelf with ſchemes of malignity, and glutted his pride with the fancied ſupplications of humbled enmity, will not eaſily open his boſom to amity and reconciliation, or indulge the gentle ſentiments of benevolence and peace.

It

It is eaſieſt to forgive, while there is yet little to be forgiven. A ſingle injury may be ſoon diſmiſſed from the memory; but a long ſucceſſion of ill offices by degrees aſſociates itſelf with every idea, a long conteſt involves ſo many circumſtances, that every place and action will recall it to the mind, and freſh remembrance of vexation muſt ſtill enkindle rage and irritate revenge.

A wiſe man will make haſte to forgive, becauſe he knows the true value of time, and will not ſuffer it to paſs away in unneceſſary pain. He that willingly ſuffers the corroſions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom of malice and perturbations of ſtratagem, cannot ſurely be ſaid to conſult his eaſe. Reſentment is an union of ſorrow with malignity, a combination of a paſſion which all endeavour to avoid, with a paſſion which all concur to deteſt. The man who retires to meditate miſchief, and to exaſperate his own rage; whoſe thoughts are employed only on means of diſtreſs and contrivances of ruin; whoſe mind never pauſes from the remembrance of his own ſufferings, but to indulge ſome hope of enjoying the calamities of another, may juſtly be numbered among the moſt miſerable of human beings, among thoſe who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladneſs of proſperity nor the calm of innocence.

Whoever conſiders the weakneſs both of himſelf and others, will not long want perſuaſives to forgiveneſs. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed; or how much its guilt, if we were to inſpect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by miſtake, precipitance, or negligence; we cannot be

be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we increaſe the miſchief to ourſelves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to deſign the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only becauſe we have made ourſelves delicate and tender; we are on every ſide in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by ſpeedy forgiveneſs.

From this pacifick and harmleſs temper, thus propitious to others and ourſelves, to domeſtick tranquillity and to ſocial happineſs, no man is withheld but by pride, by the fear of being inſulted by his adverſary, or deſpiſed by the world.

It may be laid down as an unfailing and univerſal axiom, that "all pride is abject and mean." It is always an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquieſcence in a falſe appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from conſciouſneſs of our attainments, but inſenſibility of our wants.

Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reaſon condemns can be ſuitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to any thing but conviction, to ſuffer the opinion of others to rule our choice or overpower our reſolves, is to ſubmit tamely to the loweſt and moſt ignominious ſlavery, and to reſign the right of directing our own lives.

The utmoſt excellence at which humanity can arrive, is a conſtant and determinate purſuit of virtue, without regard to preſent dangers or advantage; a continual reference of every action to the divine will; an habitual appeal to everlaſting juſtice; and an unvaried elevation of the intellec-

tual

tual eye to the reward which perſeverance only can obtain. But that pride which many, who preſume to boaſt of generous ſentiments, allow to regulate their meaſures, has nothing nobler in view than the approbation of men, of beings whoſe ſuperiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have courted them with the utmoſt aſſiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward; of beings who ignorantly judge of what they do not underſtand, or partially determine what they never have examined; and whoſe ſentence is therefore of no weight till it has received the ratification of our own conſcience.

He that can deſcend to bribe ſuffrages like theſe at the price of his innocence; he that can ſuffer the delight of ſuch acclamations to withhold his attention from the commands of the univerſal ſovereign, has little reaſon to congratulate himſelf upon the greatneſs of his mind; whenever he awakes to ſerioufneſs and reflection, he muſt become deſpicable in his own eyes, and ſhrink with ſhame from the remembrance of his cowardice and folly.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indiſpenſably required that he forgive. It is therefore ſuperfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is ſuſpended, and to him that refuſes to practiſe it, the throne of mercy is inacceſſible, and the SAVIOUR of the world has been born in vain.

NUMB. 186. SATURDAY, *December* 28, 1751.

Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstivâ recreatur Aurâ——
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem. HOR.

Place me where never ſummer breeze
Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees;
Where ever lowering clouds appear,
And angry *Jove* deforms th' inclement year:
Love and the nymph ſhall charm my toils,
The nymph who ſweetly ſpeaks and ſweetly ſmiles.
FRANCIS.

OF the happineſs and miſery of our preſent ſtate, part ariſes from our ſenſations, and part from our opinions; part is diſtributed by nature, and part is in a great meaſure apportioned by ourſelves. Poſitive pleaſure we cannot always obtain, and poſitive pain we often cannot remove. No man can give to his own plantations the fragrance of the *Indian* groves; nor will any precepts of philoſophy enable him to withdraw his attention from wounds or diſeaſes. But the negative infelicity which proceeds, not from the preſſure of ſufferings, but the abſence of enjoyments, will always yield to the remedies of reaſon.

One of the great arts of eſcaping ſuperfluous uneaſineſs, is to free our minds from the habit of comparing our condition with that of others on whom the bleſſings of life are more bountifully beſtowed, or with imaginary ſtates of delight and ſecurity, perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a ſituation ſo gloomy and diſtreſsful, as not to ſee every day beings yet more forlorn and miſerable,

miſerable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

No inconvenience is leſs ſuperable by art or diligence than the inclemency of climates, and therefore none affords more proper exerciſe for this philoſophical abſtraction. A native of *England*, pinched with the froſts of *December*, may leſſen his affection for his own country, by ſuffering his imagination to wander in the vales of *Aſia*, and ſport among woods that are always green, and ſtreams that always murmur; but if he turns his thoughts towards the polar regions, and conſiders the nations to whom a great portion of the year is darkneſs, and who are condemned to paſs weeks and months amidſt mountains of ſnow, he will ſoon recover his tranquillity, and while he ſtirs his fire, or throws his cloak about him, reflect how much he owes to Providence, that he is not placed in *Greenland* or *Siberia*.

The barrenneſs of the earth and the ſeverity of the ſkies in theſe dreary countries, are ſuch as might be expected to confine the mind wholly to the contemplation of neceſſity and diſtreſs, ſo that the care of eſcaping death from cold and hunger, ſhould leave no room for thoſe paſſions which, in lands of plenty, influence conduct or diverſify characters; the ſummer ſhould be ſpent only in providing for the winter, and the winter in longing for the ſummer.

Yet learned curioſity is known to have found its way into theſe abodes of poverty and gloom: *Lapland* and *Iceland* have their hiſtorians, their criticks, and their poets; and love, that extends his dominion wherever humanity can be found, perhaps exerts

exerts the ſame power in the *Greenlander*'s hut as in the palaces of eaſtern monarchs.

In one of the large caves to which the families of *Greenland* retire together, to paſs the cold months, and which may be termed their villages or cities, a youth and maid, who came from different parts of the country, were ſo much diſtinguiſhed for their beauty, that they were called by the reſt of the inhabitants *Anningait* and *Ajut*, from a ſuppoſed reſemblance to their anceſtors of the ſame names, who had been transformed of old into the ſun and moon.

Anningait for ſome time heard the praiſes of *Ajut* with little emotion, but at laſt, by frequent interviews, became ſenſible of her charms, and firſt made a diſcovery of his affection, by inviting her with her parents to a feaſt, where he placed before *Ajut* the tail of a whale. *Ajut* ſeemed not much delighted by this gallantry; yet, however, from that time, was obſerved rarely to appear, but in a veſt made of the ſkin of a white deer, ſhe uſed frequently to renew the black dye upon her hands and forehead, to adorn her ſleeves with coral and ſhells, and to braid her hair with great exactneſs.

The elegance of her dreſs and the judicious diſpoſition of her ornaments, had ſuch an effect upon *Anningait* that he could no longer be reſtrained from a declaration of his love. He therefore compoſed a poem in her praiſe, in which, among other heroick and tender ſentiments, he proteſted, that "She was beautiful as the vernal "willow, and fragrant as thyme upon the moun- "tains; that her fingers were white as the teeth "of the morſe, and her ſmile grateful as the diſ-

"ſolution

" ſo'ution of the ice; that he would purſue her, " though ſhe ſhould paſs the ſnows of the midland " cliffs, or ſeek ſhelter in the caves of the eaſtern " cannibals; that he would tear her from the " embraces of the genius of the rocks, ſnatch her " from the paws of *Amarce*, and reſcue her from " the ravine of *Hafgufa*." He concluded with a wiſh, that "whoever ſhall attempt to hinder his " union with *Ajut*, might be buried without his " bow, and that in the land of ſouls his ſkull might " ſerve for no other uſe than to catch the droppings " of the ſtarry lamps."

This ode being univerſally applauded, it was expected that *Ajut* would ſoon yield to ſuch fervour and accompliſhments; but *Ajut*, with the natural haughtineſs of beauty, expected all the forms of courtſhip; and before ſhe would confeſs herſelf conquered, the ſun returned, the ice broke, and the ſeaſon of labour called all to their employments.

Anningait and *Ajut* for a time always went out in the ſame boat, and divided whatever was caught. *Anningait*, in the ſight of his miſtreſs, loſt no opportunity of ſignalizing his courage; he attacked the ſea-horſes on the ice; purſued the ſeals into the water; and leaped upon the back of the whale, while he was yet ſtruggling with the remains of life. Nor was his diligence leſs to accumulate all that could be neceſſary to make winter comfortable; he dried the roe of fiſhes and the fleſh of ſeals; he entrapped deer and foxes, and dreſſed their ſkins to adorn his bride; he feaſted her with eggs from the rocks, and ſtrewed her tent with flowers.

It

It happened that a tempeſt drove the fiſh to a diſtant part of the coaſt, before *Anningait* had completed his ſtore; he therefore entreated *Ajut* that ſhe would at laſt grant him her hand, and accompany him to that part of the country whither he was now ſummoned by neceſſity. *Ajut* thought him not yet entitled to ſuch condeſcenſion, but propoſed, as a trial of his conſtancy, that he ſhould return at the end of ſummer to the cavern where their acquaintance commenced, and there expect the reward of his aſſiduities. "O virgin, beautiful as the "ſun ſhining on the water, conſider," ſaid *Anningait*, "what thou haſt required. How eaſily may "my return be precluded by a ſudden froſt or unex-"pected fogs; then muſt the night be paſt without "my *Ajut*. We live not, my fair, in thoſe fabled "countries, which lying ſtrangers ſo wantonly "deſcribe; where the whole year is divided into "ſhort days and nights; where the ſame habitation "ſerves for ſummer and winter; where they raiſe "houſes in rows above the ground, dwell together "from year to year, with flocks of tame animals "grazing in the fields about them; can travel at "any time from one place to another, through "ways incloſed with trees, or over walls raiſed "upon the inland waters; and direct their courſe "through wide countries by the ſight of green "hills or ſcattered buildings. Even in ſummer, "we have no means of croſſing the mountains, "whoſe ſnows are never diſſolved; nor can re-"move to any diſtant reſidence, but in our boats "coaſting the bays. Conſider, *Ajut*; a few ſum-"mer-days, and a few winter-nights, and the "life of man is at an end. Night is the time of

"eaſe

"eaſe and feſtivity, of revels and gaiety; but what "will be the flaming lamp, the delicious ſeal, or "the ſoft oil, without the ſmile of *Ajut?*"

The eloquence of *Anningait* was vain; the maid continued inexorable, and they parted with ardent promiſes to meet again before the night of winter.

NUMB. 187. TUESDAY, *December* 31, 1751.

Non illum noſtri poſſint mutare labores,
Non ſi frigoribus mediis Hebrumque bibamus,
Sithoniaſque nives hiemis ſubeamus aqueſæ,——
Omnia vincit amor. VIRGIL.

Love alters not for us his hard decrees,
Not tho' beneath the *Thracian* clime we freeze,
Or the mild bliſs of temperate ſkies forego,
And in mid winter tread *Sithonian* ſnow:——
Love conquers all.—— DRYDEN.

ANNINGAIT, however diſcompoſed by the dilatory coyneſs of *Ajut*, was yet reſolved to omit no tokens of amorous reſpect; and therefore preſented her at his departure with the ſkins of ſeven white fawns, of five ſwans and eleven ſeals, with three marble lamps, ten veſſels of ſeal oil, and a large kettle of braſs, which he had purchaſed from a ſhip, at the price of half a whale, and two horns of ſea unicorns.

Ajut was ſo much affected by the fondneſs of her lover, or ſo much overpowered by his magnificence, that ſhe followed him to the ſea-ſide; and, when ſhe ſaw him enter the boat, wiſhed aloud, that he might return with plenty of ſkins

and oil; that neither the mermaids might fnatch him into the deeps, nor the fpirits of the rocks confine him in their caverns.

She ftood a while to gaze upon the departing veffel, and then returning to her hut, filent and dejected, laid afide from that hour, her white deer fkin, fuffered her hair to fpread unbraided on her fhoulders, and forbore to mix in the dances of the maidens. She endeavoured to divert her thoughts by continual application to feminine employments, gathered mofs for the winter lamps, and dried grafs to line the boots of *Anningait*. Of the fkins which he had beftowed upon her, fhe made a fifhing-coat, a fmall boat, and tent, all of exquifite manufacture; and while fhe was thus bufied folaced her labours with a fong, in which fhe prayed, "that her lover might "have hands ftronger than the paws of the bear, "and feet fwifter than the feet of the rein deer; "that his dart might never err, and that his "boat might never leak; that he might never "ftumble on the ice, nor faint in the water; "that the feal might rufh on his harpoon, and "the wounded whale might dafh the waves in "vain."

The large boats in which the *Greenlanders* tranfport their families, are always rowed by women; for a man will not debafe himfelf by work which requires neither fkill nor courage. *Anningait* was therefore expofed by idlenefs to the ravages of paffion. He went thrice to the ftern of the boat, with an intent to leap into the water, and fwim back to his miftrefs; but recollecting the mifery which they muft endure in the winter, without oil for the lamp, or fkins for the bed, he refolved

ſolved to employ the weeks of abſence in proviſion for a night of plenty and felicity. He then compoſed his emotions as he could, and expreſſed in wild numbers, and uncouth images, his hopes, his ſorrows, and his fears. "O life," ſays he, "frail and uncertain! where ſhall wretched man "find thy reſemblance but in ice floating on the "ocean? It towers on high, it ſparkles from "afar, while the ſtorms drive and the waters "beat it, the ſun melts it above, and the rocks "ſhatter it below. What art thou, deceitful "pleaſure! but a ſudden blaze ſtreaming from "the north, which plays a moment on the eye, "mocks the traveller with the hopes of light, "and then vaniſhes for ever? What, love, art "thou but a whirlpool, which we approach with-"out knowledge of our danger, drawn on by "imperceptible degrees, till we have loſt all "power of reſiſtance and eſcape? Till I fixed "my eyes on the graces of *Ajut*, while I had "yet not called her to the banquet, I was care-"leſs as the ſleeping morſe, I was merry as "the fingers in the ſtars. Why, *Ajut*, did I "gaze upon thy graces? why, my fair, did I "call thee to the banquet? Yet, be faithful, "my love, remember *Anningait*, and meet my "return with the ſmile of virginity. I will "chaſe the deer, I will ſubdue the whale, reſiſt-"leſs as the froſt of darkneſs, and unwearied as "the ſummer ſun. In a few weeks I ſhall re-"turn proſperous and wealthy; then ſhall the "roeſiſh and the porpoiſe feaſt thy kindred; the "fox and hare ſhall cover thy couch; the tough "hide of the ſeal ſhall ſhelter thee from cold;

"and the fat of the whale illuminate thy dwell-"ing."

Anningait having with theſe ſentiments conſoled his grief and animated his induſtry, found that they had now coaſted the headland, and ſaw the whales ſpouting at a diſtance. He therefore placed himſelf in his fiſhing-boat, called his aſſociates to their ſeveral employments, plied his oar and harpoon with incredible courage and dexterity; and by dividing his time between the chaſe and fiſhery, ſuſpended the miſeries of abſence and ſuſpicion.

Ajut, in the mean time, notwithſtanding her neglected dreſs, happened as ſhe was drying ſome ſkins in the ſun, to catch the eye of *Norngſuk*, on his return from hunting. *Norngſuk* was of birth truly illuſtrious. His mother had died in childbirth, and his father, the moſt expert fiſher of *Greenland*, had periſhed by too cloſe purſuit of the whale. His dignity was equalled by his riches; he was maſter of four men's and two women's boats, had ninety tubs of oil in his winter habitation, and five and twenty ſeals buried in the ſnow againſt the ſeaſon of darkneſs. When he ſaw the beauty of *Ajut*, he immediately threw over her the ſkin of a deer that he had taken, and ſoon after preſented her with a branch of coral. *Ajut* refuſed his gifts, and determined to admit no lover in the place of *Anningait*.

Norngſuk, thus rejected, had recourſe to ſtratagem. He knew that *Ajut* would conſult an *Angekkok*, or diviner, concerning the fate of her lover, and the felicity of her future life. He therefore applied himſelf to the moſt celebrated *Angekkok* of that part of the country, and by a preſent

preſent of two ſeals and a marble kettle obtained a promiſe, that when *Ajut* ſhould conſult him, he would declare that her lover was in the land of ſouls. *Ajut*, in a ſhort time, brought him a coat made by herſelf, and enquired what events were to befal her, with aſſurances of a much larger reward at the return of *Anningait*, if the prediction ſhould flatter her deſires. The *Angekkok* knew the way to riches, and foretold that *Anningait*, having already caught two whales, would ſoon return home with a large boat laden with proviſions.

This prognoſtication ſhe was ordered to keep ſecret; and *Norngſuk* depending upon his artifice, renewed his addreſſes with greater confidence; but finding his ſuit ſtill unſucceſsful, applied himſelf to her parents with gifts and promiſes. The wealth of *Greenland* is too powerful for the virtue of a *Greenlander*; they forgot the merit and the preſents of *Anningait*, and decreed *Ajut* to the embraces of *Norngſuk*. She entreated; ſhe remonſtrated; ſhe wept, and raved; but finding riches irreſiſtible, fled away into the uplands, and lived in a cave upon ſuch berries as ſhe could gather, and the birds or hares when ſhe had the fortune to enſnare, taking care, at an hour when ſhe was not likely to be found, to view the ſea every day, that her lover might not miſs her at his return.

At laſt ſhe ſaw the great boat in which *Anningait* had departed, ſtealing ſlow and heavy laden along the coaſt. She ran with all the impatience of affection to catch her lover in her arms, and relate her conſtancy and ſufferings. When the company reached the land, they informed her, that *Anningait*, after the fiſhery was ended, being unable to ſupport the ſlow paſſage of the veſſel

of carriage, had set out before them in his fishing-boat, and they expected at their arrival to have found him on shore.

Ajut, distracted at this intelligence, was about to fly into the hills, without knowing why, though she was now in the hands of her parents, who forced her back to their own hut, and endeavoured to comfort her; but when at last they retired to rest, *Ajut* went down to the beach; where finding a fishing-boat, she entered it without hesitation, and telling those who wondered at her rashness, that she was going in search of *Anningait*, rowed away with great swiftness, and was seen no more.

The fate of these lovers gave occasion to various fictions and conjectures. Some are of opinion, that they were changed into stars; others imagine, that *Anningait* was seized in his passage by the genius of the rocks, and that *Ajut* was transformed into a mermaid, and still continues to seek her lover in the deserts of the sea. But the general persuasion is, that they are both in that part of the land of souls where the sun never sets, where oil is always fresh, and provisions always warm. The virgins sometimes throw a thimble and a needle into the bay, from which the hapless maid departed; and when a *Greenlander* would praise any couple for virtuous affection, he declares that they love like *Anningait* and *Ajut*.

NUMB. 188. SATURDAY, *January* 4, 1752.

——*Si te colo*, Sexte, *non amabo.*

The more I honour thee, the leſs I love.

NONE of the deſires dictated by vanity is more general, or leſs blamcable, than that of being diſtinguiſhed for the arts of converſation. Other accompliſhments may be poſſeſſed without opportunity of exerting them, or wanted without danger that the defect can often be remarked; but as no man can live otherwiſe than in an hermitage, without hourly pleaſure or vexation, from the fondneſs or neglect of thoſe about him, the faculty of giving pleaſure is of continual uſe. Few are more frequently envied than thoſe who have the power of forcing attention wherever they come, whoſe entrance is conſidered as a promiſe of felicity, and whoſe departure is lamented, like the receſs of the ſun from northern climates, as a privation of all that enlivens fancy or inſpirits gaiety.

It is apparent, that to excellence in this valuable art, ſome peculiar qualifications are neceſſary; for every one's experience will inform him, that the pleaſure which men are able to give in converſation, holds no ſtated proportion to their knowledge or their virtue. Many find their way to the tables and the parties of thoſe who never conſider them as of the leaſt importance in any other place; we have all, at one time or other, been content to love thoſe whom we could not eſteem, and been perſuaded to try the dangerous experiment of admitting him for a companion, whom

we knew to be too ignorant for a counſellor, and too treacherous for a friend.

I queſtion whether ſome abatement of character is not neceſſary to general acceptance. Few ſpend their time with much ſatisfaction under the eye of unconteſtable ſuperiority; and therefore, among thoſe whoſe preſence is courted at aſſemblies of jollity, there are ſeldom found men eminently diſtinguiſhed for powers or acquiſitions. The wit whoſe vivacity condemns ſlower tongues to ſilence, the ſcholar whoſe knowledge allows no man to fancy that he inſtructs him, the critick who ſuffers no fallacy to paſs undetected, and the reaſoner who condemns the idle to thought, and the negligent to attention, are generally praiſed and feared, reverenced and avoided.

He that would pleaſe muſt rarely aim at ſuch excellence as depreſſes his hearers in their own opinion, or debars them from the hope of contributing reciprocally to the entertainment of the company. Merriment, extorted by ſallies of imagination, ſprightlineſs of remark, or quickneſs of reply, is too often what the *Latins* call, the *Sardinian Laughter*, a diſtortion of the face without gladneſs of heart.

For this reaſon, no ſtyle of converſation is more extenſively acceptable than the narrative. He who has ſtored his memory with ſlight anecdotes, private incidents, and perſonal peculiarities, ſeldom fails to find his audience favourable. Almoſt every man liſtens with eagerneſs to contemporary hiſtory; for almoſt every man has ſome real or imaginary connection with a celebrated character; ſome deſire to advance or oppoſe a riſing name.

Vanity

Vanity often co-operates with curiosity. He that is a hearer in one place, qualifies himself to become a speaker in another; for though he cannot comprehend a series of argument, or transport the volatile spirit of wit without evaporation, he yet thinks himself able to treasure up the various incidents of a story, and pleases his hopes with the information which he shall give to some inferior society.

Narratives are for the most part heard without envy, because they are not supposed to imply any intellectual qualities above the common rate. To be acquainted with facts not yet echoed by plebeian mouths, may happen to one man as well as to another; and to relate them when they are known, has in appearance so little difficulty, that every one concludes himself equal to the task.

But it is not easy, and in some situations of life not possible, to accumulate such a stock of materials as may support the expence of continual narration; and it frequently happens, that they who attempt this method of ingratiating themselves, please only at the first interview; and, for want of new supplies of intelligence, wear out their stories by continual repetition.

There would be, therefore, little hope of obtaining the praise of a good companion, were it not to be gained by more compendious methods; but such is the kindness of mankind to all, except those who aspire to real merit and rational dignity, that every understanding may find some way to excite benevolence; and whoever is not envied may learn the art of procuring love. We are willing to be pleased, but are not willing to admire; we favour the mirth or officiousness that solicits our regard, but oppose the worth or spirit that enforces it.

The firſt place among thoſe that pleaſe, becauſe they deſire only to pleaſe, is due to the *merry fellow*, whoſe laugh is loud, and whoſe voice is ſtrong; who is ready to echo every jeſt with obſtreperous approbation, and countenance every frolick with vociferations of applauſe. It is not neceſſary to a merry fellow to have in himſelf any fund of jocularity or force of conception; it is ſufficient that he always appears in the higheſt exaltation of gladneſs; for the greater part of mankind are gay or ſerious by infection, and follow without reſiſtance the attraction of example.

Next to the merry fellow is the *good-natured man*, a being generally without benevolence, or any other virtue, than ſuch as indolence and inſenſibility confer. The characteriſtick of a good-natured man is to bear a joke; to ſit unmoved and unaffected amidſt noiſe and turbulence, profaneneſs and obſcenity; to hear every tale without contradiction; to endure inſult without reply; and to follow the ſtream of folly, whatever courſe it ſhall happen to take. The good-natured man is commonly the darling of the petty wits, with whom they exerciſe themſelves in the rudiments of raillery; for he never takes advantage of failings, nor diſconcerts a puny ſatiriſt with unexpected ſarcaſms; but while the glaſs continues to circulate, contentedly bears the expence of uninterrupted laughter, and retires rejoicing at his own importance.

The *modeſt man* is a companion of a yet lower rank, whoſe only power of giving pleaſure is not to interrupt it. The modeſt man ſatisfies himſelf with peaceful ſilence, which all his companions are candid enough to conſider as proceeding not from inability to ſpeak, but willingneſs to hear.

Many,

Many, without being able to attain any general character of excellence, have ſome ſingle art of entertainment which ſerves them as a paſſport through the world. One I have known for fifteen years the darling of a weekly club, becauſe every night, preciſely at eleven, he begins his favourite ſong, and during the vocal performance, by correſponding motions of his hand, chalks out a giant upon the wall. Another has endeared himſelf to a long ſucceſſion of acquaintances by ſitting among them with his wig reverſed; another by contriving to ſmut the noſe of any ſtranger who was to be initiated in the club; another by purring like a cat, and then pretending to be frighted; and another by yelping like a hound, and calling to the drawers to drive out the dog.

Such are the arts by which cheerfulneſs is promoted, and ſometimes friendſhip eſtabliſhed; arts, which thoſe who deſpiſe them ſhould not rigorouſly blame, except when they are practiſed at the expence of innocence; for it is always neceſſary to be loved, but not always neceſſary to be reverenced.

NUMB. 189. TUESDAY, *January* 7, 1752.

Quod tam grande ſophos clamat tibi turba togata,
Non tu, Pomponi, *cœna diſerta tua eſt.* MART.

Reſounding plaudits tho' the crowd have rung;
Thy treat is eloquent, and not thy tongue. F. LEWIS.

THE world ſcarcely affords opportunities of making any obſervations more frequently, than on falſe claims to commendation. Almoſt every man waſtes part of his life in attempts to diſplay qualities which he does not poſſeſs, and to gain applauſe which he cannot keep; ſo that ſcarcely can two perſons caſually meet, but one is offended or diverted by the oſtentation of the other.

Of theſe pretenders it is fit to diſtinguiſh thoſe who endeavour to deceive from them who are deceived; thoſe who by deſigned impoſtures promote their intereſt or gratify their pride, from them who mean only to force into regard their latent excellencies and neglected virtues; who believe themſelves qualified to inſtruct or pleaſe, and therefore invite the notice of mankind.

The artful and fraudulent uſurpers of diſtinction deſerve greater ſeverities than ridicule and contempt, ſince they are ſeldom content with empty praiſe, but are inſtigated by paſſions more pernicious than vanity. They conſider the reputation which they endeavour to eſtabliſh as neceſſary to the accompliſhment of ſome ſubſequent deſign, and value praiſe only as it may conduce to the ſucceſs of avarice or ambition.

The commercial world is very frequently put into confuſion by the bankruptcy of merchants, that

that assumed the splendour of wealth only to obtain the privilege of trading with the stock of other men, and of contracting debts which nothing but lucky casualties could enable them to pay: till after having supported their appearance a while by tumultuous magnificence of boundless traffick, they sink at once, and drag down into poverty those whom their equipages had induced to trust them.

Among wretches that place their happiness in the favour of the great, of beings whom only high titles or large estates set above themselves, nothing is more common than to boast of confidence which they do not enjoy; to sell promises which they know their interest unable to perform; and to reimburse the tribute which they pay to an imperious master, from the contributions of meaner dependants, whom they can amuse with tales of their influence and hopes of their solicitation.

Even among some, too thoughtless and volatile for avarice or ambition, may be found a species of falsehood more detestable than the levee or exchange can shew. There are men who boast of debaucheries, of which they never had address to be guilty; ruin by lewd tales, the characters of women to whom they are scarcely known, or by whom they have been rejected; destroy in a drunken frolick the happiness of families; blast the bloom of beauty, and intercept the reward of virtue.

Other artifices of falsehood, though utterly unworthy of an ingenuous mind, are not yet to be ranked with flagitious enormities, nor is it necessary to incite sanguinary justice against them, since they may be adequately punished by detection and laughter. The traveller who describes cities which he

he has never ſeen; the ſquire who, at his return from *London*, tells of his intimacy with nobles to whom he has only bowed in the park or coffee-houſe; the author who entertains his admirers with ſtories of the aſſiſtance which he gives to wits of a higher rank; the city dame who talks of her viſits at great houſes, where ſhe happens to know the cook-maid, are ſurely ſuch harmleſs animals as truth herſelf may be content to deſpiſe, without deſiring to hurt them.

But of the multitudes who ſtruggle in vain for diſtinction, and diſplay their own merits only to feel more acutely the ſting of neglect, a great part are wholly innocent of deceit, and are betrayed, by infatuation and credulity, to that ſcorn with which the univerſal love of praiſe incites us all to drive feeble competitors out of our way.

Few men ſurvey themſelves with ſo much ſeverity as not to admit prejudices in their own favour, which an artful flatterer may gradually ſtrengthen, till wiſhes for a particular qualification are improved to hopes of attainment, and hopes of attainment to belief of poſſeſſion. Such flatterers every one will find, who has power to reward their aſſiduities. Wherever there is wealth, there will be dependance and expectation, and wherever there is dependance, there will be an emulation of ſervility.

Many of the follies which provoke general cenſure, are the effects of ſuch vanity as, however it might have wantoned in the imagination, would ſcarcely have dared the public eye, had it not been animated and emboldened by flattery. Whatever difficulty there may be in the knowledge of ourſelves, ſcarcely any one fails to ſuſpect his own imper-

imperfections, till he is elevated by others to confidence. We are almoſt all naturally modeſt and timorous; but fear and ſhame are uneaſy ſenſations, and whoſoever helps to remove them is received with kindneſs.

Turpicula was the heireſs of a large eſtate, and having loſt her mother in her infancy, was committed to a governeſs whom misfortunes had reduced to ſuppleneſs and humility. The fondneſs of *Turpicula*'s father would not ſuffer him to truſt her at a public ſchool, but he hired domeſtick teachers, and beſtowed on her all the accompliſhments that wealth could purchaſe. But how many things are neceſſary to happineſs which money cannot obtain! Thus ſecluded from all with whom ſhe might converſe on terms of equality, ſhe heard none of thoſe intimations of her defects, which envy, petulance, or anger, produce among children, where they are not afraid of telling what they think.

Turpicula ſaw nothing but obſequiouſneſs, and heard nothing but commendations. None are ſo little acquainted with the heart, as not to know that woman's firſt wiſh is to be handſome, and that conſequently the readieſt method of obtaining her kindneſs is to praiſe her beauty. *Turpicula* had a diſtorted ſhape and a dark complexion; yet, when the impudence of adulation had ventured to tell her of the commanding dignity of her motion, and the ſoft enchantment of her ſmile, ſhe was eaſily convinced, that ſhe was the delight or torment of every eye, and that all who gazed upon her felt the fire of envy or love. She therefore neglected the culture of an underſtanding which might have ſupplied the defects of her form, and

and applied all her care to the decoration of her perſon; for ſhe conſidered that more could judge of beauty than of wit, and was like the reſt of human beings, in haſte to be admired. The deſire of conqueſt naturally led her to the liſts in which beauty ſignalizes her power. She glittered at court, fluttered in the park, and talked aloud in the front-box; but, after a thouſand experiments of her charms, was at laſt convinced that ſhe had been flattered, and that her glaſs was honeſter than her maid.

NUMB. 190. SATURDAY, *January* 11, 1752.

Ploravere ſuis, non reſpondere favorem
Quæſitum meritis. HOR.

Henry and *Alfred*——
Clos'd their long glories with a ſigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of baſe mankind. POPE.

AMONG the emirs and viſiers, the ſons of valour and of wiſdom, that ſtand at the corners of the *Indian* throne, to aſſiſt the councils or conduct the wars of the poſterity of *Timur*, the firſt place was long held by *Morad* the ſon of *Hanuth*. *Morad*, having ſignalized himſelf in many battles and ſieges, was rewarded with the government of a province, from which the fame of his wiſdom and moderation was wafted to the pinnacles of *Agra*, by the prayers of thoſe whom his adminiſtration made happy. The emperor called him into his preſence, and gave into his hand the keys of riches and the ſabre of command. The voice

voice of *Morad* was heard from the cliffs of *Taurus* to the *Indian* ocean, every tongue faultered in his preſence, and every eye was caſt down before him.

Morad lived many years in proſperity; every day increaſed his wealth and extended his influence. The ſages repeated his maxims, the captains of thouſands waited his commands. Competition withdrew into the cavern of envy, and diſcontent trembled at her own murmurs. But human greatneſs is ſhort and tranſitory, as the odour of incenſe in the fire. The ſun grew weary of gilding the palaces of *Morad*, the clouds of ſorrow gathered round his head, and the tempeſt of hatred roared about his dwelling.

Morad ſaw ruin haſtily approaching. The firſt that forſook him were his poets; their example was followed by all thoſe whom he had rewarded for contributing to his pleaſures, and only a few, whoſe virtue had entitled them to favour, were now to be ſeen in his hall or chambers. He felt his danger, and proſtrated himſelf at the foot of the throne. His accuſers were confident and loud, his friends ſtood contented with frigid neutrality, and the voice of truth was overborne by clamour. He was diveſted of his power, deprived of his acquiſitions, and condemned to paſs the reſt of his life on his hereditary eſtate.

Morad had been ſo long accuſtomed to crowds and buſineſs, ſupplicants and flattery, that he knew not how to fill up his hours in ſolitude; he ſaw with regret the ſun riſe to force on his eye a new day for which he had no uſe; and envied the ſavage that wanders in the deſert, becauſe he has no time vacant from the calls of nature, but is always chaſing his prey, or ſleeping in his den.

His

His diſcontent in time vitiated his conſtitution, and a ſlow diſeaſe ſeized upon him. He refuſed phyſick, neglected exerciſe, and lay down on his couch peeviſh and reſtleſs, rather afraid to die than deſirous to live. His domeſticks, for a time, redoubled their aſſiduities; but finding that no officiouſneſs could ſoothe, nor exactneſs ſatisfy, they ſoon gave way to negligence and ſloth, and he that once commanded nations, often languiſhed in his chamber without an attendant.

In this melancholy ſtate, he commanded meſſengers to recal his eldeſt ſon *Abouzaid* from the army. *Abouzaid* was alarmed at the account of his father's ſickneſs, and haſted by long journeys to his place of reſidence. *Morad* was yet living, and felt his ſtrength return at the embraces of his ſon; then commanding him to ſit down at his bedſide, "*Abouzaid*," ſays he, "thy father has no "more to hope or fear from the inhabitants of "the earth, the cold hand of the angel of death "is now upon him, and the voracious grave is "howling for his prey. Hear, therefore, the pre"cepts of ancient experience, let not my laſt "inſtructions iſſue forth in vain. Thou haſt ſeen "me happy and calamitous, thou haſt beheld my "exaltation and my fall. My power is in the "hands of my enemies, my treaſures have re"warded my accuſers; but my inheritance the "clemency of the emperor has ſpared, and my "wiſdom his anger could not take away. Caſt "thine eyes round thee, whatever thou beholdeſt "will in a few hours be thine; apply thine ear "to my dictates, and theſe poſſeſſions will pro"mote thy happineſs. Aſpire not to publick "honours, enter not the palaces of kings; thy "wealth

" wealth will ſet thee above inſult, let thy mode-
" ration keep thee below envy. Content thyſelf
" with private dignity, diffuſe thy riches among
" thy friends, let every day extend thy beneficence
" and ſuffer not thy heart to be at reſt till thou art
" loved by all to whom thou art known. In the
" height of my power, I ſaid to defamation, Who
" will hear thee? and to artifice, What canſt thou
" perform? but, my ſon, deſpiſe not thou the
" malice of the weakeſt, remember that venom
" ſupplies the want of ſtrength, and that the lion
" may periſh by the puncture of an aſp."

Morad expired in a few hours. *Abouzaid*, after the months of mourning, determined to regulate his conduct by his father's precepts, and cultivate the love of mankind by every art of kindneſs and endearment. He wiſely conſidered, that domeſtick happineſs was firſt to be ſecured, and that none have ſo much power of doing good or hurt, as thoſe who are preſent in the hour of negligence, hear the burſts of thoughtleſs merriment, and obſerve the ſtarts of unguarded paſſion. He therefore augmented the pay of all his attendants, and requited every exertion of uncommon diligence by ſupernumerary gratuities. While he congratulated himſelf upon the fidelity and affection of his family, he was in the night alarmed with robbers, who, being purſued and taken, declared that they had been admitted by one of his ſervants; the ſervant immediately confeſſed that he unbarred the door, becauſe another not more worthy of confidence was entruſted with the keys.

Abouzaid was thus convinced that a dependant could not eaſily be made a friend; and that while many were ſoliciting for the firſt rank of favour, all

all thoſe would be alienated whom he diſappointed. He therefore reſolved to aſſociate with a few equal companions ſelected from among the chief men of the province. With theſe he lived happily for a time, till familiarity ſet them free from reſtraint, and every man thought himſelf at liberty to indulge his own caprice, and advance his own opinions. They then diſturbed each other with contrariety of inclinations and difference of ſentiments, and *Abouzaid* was neceſſitated to offend one party by concurrence, or both by indifference.

He afterwards determined to avoid a cloſe union with beings ſo diſcordant in their nature, and to diffuſe himſelf in a larger circle. He practiſed the ſmile of univerſal courteſy, and invited all to his table, but admitted none to his retirements. Many who had been rejected in his choice of friendſhip, now refuſed to accept his acquaintance; and of thoſe whom plenty and magnificence drew to his table, every one preſſed forward toward intimacy, thought himſelf overlooked in the crowd, and murmured becauſe he was not diſtinguiſhed above the reſt. By degrees all made advances, and all reſented repulſe. The table was then covered with delicacies in vain; the muſick ſounded in empty rooms; and *Abouzaid* was left to form in ſolitude ſome new ſcheme of pleaſure or ſecurity.

Reſolving now to try the force of gratitude, he enquired for men of ſcience, whoſe merit was obſcured by poverty. His houſe was ſoon crowded with poets, ſculptors, painters and deſigners, who wantoned in unexperienced plenty, and employed their powers in celebration of their patron. But in a ſhort time they forgot the diſtreſs from which they had been reſcued, and began to conſider

ſider their deliverer as a wretch of narrow capacity, who was growing great by works which he could not perform, and whom they overpaid by condeſcending to accept his bounties. *Abouzaid* heard their murmurs and diſmiſſed them, and from that hour continued blind to colours and deaf to panegyrick.

As the ſons of art departed, muttering threats of perpetual infamy, *Abouzaid*, who ſtood at the gate, called to him *Hamet* the poet. "*Hamet*," ſaid he, "thy ingratitude has put an end to my "hopes and experiments: I have now learned "the vanity of thoſe labours that wiſh to be re- "warded by human benevolence; I ſhall hence- "forth do good and avoid evil, without reſpect "to the opinion of men; and reſolve to ſolicit "only the approbation of that Being whom alone "we are ſure to pleaſe by endeavouring to pleaſe "him."

NUMB. 191. TUESDAY, *January* 14, 1752.

Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper. HOR.

The youth ——
Yielding like wax, th' impreſſive folly bears;
Rough to reproof, and ſlow to future cares. FRANCIS.

To the RAMBLER.

Dear Mr. RAMBLER,

I HAVE been four days confined to my chamber by a cold, which has already kept me from three plays, nine ſales, five ſhows, and ſix card-tables, and put me ſeventeen viſits behind-hand; and the doctor tells my mamma, that if I fret and cry, it will ſettle in my head, and I ſhall not be fit to be ſeen theſe ſix weeks. But, dear Mr. *Rambler*, how can I help it? At this very time *Meliſſa* is dancing with the prettieſt gentleman;—ſhe will breakfaſt with him to-morrow, and then run to two auctions, and hear compliments, and have preſents; then ſhe will be dreſt and viſit, and get a ticket to the play; then go to cards and win, and come home with two ſtambeaus before her chair. Dear Mr. *Rambler*, who can bear it?

My aunt has juſt brought me a bundle of your papers for my amuſement. She ſays, you are a philoſopher, and will teach me to moderate my deſires, and look upon the world with indifference. But, dear ſir, I do not wiſh, nor intend to moderate my deſires, nor can I think it proper to look upon the world with indifference, till the world looks with indifference on me. I have been forced, however, to ſit this morning a whole quarter

quarter of an hour with your paper before my face; but juſt as my aunt came in, *Phyllida* had brought me a letter from Mr. *Trip*, which I put within the leaves, and read about *abſence* and *inconſolableneſs*, and *ardour*, and *irreſiſtible paſſion*, and *eternal conſtancy*, while my aunt imagined that I was puzzling myſelf with your philoſophy, and often cried out, when ſhe ſaw me look confuſed, "If there is any "word that you do not underſtand, child, I will "explain it."

Dear ſoul! how old people that think themſelves wiſe may be impoſed upon! But it is fit that they ſhould take their turn, for I am ſure, while they can keep poor girls cloſe in the nurſery, they tyrannize over us in a very ſhameful manner, and fill our imaginations with tales of terror, only to make us live in quiet ſubjection, and fancy that we can never be ſafe but by their protection.

I have a mamma and two aunts, who have all been formerly celebrated for wit and beauty, and are ſtill generally admired by thoſe that value themſelves upon their underſtanding, and love to talk of vice and virtue, nature and ſimplicity, and beauty and propriety; but if there was not ſome hope of meeting me, ſcarcely a creature would come near them that wears a faſhionable coat. Theſe ladies, Mr. *Rambler*, have had me under their government fifteen years and a half, and have all that time been endeavouring to deceive me by ſuch repreſentations of life as I now find not to be true; but I know not whether I ought to impute them to ignorance or malice, as it is poſſible the world may be much changed ſince they mingled in general converſation.

Being

Being deſirous that I ſhould love books, they told me that nothing but knowledge could make me an agreeable companion to men of ſenſe, or qualify me to diſtinguiſh the ſuperficial glitter of vanity, from the ſolid merit of underſtanding; and that a habit of reading would enable me to fill up the vacuities of life, without the help of ſilly or dangerous amuſements, and preſerve me from the ſnares of idleneſs and the inroads of temptation.

But their principal intention was to make me afraid of men; in which they ſucceeded ſo well for a time, that I durſt not look in their faces, or be left alone with them in a parlour; for they made me fancy, that no man ever ſpoke but to deceive, or looked but to allure; that the girl who ſuffered him that had once ſqueezed her hand, to approach her a ſecond time, was on the brink of ruin; and that ſhe who anſwered a billet, without conſulting her relations, gave love ſuch power over her, that ſhe would certainly become either poor or infamous.

From the time that my leading-ſtrings were taken off, I ſcarce heard any mention of my beauty but from the milliner, the mantua maker, and my own maid; for my mamma never ſaid more, when ſhe heard me commended, but "the "girl is very well," and then endeavoured to divert my attention by ſome enquiry after my needle or my book.

It is now three months ſince I have been ſuffered to pay and receive viſits, to dance at publick aſſemblies, to have a place kept for me in the boxes, and to play at lady *Racket*'s rout; and you may eaſily imagine what I think of thoſe who

have so long cheated me with false expectations, disturbed me with fictitious terrors, and concealed from me all that I have found to make the happiness of woman.

I am so far from perceiving the usefulness or necessity of books, that if I had not dropped all pretensions to learning, I should have lost Mr. *Trip*, whom I once frighted into another box, by retailing some of *Dryden*'s remarks upon a tragedy; for Mr. *Trip* declares, that he hates nothing like hard words, and I am sure there is not a better partner to be found; his very walk is a dance. I have talked once or twice among ladies about principles and ideas, but they put their fans before their faces, and told me I was too wise for them, who for their part never pretended to read any thing but the play-bill, and then asked me the price of my best head.

Those vacancies of time which are to be filled up with books, I have never yet obtained; for consider, Mr. *Rambler*, I go to bed late, and therefore cannot rise early; as soon as I am up, I dress for the gardens; then walk in the park; then always go to some sale or show, or entertainment at the little theatre; then must be dressed for dinner; then must pay my visits; then walk in the park; then hurry to the play; and from thence to the card-table. This is the general course of the day, when there happens nothing extraordinary; but sometimes I ramble into the country, and come back again to a ball; sometimes I am engaged for a whole day and part of the night. If, at any time, I can gain an hour by not being at home, I have so many things to do, so many orders to give to the milliner, so many alterations to make in my clothes,

ſo many viſitants' names to read over, ſo many invitations to accept or refuſe, ſo many cards to write, and ſo many faſhions to conſider, that I am loſt in confuſion, forced at laſt to let in company or ſtep into my chair, and leave half my affairs to the direction of my maid.

This is the round of my day; and when ſhall I either ſtop my courſe, or ſo change it as to want a book? I ſuppoſe it cannot be imagined, that any of theſe diverſions will ſoon be at an end. There will always be gardens, and a park, and auctions, and ſhows, and playhouſes, and cards; viſits will always be paid, and clothes always be worn; and how can I have time unemployed upon my hands?

But I am moſt at a loſs to gueſs for what purpoſe they related ſuch tragick ſtories of the cruelty, perfidy, and artifices of men, who, if they ever were ſo malicious and deſtructive, have certainly now reformed their manners. I have not, ſince my entrance into the world, found one who does not profeſs himſelf devoted to my ſervice, and ready to live or die, as I ſhall command him. They are ſo far from intending to hurt me, that their only contention is, who ſhall be allowed moſt cloſely to attend, and moſt frequently to treat me; when different places of entertainment, or ſchemes of pleaſure are mentioned, I can ſee the eye ſparkle and the cheeks glow of him whoſe propoſals obtain my approbation: he then leads me off in triumph, adores my condeſcenſion, and congratulates himſelf that he has lived to the hour of felicity. Are theſe, Mr. *Rambler*, creatures to be feared? Is it likely that any injury will be done me by thoſe who can enjoy life only while I favour them with my preſence?

As little reaſon can I yet find to ſuſpect them of ſtratagems and fraud. When I play at cards, they never take advantage of my miſtakes, nor exact from me a rigorous obſervation of the game. Even Mr. *Shuffle*, a grave gentleman, who has daughters older than myſelf, plays with me ſo negligently, that I am ſometimes inclined to believe he loſes his money by deſign, and yet he is ſo fond of play, that he ſays, he will one day take me to his houſe in the country, that we may try by ourſelves who can conquer. I have not yet promiſed him; but when the town grows a little empty, I ſhall think upon it, for I want ſome trinkets, like *Letitia*'s, to my watch. I do not doubt my luck, but muſt ſtudy ſome means of amuſing my relations.

For all theſe diſtinctions I find myſelf indebted to that beauty which I was never ſuffered to hear praiſed, and of which, therefore, I did not before know the full value. The concealment was certainly an intentional fraud, for my aunts have eyes like other people, and I am every day told, that nothing but blindneſs can eſcape the influence of my charms. Their whole account of that world which they pretend to know ſo well, has been only one fiction entangled with another; and though the modes of life oblige me to continue ſome appearances of reſpect, I cannot think that they, who have been ſo clearly detected in ignorance or impoſture, have any right to the eſteem, veneration, or obedience of,

SIR, Yours,

BELLARIA.

NUMB. 192. SATURDAY, *January* 18, 1752.

Τένος ȣ̓δὲν εἰς ἔρωτα,
Σοφίη, τροπος πατεῖται·
Μόνον ἄργυρον βλέπωσιν.
Απόλοιτο πρῶτος αὐτὸς
Ὁ τὸν ἄργυρον φιλήσας,
Διὰ τȣ̃τον ȣ̓κ ἀδελφὸς,
Διὰ τȣ̃τον ȣ̓ τοκῆες
Πόλεμοι, φόνοι δὶ αὐτον.
Τὸ δὲ χεῖρον, ολλύμεσθα
Διὰ τȣ̃τον οἱ φιλȣ̃ντες. ANACREON.

Vain the nobleſt birth would prove,
Nor worth nor wit avail in love;
'Tis gold alone ſucceeds—by gold
The venal ſex is bought and ſold.
Accurs'd be he who firſt of yore
Diſcover'd the pernicious ore!
This ſets a brother's heart on fire,
And arms the ſon againſt the ſire;
And what, alas! is worſe than all,
To this the lover owes his fall. F. LEWIS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I AM the ſon of a gentleman, whoſe anceſtors, for many ages, held the firſt rank in the county; till at laſt one of them too deſirous of popularity, ſet his houſe open, kept a table covered with continual profuſion, and diſtributed his beef and ale to ſuch as choſe rather to live upon the folly of others than their own labour, with ſuch thoughtleſs liberality, that he left a third part of his eſtate mortgaged. His ſucceſſor, a man of ſpirit, ſcorned to impair his dignity by parſimonious retrenchments, or to admit, by a ſale of his lands, any participation of the

the rights of his manor; he therefore made another mortgage to pay the intereſt of the former, and pleaſed himſelf with the reflection, that his ſon would have the hereditary eſtate, without the diminution of an acre.

Nearly reſembling this was the practice of my wife progenitors for many ages. Every man boaſted the antiquity of his family, reſolved to ſupport the dignity of his birth, and lived in ſplendour and plenty at the expence of his heir, who, ſometimes by a wealthy marriage, and ſometimes by lucky legacies, diſcharged part of the incumbrances, and thought himſelf entitled to contract new debts, and to leave to his children the ſame inheritance of embarraſſment and diſtreſs.

Thus the eſtate perpetually decayed; the woods were felled by one, the park ploughed by another, the fiſhery let to farmers by a third; at laſt the old hall was pulled down to ſpare the coſt of reparation, and part of the materials ſold to build a ſmall houſe with the reſt. We were now openly degraded from our original rank, and my father's brother was allowed with leſs reluctance to ſerve an apprenticeſhip, though we never reconciled ourſelves heartily to the ſound of haberdaſher, but always talked of warehouſes and a merchant, and when the wind happened to blow loud, affected to pity the hazards of commerce, and to ſympathize with the ſolicitude of my poor uncle, who had the true retailer's terror of adventure, and never expoſed himſelf or his property to any wider water than the *Thames*.

In time, however, by continual profit and ſmall expences, he grew rich, and began to turn his thoughts towards rank. He hung the arms of

the family over his parlour chimney; pointed at a chariot decorated only with a cypher; became of opinion that money could not make a gentleman; resented the petulance of upstarts; told stories of alderman *Puff*'s grandfather the porter; wondered that there was no better method for regulating precedence; wished for some dress peculiar to men of fashion; and when his servant presented a letter, always enquired whether it came from his brother, the esquire.

My father was careful to send him game by every carrier, which, though the conveyance often cost more than the value, was well received, because it gave him an opportunity of calling his friends together, describing the beauty of his brother's seat, and lamenting his own folly, whom no remonstrances could withhold from polluting his fingers with a shop-book.

The little presents which we sent were always returned with great munificence. He was desirous of being the second founder of his family, and could not bear that we should be any longer outshone by those whom we considered as climbers upon our ruins, and usurpers of our fortune. He furnished our house with all the elegance of fashionable expence, and was careful to conceal his bounties, lest the poverty of his family should be suspected.

At length it happened that by misconduct like our own, a large estate, which had been purchased from us, was again exposed to the best bidder. My uncle, delighted with an opportunity of reinstating the family in their possessions, came down with treasures scarcely to be imagined in a place where commerce has not made large sums familiar, and

and at once drove all the competitors away, expedited the writings, and took poſſeſſion. He now conſidered himſelf as ſuperior to trade, diſpoſed of his ſtock, and as ſoon as he had ſettled his economy, began to ſhew his rural ſovereignty, by breaking the hedges of his tenants in hunting, and ſeizing the guns or nets of thoſe whoſe fortunes did not qualify them for ſportſmen. He ſoon afterwards ſolicited the office of ſheriff, from which all his neighbours were glad to be reprieved, but which he regarded as a reſumption of anceſtral claims, and a kind of reſtoration to blood after the attainder of a trade.

My uncle, whoſe mind was ſo filled with this change of his condition, that he found no want of domeſtick entertainment, declared himſelf too old to marry, and reſolved to let the newly-purchaſed eſtate fall into the regular channel of inheritance. I was therefore conſidered as heir apparent, and courted with officiouſneſs and careſſes, by the gentlemen who had hitherto coldly allowed me that rank which they could not refuſe, depreſſed me with ſtudied neglect, and irritated me with ambiguous inſults.

I felt not much pleaſure from the civilities for which I knew myſelf indebted to my uncle's induſtry, till by one of the invitations which every day now brought me, I was induced to ſpend a week with *Lucius*, whoſe daughter *Flavilla* I had often ſeen and admired like others, without any thought of nearer approaches. The inequality which had hitherto kept me at a diſtance being now levelled, I was received with every evidence of reſpect; *Lucius* told me the fortune which he intended for his favourite daughter, many odd

accidents obliged us to be often together without company, and I ſoon began to find that they were ſpreading for me the nets of matrimony.

Flavilla was all ſoftneſs and complaiſance. I, who had been excluded by a narrow fortune from much acquaintance with the world, and never been honoured before with the notice of ſo fine a lady, was eaſily enamoured. *Lucius* either perceived my paſſion, or *Flavilla* betrayed it; care was taken that our private meetings ſhould be leſs frequent, and my charmer confeſſed by her eyes how much pain ſhe ſuffered from our reſtraint. I renewed my viſit upon every pretence, but was not allowed one interview without witneſs; at laſt I declared my paſſion to *Lucius*, who received me as a lover worthy of his daughter, and told me that nothing was wanting to his conſent, but that my uncle ſhould ſettle his eſtate upon me. I objected the indecency of encroaching on his life, and the danger of provoking him by ſuch an unſeaſonable demand. *Lucius* ſeemed not to think decency of much importance, but admitted the danger of diſpleaſing, and concluded that as he was now old and ſickly, we might, without any inconvenience, wait for his death.

With this reſolution I was better contented, as it procured me the company of *Flavilla*, in which the days paſſed away amidſt continual rapture; but in time I began to be aſhamed of ſitting idle, in expectation of growing rich by the death of my benefactor, and propoſed to *Lucius* many ſchemes of raiſing my own fortune by ſuch aſſiſtance as I knew my uncle willing to give me. *Lucius*, afraid leſt I ſhould change my affection in abſence, diverted me from my deſign by diſ-

ſuaſives

ſuaſives to which my paſſion eaſily liſtened. At laſt my uncle died, and conſidering himſelf as neglected by me from the time that *Flavilla* took poſſeſſion of my heart, left his eſtate to my younger brother, who was always hovering about his bed, and relating ſtories of my pranks and extravagance, my contempt of the commercial dialect and my impatience to be ſelling ſtock.

My condition was ſoon known, and I was no longer admitted by the father of *Flavilla*. I repeated the proteſtations of regard, which had been formerly returned with ſo much ardour, in a letter which ſhe received privately, but returned by her father's footman. Contempt has driven out my love, and I am content to have purchaſed, by the loſs of fortune, an eſcape from a harpy, who has joined the artifices of age to the allurements of youth. I am now going to purſue my former projects with a legacy which my uncle bequeathed me, and if I ſucceed, ſhall expect to hear of the repentance of *Flavilla*.

I am, SIR, Yours, &c.

CONSTANTIUS.

NUMB. 193. TUESDAY, *January* 21, 1752.

Laudis amore tumes? sunt certa piacula quæ te
Ter purè lecto poterunt recreare libello. HOR.

Or art thou vain? books yield a certain ſpell,
To ſtop thy tumour; you ſhall ceaſe to ſwell
When you have read them thrice, and ſtudied well.
CREECH.

WHATEVER is univerſally deſired, will be ſought by induſtry and artifice, by merit and crimes, by means good and bad, rational and abſurd, according to the prevalence of virtue or vice, of wiſdom or folly. Some will always miſtake the degree of their own deſert, and ſome will deſire that others may miſtake it. The cunning will have recourſe to ſtratagem, and the powerful to violence, for the attainment of their wiſhes; ſome will ſtoop to theft, and others venture upon plunder.

Praiſe is ſo pleaſing to the mind of man, that it is the original motive of almoſt all our actions. The deſire of commendation, as of every thing elſe, is varied indeed by innumerable differences of temper, capacity, and knowledge; ſome have no higher wiſh than for the applauſe of a club; ſome expect the acclamations of a county; and ſome have hoped to fill the mouths of all ages and nations with their names. Every man pants for the higheſt eminence within his view; none, however mean, ever ſinks below the hope of being diſtinguiſhed by his fellow-beings, and very few have by magnanimity or piety, been ſo raiſed above it, as to act wholly without regard to cenſure or opinion.

To

To be praiſed, therefore, every man reſolves; but reſolutions will not execute themſelves. That which all think too parſimoniouſly diſtributed to their own claims, they will not gratuitouſly ſquander upon others, and ſome expedient muſt be tried, by which praiſe may be gained before it can be enjoyed.

Among the innumerable bidders for praiſe, ſome are willing to purchaſe at the higheſt rate, and offer eaſe and health, fortune and life. Yet even of theſe only a ſmall part have gained what they ſo earneſtly deſired; the ſtudent waſtes away in meditation, and the ſoldier periſhes on the ramparts; but unleſs ſome accidental advantage co-operates with merit, neither perſeverance nor adventure attract attention, and learning and bravery ſink into the grave, without honour or remembrance.

But ambition and vanity generally expect to be gratified on eaſier terms. It has been long obſerved, that what is procured by ſkill or labour to the firſt poſſeſſor, may be afterwards transferred for money; and that the man of wealth may partake all the acquiſitions of courage without hazard, and all the products of induſtry without fatigue. It was eaſily diſcovered, that riches would obtain praiſe among other conveniencies, and that he whoſe pride was unluckily aſſociated with lazineſs, ignorance, or cowardice, needed only to pay the hire of a panegyriſt, and he might be regaled with periodical eulogies; might determine, at leiſure, what virtue or ſcience he would be pleaſed to appropriate, and be lulled in the evening with ſoothing ſerenades, or waked in the morning by ſprightly gratulations.

The happineſs which mortals receive from the celebration of beneficence which never relieved, eloquence which never perſuaded, or elegance which never pleaſed, ought not to be envied or diſturbed, when they are known honeſtly to pay for their entertainment. But there are unmerciful exactors of adulation, who withhold the wages of venality; retain their encomiaſt from year to year by general promiſes and ambiguous blandiſhments; and when he has run through the whole compaſs of flattery, diſmiſs him with contempt, becauſe his vein of fiction is exhauſted.

A continual feaſt of commendation is only to be obtained by merit or by wealth; many are therefore obliged to content themſelves with ſingle morſels, and recompenſe the infrequency of their enjoyment by exceſs and riot, whenever fortune ſets the banquet before them. Hunger is never delicate; they who are ſeldom gorged to the full with praiſe, may be ſafely fed with groſs compliments; for the appetite muſt be ſatisfied before it is diſguſted.

It is eaſy to find the moment at which vanity is eager for ſuſtenance, and all that impudence or ſervility can offer will be well received. When any one complains of the want of what he is known to poſſeſs in an uncommon degree, he certainly waits with impatience to be contradicted. When the trader pretends anxiety about the payment of his bills, or the beauty remarks how frightfully ſhe looks, then is the lucky moment to talk of riches or of charms, of the death of lovers, or the honour of a merchant.

Others there are yet more open and artleſs, who, inſtead of ſuborning a flatterer, are content to

to ſupply his place, and, as ſome animals impregnate themſelves, ſwell with the praiſes which they hear from their own tongues. *Recte is dicitur laudare ſeſe, cui nemo alius contigit laudator.* "It "is right," ſays *Eraſmus*, "that he, whom no one "elſe will commend, ſhould beſtow commendations "on himſelf." Of all the ſons of vanity, theſe are ſurely the happieſt and greateſt; for, what is greatneſs or happineſs but independence on external influences, exemption from hope or fear, and the power of ſupplying every want from the common ſtores of nature, which can neither be exhauſted nor prohibited? Such is the wiſe man of the ſtoicks; ſuch is the divinity of the epicureans; and ſuch is the flatterer of himſelf. Every other enjoyment malice may deſtroy; every other panegyrick envy may withhold; but no human power can deprive the boaſter of his own encomiums. Infamy may hiſs, or contempt may growl, the hirelings of the great may follow fortune, and the votaries of truth may attend on virtue; but his pleaſures ſtill remain the ſame; he can always liſten with rapture to himſelf, and leaves thoſe who dare not repoſe upon their own atteſtation, to be elated or depreſſed by chance, and toil on in the hopeleſs taſk of fixing caprice and propitiating malice.

This art of happineſs has been long practiſed by periodical writers, with little apparent violation of decency. When we think our excellencies overlooked by the world, or deſire to recall the attention of the publick to ſome particular performance, we ſit down with great compoſure and write a letter to ourſelves. The correſpondent, whoſe character we aſſume, always addreſſes us with the deference due to a ſuperior intelligence; propoſes

propoſes his doubts with a proper ſenſe of his own inability; offers an objection with trembling diffidence; and at laſt has no other pretenſions to our notice than his profundity of reſpect, and ſincerity of admiration, his ſubmiſſion to our dictates, and zeal for our ſucceſs. To ſuch a reader it is impoſſible to refuſe regard, nor can it eaſily be imagined with how much alacrity we ſnatch up the pen which indignation or deſpair had condemned to inactivity, when we find ſuch candour and judgment yet remaining in the world.

A letter of this kind I had lately the honour of peruſing, in which, though ſome of the periods were negligently cloſed, and ſome expreſſions of familiarity were uſed, which I thought might teach others to addreſs me with too little reverence, I was ſo much delighted with the paſſages in which mention was made of univerſal learning——unbounded genius——ſoul of *Homer*, *Pythagoras*, and *Plato*——ſolidity of thought——accuracy of diſtinction——elegance of combination——vigour of fancy——ſtrength of reaſon——and regularity of compoſition——that I had once determined to lay it before the publick. Three times I ſent it to the printer, and three times I fetched it back. My modeſty was on the point of yielding, when reflecting that I was about to waſte panegyricks on myſelf, which might be more profitably reſerved for my patron, I locked it up for a better hour, in compliance with the farmer's principle, who never eats at home what he can carry to the market.

NUMB. 194. SATURDAY, *January* 25, 1752.

Si damnoſa ſenem juvat alea, ludit et hæres
Bullatus, parvoque eadem quatit arma fritillo. JUV.

If gaming does an aged ſire entice,
Then my young maſter ſwiftly learns the vice,
And ſhakes in hanging ſleeves the little box and dice.
J. DRYDEN, jun.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

THAT vanity which keeps every man important in his own eyes, inclines me to believe that neither you nor your readers have yet forgotten the name of *Eumathes*, who ſent you a few months ago an account of his arrival at *London* with a young nobleman his pupil. I ſhall therefore continue my narrative without preface or recapitulation.

My pupil, in a very ſhort time, by his mother's countenance and direction, accompliſhed himſelf with all thoſe qualifications which conſtitute puerile politeneſs. He became in a few days a perfect maſter of his hat, which with a careleſs nicety he could put off or on, without any need to adjuſt it by a ſecond motion. This was not attained but by frequent conſultations with his dancing-maſter, and conſtant practice before the glaſs, for he had ſome ruſtick habits to overcome; but, what will not time and induſtry perform? A fortnight more furniſhed him with all the airs and forms of familiar and reſpectful ſalutation, from the clap on the ſhoulder to the humble bow; he practiſes the ſtare

ſtare of ſtrangeneſs, and the ſmile of condeſcenſion, the ſolemnity of promiſe, and the graciouſneſs of encouragement, as if he had been nurſed at a levee; and pronounces, with no leſs propriety than his father, the monoſyllables of coldneſs, and ſonorous periods of reſpectful profeſſion.

He immediately loſt the reſerve and timidity which ſolitude and ſtudy are apt to impreſs upon the moſt courtly genius; was able to enter a crowded room with airy civility; to meet the glances of a hundred eyes without perturbation; and addreſs thoſe whom he never ſaw before with eaſe and confidence. In leſs than a month his mother declared her ſatisfaction at his proficiency by a triumphant obſervation, that ſhe believed *nothing would make him bluſh*.

The ſilence with which I was contented to hear my pupil's praiſes, gave the lady reaſon to ſuſpect me not much delighted with his acquiſitions; but ſhe attributed my diſcontent to the diminution of my influence, and my fears of loſing the patronage of the family; and though ſhe thinks favourably of my learning and morals, ſhe conſiders me as wholly unacquainted with the cuſtoms of the polite part of mankind; and therefore not qualified to form the manners of a young nobleman, or communicate the knowledge of the world. This knowledge ſhe compriſes in the rules of viſiting, the hiſtory of the preſent hour, an early intelligence of the change of faſhions, an extenſive acquaintance with the names and faces of perſons of rank, and a frequent appearance in places of reſort.

All this my pupil purſues with great application. He is twice a day in the Mall, where he ſtudies

ſtudies the dreſs of every man ſplendid enough to attract his notice, and never comes home without ſome obſervation upon ſleeves, button-holes, and embroidery. At his return from the theatre, he can give an account of the gallantries, glances, whiſpers, ſmiles, ſighs, ſirts, and bluſhes of every box, ſo much to his mother's ſatisfaction, that when I attempted to reſume my character, by enquiring his opinion of the ſentiments and diction of the tragedy, ſhe at once repreſſed my criticiſm, by telling me, *that ſhe hoped he did not go to loſe his time in attending to the creatures on the ſtage.*

But his acuteneſs was moſt eminently ſignalized at the maſquerade, where he diſcovered his acquaintance through their diſguiſes, with ſuch wonderful facility, as has afforded the family an inexhauſtible topick of converſation. Every new viſitor is informed how one was detected by his gait, and another by the ſwing of his arms, a third by the toſs of his head, and another by his favourite phraſe; nor can you doubt but theſe performances receive their juſt applauſe, and a genius thus haſtening to maturity is promoted by every art of cultivation.

Such have been his endeavours, and ſuch his aſſiſtances, that every trace of literature was ſoon obliterated. He has changed his language with his dreſs, and inſtead of endeavouring at purity or propriety, has no other care than to catch the reigning phraſe and current exclamation, till by copying whatever is peculiar in the talk of all thoſe whoſe birth or fortune entitle them to imitation, he has collected every faſhionable barbariſm of the preſent winter, and ſpeaks a dialect not

not to be underſtood among thoſe who form their ſtyle by poring upon authors.

To this copiouſneſs of ideas and felicity of language, he has joined ſuch eagerneſs to lead the converſation, that he is celebrated among the ladies as the prettieſt gentleman that the age can boaſt of, except that ſome who love to talk themſelves think him too forward, and others lament that, with ſo much wit and knowledge, he is not taller.

His mother liſtens to his obſervations with her eyes ſparkling and her heart beating, and can ſcarcely contain, in the moſt numerous aſſemblies, the expectations which ſhe has formed for his future eminence. Women, by whatever fate, always judge abſurdly of the intellects of boys. The vivacity and confidence which attracts female admiration, are ſeldom produced in the early part of life, but by ignorance at leaſt, if not by ſtupidity; for they proceed not from confidence of right, but fearleſſneſs of wrong. Whoever has a clear apprehenſion, muſt have quick ſenſibility, and where he has no ſufficient reaſon to truſt his own judgment, will proceed with doubt and caution, becauſe he perpetually dreads the diſgrace of error. The pain of miſcarriage is naturally proportionate to the deſire of excellence; and, therefore, till men are hardened by long familiarity with reproach, or have attained, by frequent ſtruggles, the art of ſuppreſſing their emotions, diffidence is found the inſeparable aſſociate of underſtanding.

But ſo little diſtruſt has my pupil of his own abilities, that he has for ſome time profeſſed himſelf a wit, and tortures his imagination on all occaſions

occaſions for burleſque and jocularity. How he ſupports a character which, perhaps, no man ever aſſumed without repentance, may be eaſily conjectured. Wit, you know, is the unexpected copulation of ideas, the diſcovery of ſome occult relation between images in appearance remote from each other; an effuſion of wit, therefore, preſuppoſes an accumulation of knowledge; a memory ſtored with notions, which the imagination may cull out to compoſe new aſſemblages. Whatever may be the native vigour of the mind, ſhe can never form any combinations from few ideas, as many changes can never be rung upon a few bells. Accident may indeed ſometimes produce a lucky parallel or a ſtriking contraſt; but theſe gifts of chance are not frequent, and he that has nothing of his own, and yet condemns himſelf to needleſs expences, muſt live upon loans or theft.

The indulgence which his youth has hitherto obtained, and the reſpect which his rank ſecures, have hitherto ſupplied the want of intellectual qualifications; and he imagines that all admire who applaud, and that all who laugh are pleaſed. He therefore returns every day to the charge with increaſe of courage, though not of ſtrength, and practiſes all the tricks by which wit is counterfeited. He lays trains for a quibble; he contrives blunders for his footman; he adapts old ſtories to preſent characters; he miſtakes the queſtion, that he may return a ſmart anſwer; he anticipates the argument, that he may plauſibly object; when he has nothing to reply, he repeats the laſt words of his antagoniſt, then ſays, "your humble ſervant," and concludes with a laugh of triumph.

Theſe

Theſe miſtakes I have honeſtly attempted to correct: but, what can be expected from reaſon, unſupported by faſhion, ſplendour, or authority? He hears me, indeed, or appears to hear me, but is ſoon reſcued from the lecture by more pleaſing avocations; and ſhows, diverſions, and careſſes, drive my precepts from his remembrance.

He at laſt imagines himſelf qualified to enter the world, and has met with adventures in his firſt ſally, which I ſhall, by your paper, communicate to the publick.

I am, &c.

EUMATHES.

NUMB. 195. TUESDAY, *January* 28, 1752.

——Neſcit equo rudis
Hærere ingenuus puer,
Venarique timet; ludere doctior
Seu Græco jubeas trocho,
Seu malis vetitâ legibus aleâ. HOR.

Nor knows our youth, of nobleſt race,
To mount the manag'd ſteed, or urge the chace;
More ſkill'd in the mean arts of vice,
The whirling troque, or law-forbidden dice.

FRANCIS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

FAVOURS of every kind are doubled when they are ſpeedily conferred. This is particularly true of the gratification of curioſity: he that long delays a ſtory, and ſuffers his auditor to torment himſelf with expectation, will ſeldom be able to

to recompenſe the uneaſineſs, or equal the hope which he ſuffers to be raiſed.

For this reaſon, I have already ſent you the continuation of my pupil's hiſtory, which, though it contains no events very uncommon, may be of uſe to young men who are in too much haſte to truſt their own prudence, and quit the wing of protection before they are able to ſhift for themſelves.

When he firſt ſettled in *London*, he was ſo much bewildered in the enormous extent of the town, ſo confounded by inceſſant noiſe, and crowds, and hurry, and ſo terrified by rural narratives of the arts of ſharpers, the rudeneſs of the populace, malignity of porters, and treachery of coachmen, that he was afraid to go beyond the door without an attendant, and imagined his life in danger if he was obliged to paſs the ſtreets at night in any vehicle but his mother's chair.

He was therefore contented, for a time, that I ſhould accompany him in all his excurſions. But his fear abated as he grew more familiar with its objects; and the contempt to which his ruſticity expoſed him from ſuch of his companions as had accidentally known the town longer, obliged him to diſſemble his remaining terrors.

His deſire of liberty made him now willing to ſpare me the trouble of obſerving his motions; but knowing how much his ignorance expoſed him to miſchief, I thought it cruel to abandon him to the fortune of the town. We went together every day to a coffee-houſe, where he met wits, heirs, and fops, airy, ignorant, and thoughtleſs as himſelf, with whom he had become acquainted at card-tables, and whom he conſidered as the only beings to be envied or admired. What were their topicks of

of converſation I could never diſcover; for ſo much was their vivacity depreſſed by my intruſive ſerioufneſs, that they ſeldom proceeded beyond the exchange of nods and ſhrugs, an arch grin, or a broken hint, except when they could retire, while I was looking on the papers, to a corner of the room, where they ſeemed to diſburden their imaginations, and commonly vented the ſuperfluity of their ſprightlineſs in a peal of laughter. When they had tittered themſelves into negligence, I could ſometimes overhear a few ſyllables, ſuch as,——ſolemn raſcal; academical airs;—ſmoke the tutor;——company for gentlemen!—and other broken phraſes, by which I did not ſuffer my quiet to be diſturbed, for they never proceeded to avowed indignities, but contented themſelves to murmur in ſecret, and, whenever I turned my eye upon them ſhrunk into ſtillneſs.

He was, however, deſirous of withdrawing from the ſubjection which he could not venture to break, and made a ſecret appointment to aſſiſt his companions in the perſecution of a play. His footman privately procured him a catcal, on which he practiſed in a back-garret for two hours in the afternoon. At the proper time a chair was called; he pretended an engagement at lady *Flutter*'s, and haſtened to the place where his critical aſſociates had aſſembled. They hurried away to the theatre, full of malignity and denunciations againſt a man whoſe name they had never heard, and a performance which they could not underſtand; for they were reſolved to judge for themſelves, and would not ſuffer the town to be impoſed upon by ſcribblers. In the pit, they exerted themſelves with great ſpirit and vivacity; called out for the tunes of

obſcene

obſcene ſongs, talked loudly at intervals of *Shakeſpeare* and *Johnſon*, played on their catcals a ſhort prelude of terror, clamoured vehemently for the prologue, and clapped with great dexterity at the firſt entrance of the players.

Two ſcenes they heard without attempting interruption; but being no longer able to reſtrain their impatience, they then began to exert themſelves in groans and hiſſes, and plied their catcals with inceſſant diligence; ſo that they were ſoon conſidered by the audience as diſturbers of the houſe, and ſome who ſat near them, either provoked at the obſtruction of their entertainment, or deſirous to preſerve the author from the mortification of ſeeing his hopes deſtroyed by children, ſnatched away their inſtruments of criticiſm, and by the ſeaſonable vibration of a ſtick, ſubdued them inſtantaneouſly to decency and ſilence.

To exhilarate themſelves after this vexatious defeat, they poſted to a tavern, where they recovered their alacrity, and after two hours of obſtreperous jollity, burſt out big with enterpriſe, and panting for ſome occaſions to ſignalize their proweſs. They proceeded vigorouſly through two ſtreets, and with very little oppoſition diſperſed a rabble of drunkards leſs daring than themſelves, then rolled two watchmen in the kennel, and broke the windows of a tavern in which the fugitives took ſhelter. At laſt it was determined to march up to a row of chairs, and demoliſh them for ſtanding on the pavement; the chairmen formed a line of battle, and blows were exchanged for a time with equal courage on both ſides. At laſt the aſſailants were overpowered, and the chairmen, when they knew their captives, brought them home by force.

The

The young gentleman, next morning, hung his head, and was so much ashamed of his outrages and defeat, that perhaps he might have been checked in his first follies, had not his mother, partly in pity of his dejection, and partly in approbation of his spirit, relieved him from his perplexity by paying the damages privately, and discouraging all animadversion and reproof.

This indulgence could not wholly preserve him from the remembrance of his disgrace, nor at once restore his confidence and elation. He was for three days silent, modest, and compliant, and thought himself neither too wise for instruction, nor too manly for restraint. But his levity overcame this salutary sorrow; he began to talk with his former raptures of masquerades, taverns, and frolicks; blustered when his wig was not combed with exactness; and threatened destruction to a tailor who had mistaken his directions about the pocket.

I knew that he was now rising again above controul, and that this inflation of spirits would burst out into some mischievous absurdity. I therefore watched him with great attention; but one evening, having attended his mother at a visit, he withdrew himself, unsuspected, while the company was engaged at cards. His vivacity and officiousness were soon missed, and his return impatiently expected; supper was delayed, and conversation suspended; every coach that rattled through the street was expected to bring him, and every servant that entered the room was examined concerning his departure. At last the lady returned home, and was with great difficulty preserved from fits by spirits and cordials. The family was dispatched a thousand ways without success, and the house

houſe was filled with diſtraction, till, as we were deliberating what further meaſures to take, he returned from a petty gaming-table, with his coat torn, and his head broken; without his ſword, ſnuff-box, ſleeve-buttons, and watch.

Of this loſs or robbery, he gave little account; but, inſtead of ſinking into his former ſhame, endeavoured to ſupport himſelf by ſurlineſs and aſperity. "He was not the firſt that had played away a few "trifles, and of what uſe were birth and fortune if "they would not admit ſome fallies and expences?" His mamma was ſo much provoked by the coſt of this prank, that ſhe would neither palliate nor conceal it; and his father, after ſome threats of ruſtication which his fondneſs would not ſuffer him to execute, reduced the allowance of his pocket, that he might not be tempted by plenty to profuſion. This method would have ſucceeded in a place where there are no panders to folly and extravagance, but was now likely to have produced pernicious conſequences; for we have diſcovered a treaty with a broker, whoſe daughter he ſeems diſpoſed to marry, on condition that he ſhall be ſupplied with preſent money, for which he is to repay thrice the value at the death of his father.

There was now no time to be loſt. A domeſtick conſultation was immediately held, and he was doomed to paſs two years in the country; but his mother, touched with his tears, declared, that ſhe thought him too much of a man to be any longer confined to his book, and he therefore begins his travels to-morrow under a *French* governor.

I am, SIR, &c.

EUMATHES.

NUMB. 196. SATURDAY, *February* 1, 1752.

Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum
Multa recedentes adimunt.—— HOR.

The bleſſings flowing in with life's full tide,
Down with our ebb of life decreaſing glide. FRANCIS.

BAXTER, in the narrative of his own life, has enumerated ſeveral opinions, which though he thought them evident and inconteſtable at his firſt entrance into the world, time and experience diſpoſed him to change.

Whoever reviews the ſtate of his own mind from the dawn of manhood to its decline, and conſiders what he purſued or dreaded, ſlighted or eſteemed at different periods of his age, will have no reaſon to imagine ſuch changes of ſentiment peculiar to any ſtation or character. Every man, however careleſs and inattentive, has conviction forced upon him: the lectures of time obtrude themſelves upon the moſt unwilling or diſſipated auditor; and, by comparing our paſt with our preſent thoughts, we perceive that we have changed our minds, though perhaps we cannot diſcover when the alteration happened, or by what cauſes it was produced.

This revolution of ſentiments occaſions a perpetual conteſt between the old and young. They who imagine themſelves entitled to veneration by the prerogative of longer life, are inclined to treat the notions of thoſe whoſe conduct they ſuperintend with ſupercilioufneſs and contempt, for want of conſidering that the future and the paſt have different appearances; that the diſproportion will always be great between expectation and enjoyment, between new

new poſſeſſion and fatiety; that the truth of many maxims of age, gives too little pleaſure to be allowed till it is felt; and that the miſeries of life would be encreaſed beyond all human power of endurance, if we were to enter the world with the ſame opinions as we carry from it.

We naturally indulge thoſe ideas that pleaſe us. Hope will predominate in every mind, till it has been ſuppreſſed by frequent diſappointments. The youth has not yet diſcovered how many evils are continually hovering about us, and when he is ſet free from the ſhackles of diſcipline, looks abroad into the world with rapture; he ſees an elyſian region open before him, ſo variegated with beauty, and ſo ſtored with pleaſure, that his care is rather to accumulate good, than to ſhun evil; he ſtands diſtracted by different forms of delight, and has no other doubt than which path to follow of thoſe which all lead equally to the bowers of happineſs.

He who has ſeen only the ſuperficies of life believes every thing to be what it appears, and rarely ſuſpects that external ſplendour conceals any latent ſorrow or vexation. He never imagines that there may be greatneſs without ſafety, affluence without content, jollity without friendſhip, and ſolitude without peace. He fancies himſelf permitted to cull the bleſſings of every condition, and to leave its inconveniencies to the idle and the ignorant. He is inclined to believe no man miſerable but by his own fault, and ſeldom looks with much pity upon failings or miſcarriages, becauſe he thinks them willingly admitted, or negligently incurred.

It is impoſſible, without pity and contempt, to hear a youth of generous ſentiments and warm imagination, declaring in the moment of openneſs

and confidence his defigns and expectations; becaufe long life is poffible, he confiders it as certain, and therefore promifes himfelf all the changes of happinefs, and provides gratifications for every defire. He is, for a time, to give himfelf wholly to frolick and diverfion, to range the world in fearch of pleafure, to delight every eye, to gain every heart, and to be celebrated equally for his pleafing levities and folid attainments, his deep reflections and his fparkling repartees. He then elevates his views to nobler enjoyments, and finds all the fcattered excellencies of the female world united in a woman, who prefers his addreffes to wealth and titles; he is afterwards to engage in bufinefs, to diffipate difficulty, and overpower oppofition; to climb by the mere force of merit to fame and greatnefs; and reward all thofe who countenanced his rife, or paid due regard to his early excellence. At laft he will retire in peace and honour; contract his views to domeftick pleafures; form the manners of children like himfelf; obferve how every year expands the beauty of his daughters, and how his fons catch ardour from their father's hiftory; he will give laws to the neighbourhood; dictate axioms to pofterity; and leave the world an example of wifdom and of happinefs.

With hopes like thefe, he fallies jocund into life; to little purpofe is he told, that the condition of humanity admits no pure and unmingled happinefs; that the exuberant gaiety of youth ends in poverty or difeafe; that uncommon qualifications and contrarieties of excellence, produce envy equally with applaufe; that whatever admiration and fondnefs may promife him, he muft marry a wife

wife like the wives of others, with ſome virtues and ſome faults, and be as often diſguſted by her vices, as delighted by her elegance; that if he adventures into the circle of action, he muſt expect to encounter men as artful, as daring, as reſolute as himſelf; that of his children, ſome may be deformed, and others vicious; ſome may diſgrace him by their follies, ſome offend him by their inſolence, and ſome exhauſt him by their profuſion. He hears all this with obſtinate incredulity, and wonders by what malignity old age is influenced, that it cannot forbear to fill his ears with predictions of miſery.

Among other pleaſing errors of young minds, is the opinion of their own importance. He that has not yet remarked, how little attention his contemporaries can ſpare from their own affairs, conceives all eyes turned upon himſelf, and imagines every one that approaches him to be an enemy or a follower, an admirer or a ſpy. He therefore conſiders his fame as involved in the event of every action. Many of the virtues and vices of youth proceed from this quick ſenſe of reputation. This it is that gives firmneſs and conſtancy, fidelity and diſintereſtedneſs, and it is this that kindles reſentment for ſlight injuries, and dictates all the principles of ſanguinary honour.

But as time brings him forward into the world, he ſoon diſcovers that he only ſhares fame or reproach with innumerable partners; that he is left unmarked in the obſcurity of the crowd; and that what he does, whether good or bad, ſoon gives way to new objects of regard. He then eaſily ſets himſelf free from the anxieties of reputation, and conſiders praiſe or cenſure as a tranſient breath,

which, while he hears it, is paſſing away, without any laſting miſchief or advantage.

In youth it is common to meaſure right and wrong by the opinion of the world, and in age to act without any meaſure but intereſt, and to loſe ſhame without ſubſtituting virtue.

Such is the condition of life, that ſomething is always wanting to happineſs. In youth we have warm hopes, which are ſoon blaſted by raſhneſs and negligence, and great deſigns which are defeated by inexperience. In age, we have knowledge and prudence without ſpirit to exert, or motives to prompt them; we are able to plan ſchemes, and regulate meaſures; but have not time remaining to bring them to completion.

NUMB. 197. TUESDAY, *February* 4, 1752.

Cujus vulturis hoc erit cadaver? MART.

Say, to what vulture's ſhare this carcaſe falls?

F. LEWIS

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

I BELONG to an order of mankind, conſiderable at leaſt for their number, to which your notice has never been formally extended, though equally intitled to regard with thoſe trifles who have hitherto ſupplied you with topicks of amuſement or inſtruction. I am, Mr. *Rambler*, a legacy-hunter; and as every man is willing to think well of the tribe in which his name is regiſtered, you will forgive my vanity if I remind you that the legacy-hunter, however degraded by an ill-compounded appellation

appellation in our barbarous language, was known, as I am told, in ancient *Rome*, by the ſonorous titles of *Captator* and *Hæredipeta*.

My father was an attorney in the country, who married his maſter's daughter in hopes of a fortune which he did not obtain, having been, as he afterwards diſcovered, choſen by her only becauſe ſhe had no better offer, and was afraid of ſervice. I was the firſt offſpring of a marriage thus reciprocally fraudulent, and therefore could not be expected to inherit much dignity or generoſity, and if I had them not from nature, was not likely ever to attain them; for in the years which I ſpent at home, I never heard any reaſon for action or forbearance, but that we ſhould gain money or loſe it; nor was taught any other ſtyle of commendation, than that Mr. *Sneaker* is a warm man, Mr. *Gripe* has done his buſineſs, and needs care for nobody.

My parents, though otherwiſe not great philoſophers, knew the force of early education, and took care that the blank of my underſtanding ſhould be filled with impreſſions of the value of money. My mother uſed, upon all occaſions, to inculcate ſome ſalutary axioms, ſuch as might incite me *to keep what I had, and get what I could*; ſhe informed me that we were in a world, where *all muſt catch that catch can*; and as I grew up, ſtored my memory with deeper obſervations; reſtrained me from the uſual puerile expences by remarking that *many a little made a mickle*; and, when I envied the finery of any of my neighbours, told me, that *brag was a good dog, but holdfaſt was a better*.

I was ſoon ſagacious enough to diſcover that I was not born to great wealth; and, having heard

no other name for happineſs, was ſometimes inclined to repine at my condition. But my mother always relieved me, by ſaying, that there was money enough in the family, that *it was good to be of kin to means*, that I had nothing to do but to pleaſe my friends, and I might come to hold up my head with the beſt ſquire in the country.

Theſe ſplendid expectations aroſe from our alliance to three perſons of conſiderable fortune. My mother's aunt had attended on a lady, who, when ſhe died, rewarded her officiouſneſs and fidelity with a large legacy. My father had two relations, of whom one had broken his indentures and run to ſea, from whence, after an abſence of thirty years, he returned with ten thouſand pounds; and the other had lured an heireſs out of a window, who dying of her firſt child, had left him her eſtate, on which he lived without any other care than to collect his rents, and preſerve from poachers that game which he could not kill himſelf.

Theſe hoarders of money were viſited and courted by all who had any pretence to approach them, and received preſents and compliments from couſins who could ſcarcely tell the degree of their relation. But we had peculiar advantages which encouraged us to hope, that we ſhould by degrees ſupplant our competitors. My father, by his profeſſion, made himſelf neceſſary in their affairs; for the ſailor and the chambermaid, he inquired out mortgages and ſecurities, and wrote bonds and contracts; and had endeared himſelf to the old woman, who once raſhly lent an hundred pounds without conſulting him, by informing her, that her debtor was on the point of bankruptcy, and poſting

ſo

ſo expeditiouſly with an execution, that all the other creditors were defrauded.

To the ſquire he was a kind of ſteward, and had diſtinguiſhed himſelf in his office by his addreſs in raiſing the rents, his inflexibility in diſtreſſing the tardy tenants, and his acuteneſs in ſetting the pariſh free from burthenſome inhabitants, by ſhifting them off to ſome other ſettlement.

Buſineſs made frequent attendance neceſſary; truſt ſoon produced intimacy; and ſucceſs gave a claim to kindneſs; ſo that we had opportunity to practiſe all the arts of flattery and endearment. My mother, who could not ſupport the thought of loſing any thing, determined, that all their fortunes ſhould centre in me; and, in the proſecution of her ſchemes, took care to inform me that *nothing coſt leſs than good words*, and that it is comfortable to leap into an eſtate which another has got.

She trained me by theſe precepts to the utmoſt ductility of obedience, and the cloſeſt attention to profit. At an age when other boys are ſporting in the fields, or murmuring in the ſchool, I was contriving ſome new method of paying my court; inquiring the age of my future benefactors; or conſidering how I ſhould employ their legacies.

If our eagerneſs of money could have been ſatisfied with the poſſeſſions of any one of my relations, they might perhaps have been obtained; but as it was impoſſible to be always preſent with all three, our competitors were buſy to efface any trace of affection which we might have left behind; and ſince there was not, on any part, ſuch ſuperiority of merit as could enforce a conſtant and unſhaken preference, whoever was the laſt

that flattered or obliged had, for a time, the afcendant.

My relations maintained a regular exchange of courtefy, took care to mifs no occafion of condolence or congratulation, and fent prefents at ftated times, but had in their hearts not much efteem for one another. The feaman looked with contempt upon the fquire as a milkfop and a landman, who had lived without knowing the points of the compafs, or feeing any part of the world beyond the county-town; and whenever they met, would talk of longitude and latitude, and circles and tropicks, would fcarcely tell him the hour without fome mention of the horizon and meridian, nor fhew him the news without detecting his ignorance of the fituation of other countries.

The fquire confidered the failor as a rude uncultivated favage, with little more of human than his form, and diverted himfelf with his ignorance of all common objects and affairs; when he could perfuade him to go into the field, he always expofed him to the fportfmen, by fending him to look for game in improper places; and once prevailed upon him to be prefent at the races, only that he might fhow the gentlemen how a failor fat upon a horfe.

The old gentlewoman thought herfelf wifer than both, for fhe lived with no fervant but a maid, and faved her money. The others were indeed fufficiently frugal; but the fquire could not live without dogs and horfes, and the failor never fuffered the day to pafs but over a bowl of punch, to which, as he was not critical in the choice of his company, every man was welcome that could roar out a catch, or tell a ftory.

All

All these, however, I was to please; an arduous task; but what will not youth and avarice undertake? I had an unresisting suppleness of temper, and an unsatiable wish for riches; I was perpetually instigated by the ambition of my parents, and assisted occasionally by their instructions. What these advantages enabled me to perform, shall be told in the next letter of,

Yours, &c.

CAPTATOR.

NUMB. 198. SATURDAY, *February* 8, 1752.

Nil mihi das vivus, dicis post fata daturum,
Si non injunxis, fœnus, Maro, quid cupiam. MART.

You've told me, *Maro*, whilst you live,
You'd not a single penny give,
But that when'er you chance to die,
You'd leave a handsome legacy:
You must be mad beyond redress,
If my next wish you cannot guess. F. LEWIS.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

YOU, who must have observed the inclination which almost every man, however unactive or insignificant, discovers of representing his life as distinguished by extraordinary events, will not wonder that *Captator* thinks his narrative important enough to be continued. Nothing is more common than for those to tease their companions with their history, who have neither done nor suffered any thing that can excite curiosity or afford instruction.

As I was taught to flatter with the firſt eſſays of ſpeech, and had very early loſt every other paſſion in the deſire of money, I began my purſuit with omens of ſucceſs; for I divided my officiouſneſs ſo judiciouſly among my relations, that I was equally the favourite of all. When any of them entered the door, I went to welcome him with raptures; when he went away, I hung down my head, and ſometimes intreated to go with him with ſo much importunity, that I very narrowly eſcaped a conſent which I dreaded in my heart. When at an annual entertainment they were all together, I had a harder taſk; but plied them ſo impartially with careſſes, that none could charge me with neglect; and when they were wearied with my fondneſs and civilities, I was always diſmiſſed with money to buy playthings.

Life cannot be kept at a ſtand; the years of innocence and prattle were ſoon at an end, and other qualifications were neceſſary to recommend me to continuance of kindneſs. It luckily happened that none of my friends had high notions of book-learning. The ſailor hated to ſee tall boys ſhut up in a ſchool, when they might more properly be ſeeing the world, and making their fortunes; and was of opinion, that when the firſt rules of arithmetick were known, all that was neceſſary to make a man complete might be learned on ſhip-board. The ſquire only inſiſted, that ſo much ſcholarſhip was indiſpenſably neceſſary, as might confer ability to draw a leaſe and read the court-hands; and the old chambermaid declared loudly her contempt of books, and her opinion that they only took the head off the main chance.

To

To unite, as well as we could, all their ſyſtems, I was bred at home. Each was taught to believe, that I followed his directions, and I gained likewiſe, as my mother obſerved, this advantage, that I was always in the way; for ſhe had known many favourite children ſent to ſchools or academies, and forgotten.

As I grew fitter to be truſted to my own diſcretion, I was often diſpatched upon various pretences to viſit my relations, with directions from my parents how to ingratiate myſelf, and drive away competitors.

I was, from my infancy, conſidered by the ſailor as a promiſing genius, becauſe I liked punch better than wine; and I took care to improve this prepoſſeſſion by continual enquiries about the art of navigation, the degree of heat and cold in different climates, the profits of trade, and the dangers of ſhipwreck. I admired the courage of the ſeamen, and gained his heart by importuning him for a recital of his adventures, and a ſight of his foreign curioſities. I liſtened with an appearance of cloſe attention to ſtories which I could already repeat, and at the cloſe never failed to expreſs my reſolution to viſit diſtant countries, and my contempt of the cowards and drones that ſpend all their lives in their native pariſh; though I had in reality no deſire of any thing but money, nor ever felt the ſtimulations of curioſity or ardour of adventure, but would contentedly have paſſed the years of *Neſtor* in receiving rents and lending upon mortgages.

The ſquire I was able to pleaſe with leſs hypocriſy, for I really thought it pleaſant enough to kill the game and eat it. Some arts of falſehood, however,

ever, the *hunger of gold* perſuaded me to practiſe, by which, though no other miſchief was produced, the purity of my thoughts was vitiated, and the reverence for truth gradually deſtroyed. I ſometimes purchaſed fiſh, and pretended to have caught them; I hired the countrymen to ſhew me partridges, and then gave my uncle intelligence of their haunt; I learned the feats of hares at night, and diſcovered them in the morning with ſagacity that raiſed the wonder and envy of old ſportſmen. One only obſtruction to the advancement of my reputation I could never fully ſurmount; I was naturally a coward, and was therefore always left ſhamefully behind, when there was a neceſſity to leap a hedge, to ſwim a river, or force the horſes to their utmoſt ſpeed; but as theſe exigencies did not frequently happen, I maintained my honour with ſufficient ſucceſs, and was never left out of a hunting party.

The old chambermaid was not ſo certainly, nor ſo eaſily pleaſed, for ſhe had no predominant paſſion but avarice, and was therefore cold and inacceſſible. She had no conception of any virtue in a young man but that of ſaving his money. When ſhe heard of my exploits in the field, ſhe would ſhake her head, inquire how much I ſhould be the richer for all my performances, and lament that ſuch ſums ſhould be ſpent upon dogs and horſes. If the ſailor told her of my inclination to travel, ſhe was ſure there was no place like *England*, and could not imagine why any man that can live in his own country ſhould leave it. This ſullen and frigid being I found means however to propitiate by frequent commendations of frugality, and perpetual care to avoid expence.

From

From the ſailor was our firſt and moſt conſiderable expectation; for he was richer than the chambermaid, and older than the ſquire. He was ſo awkward and baſhful among women, that we concluded him ſecure from matrimony; and the noiſy fondneſs with which he uſed to welcome me to his houſe, made us imagine that he would look out for no other heir, and that we had nothing to do but wait patiently for his death. But in the midſt of our triumph, my uncle ſaluted us one morning with a cry of tranſport, and clapping his hand hard on my ſhoulder, told me, I was a happy fellow to have a friend like him in the world, for he came to fit me out for a voyage with one of his old acquaintances. I turned pale and trembled; my father told him, that he believed my conſtitution not fitted to the ſea; and my mother burſting into tears, cried out, that her heart would break if ſhe loſt me. All this had no effect; the ſailor was wholly inſuſceptive of the ſofter paſſions, and, without regard to tears or arguments, perſiſted in his reſolution to make me a man.

We were obliged to comply in appearance, and preparations were accordingly made. I took leave of my friends with great alacrity, proclaimed the beneficence of my uncle with the higheſt ſtrains of gratitude, and rejoiced at the opportunity now put into my hands of gratifying my thirſt of knowledge. But a week before the day appointed for my departure I fell ſick by my mother's direction, and refuſed all food but what ſhe privately brought me; whenever my uncle viſited me I was lethargick or delirious, but took care in my raving fits to talk inceſſantly of travel and merchandize. The room was kept dark; the table was filled with vials

vials and gallipots; my mother was with difficulty perſuaded not to endanger her life with nocturnal attendance; my father lamented the loſs of the profits of the voyage; and ſuch ſuperfluity of artifices was employed, as perhaps might have diſcovered the cheat to a man of penetration. But the ſailor, unacquainted with ſubtilties and ſtratagems, was eaſily deluded; and as the ſhip could not ſtay for my recovery, ſold the cargo, and left me to re-eſtabliſh my health at leiſure.

I was ſent to regain my fleſh in a purer air, leſt it ſhould appear never to have been waſted, and in two months returned to deplore my diſappointment. My uncle pitied my dejection, and bid me prepare myſelf againſt next year, for no land lubber ſhould touch his money.

A reprieve however was obtained, and perhaps ſome new ſtratagem might have ſucceeded another ſpring; but my uncle unhappily made amorous advances to my mother's maid, who, to promote ſo advantageous a match, diſcovered the ſecret, with which only ſhe had been intruſted. He ſtormed and raved, and declaring that he would have heirs of his own, and not give his ſubſtance to cheats and cowards, married the girl in two days, and has now four children.

Cowardice is always ſcorned, and deceit univerſally deteſted: I found my friends, if not wholly alienated, at leaſt cooled in their affection; the ſquire, though he did not wholly diſcard me, was leſs fond, and often inquired when I would go to ſea. I was obliged to bear his inſults, and endeavoured to rekindle his kindneſs by aſſiduity and reſpect; but all my care was vain; he died without a will, and the eſtate devolved to the legal heir.

Thus

Thus has the folly of my parents condemned me to ſpend in flattery and attendance thoſe years in which I might have been qualified to place myſelf above hope or fear. I am arrived at manhood without any uſeful art or generous ſentiment; and, if the old woman ſhould likewiſe at laſt deceive me, am in danger at once of beggary and ignorance.

I am, &c.

CAPTATOR.

NUMB. 199. TUESDAY, *February* 11, 1752.

Decolor, obſcurus, vilis, non ille repexam
Ceſariem regum, nec candida virginis ornat
Colla, nec inſigni ſplendet per cingula morſu;
Sed nova ſi nigri videas miracula ſaxi,
Tunc ſuperat pulchros cultus, & quicquid Eois
Indus littoribus rubra ſcrutatur in alga. CLAUDIANUS.

Obſcure, unpriz'd, and dark, the magnet lies,
Nor lures the ſearch of avaricious eyes,
Nor binds the neck, nor ſparkles in the hair,
Nor dignifies the great, nor decks the fair.
But ſearch the wonders of the duſky ſtone,
And own all glories of the mine outdone,
Each grace of form, each ornament of ſtate,
That decks the fair, or dignifies the great.

To the RAMBLER.

SIR,

THOUGH you have ſeldom digreſſed from moral ſubjects, I ſuppoſe you are not ſo rigorous or cynical as to deny the value or uſefulneſs of natural philoſophy; or to have lived in this

this age of inquiry and experiment, without any attention to the wonders every day produced by the pokers of magnetiſm and the wheels of electricity. At leaſt, I may be allowed to hope that, ſince nothing is more contrary to moral excellence than envy, you will not refuſe to promote the happineſs of others, merely becauſe you cannot partake of their enjoyments.

In confidence, therefore, that your ignorance has not made you an enemy to knowledge, I offer you the honour of introducing to the notice of the publick, an adept, who having long laboured for the benefit of mankind, is not willing, like too many of his predeceſſors, to conceal his ſecrets in the grave.

Many have ſignalized themſelves by melting their eſtates in crucibles. I was born to no fortune, and therefore had only my mind and body to devote to knowledge, and the gratitude of poſterity will atteſt, that neither mind nor body have been ſpared. I have ſat whole weeks without ſleep by the ſide of an athanor, to watch the moment of projection; I have made the firſt experiment in nineteen diving engines of new conſtruction; I have fallen eleven times ſpeechleſs under the ſhock of electricity; I have twice diſlocated my limbs, and once fractured my ſkull, in eſſaying to fly; and four times endangered my life by ſubmitting to the tranſuſion of blood.

In the firſt period of my ſtudies, I exerted the powers of my body more than thoſe of my mind, and was not without hopes that fame might be purchaſed by a few broken bones without the toil of thinking; but having been ſhattered by ſome violent experiments, and conſtrained to confine

fine myself to my books, I paſſed ſix and thirty years in ſearching the treaſures of ancient wiſdom, but am at laſt amply recompenſed for all my perſeverance.

The curioſity of the preſent race of philoſophers, having been long exerciſed upon electricity, has been lately transferred to magnetiſm; the qualities of the loadſtone have been inveſtigated, if not with much advantage, yet with great applauſe; and as the higheſt praiſe of art is to imitate nature, I hope no man will think the makers of artificial magnets celebrated or reverenced above their deſerts.

I have for ſome time employed myſelf in the ſame practice, but with deeper knowledge and more extenſive views. While my contemporaries were touching needles and raiſing weights, or buſying themſelves with inclination and variation, I have been examining thoſe qualities of magnetiſm which may be applied to the accomodation and happineſs of common life. I have left to inferior underſtandings the care of conducting the ſailor through the hazards of the ocean, and reſerved to myſelf the more difficult and illuſtrious province of preſerving the connubial compact from violation, and ſetting mankind free for ever from the danger of ſuppoſititious children, and the torments of fruitleſs vigilance and anxious ſuſpicion.

To defraud any man of his due praiſe is unworthy of a philoſopher; I ſhall therefore openly confeſs, that I owe the firſt hint of this inſtimable ſecret to the Rabbi *Abraham Ben Hannaſe*, who, in his treatiſe of precious ſtones, has left this account of the magnet: הקאלאמיטא, &c.

" The

"The calamita, or loadſtone that attracts iron, "produces many bad fantaſies in man. Women "fly from this ſtone. If therefore any huſband "be diſturbed with jealouſy, and fear leſt his wife "converſes with other men, let him lay this ſtone "upon her while ſhe is aſleep. If ſhe be pure, ſhe "will, when ſhe wakes, claſp her huſband fondly "in her arms; but if ſhe be guilty, ſhe will fall out "of bed, and run away."

When firſt I read this wonderful paſſage, I could not eaſily conceive why it had remained hitherto unregarded in ſuch a zealous competition for magnetical fame. It would ſurely be unjuſt to ſuſpect that any of the candidates are ſtrangers to the name or works of Rabbi *Abraham*, or to conclude, from a late edict of the royal ſociety in favour of the *Engliſh* language, that philoſophy and literature are no longer to act in concert. Yet, how ſhould a quality ſo uſeful eſcape promulgation but by the obſcurity of the language in which it was delivered? Why are footmen and chambermaids paid on every ſide for keeping ſecrets which no caution nor expence could ſecure from the all-penetrating magnet? Or, why are ſo many witneſſes ſummoned, and ſo many artifices practiſed, to diſcover what ſo eaſy an experiment would infallibly reveal?

Full of this perplexity, I read the lines of *Abraham* to a friend, who adviſed me not to expoſe my life by a mad indulgence of the love of fame; he warned me by the fate of *Orpheus*, that knowledge or genius could give no protection to the invader of female prerogatives; aſſured me that neither the armour of *Achilles*, nor the antidote of *Mithridates*, would be able to preſerve me; and counſelled me,

if

if I could not live without renown, to attempt the acquiſition of univerſal empire, in which the honour would perhaps be equal and the danger certainly be leſs.

I, a ſolitary ſtudent, pretend not to much knowledge of the world, but am unwilling to think it ſo generally corrupt, as that a ſcheme for the detection of incontinence ſhould bring any danger upon its inventor. My friend has indeed told me, that all the women will be my enemies, and that however I flatter myſelf with hopes of defence from the men, I ſhall certainly find myſelf deſerted in the hour of danger. Of the young men, ſaid he, ſome will be afraid of ſharing the diſgrace of their mothers, and ſome the danger of their miſtreſſes; of thoſe who are married, part are already convinced of the falſehood of their wives, and part ſhut their eyes to avoid conviction; few ever ſought for virtue in marriage, and therefore few will try whether they have found it. Almoſt every man is careleſs or timorous, and to truſt is eaſier and ſafer than to examine.

Theſe obſervations diſcouraged me, till I began to conſider what reception I was likely to find among the ladies, whom I have reviewed under the three claſſes of maids, wives, and widows; and cannot but hope that I may obtain ſome countenance among them. The ſingle ladies I ſuppoſe univerſally ready to patroniſe my method, by which connubial wickedneſs may be detected, ſince no woman marries with a previous deſign to be unfaithful to her huſband. And to keep them ſteady in my cauſe, I promiſe never to ſell one of my magnets to a man who ſteals a girl from ſchool; marries a woman forty years younger than himſelf;

or

or employs the authority of parents to obtain a wife without her own consent.

Among the married ladies, notwithstanding the insinuations of slander, I yet resolve to believe, that the greater part are my friends, and am at least convinced, that they who demand the test, and appear on my side, will supply, by their spirit, the deficiency of their numbers, and that their enemies will shrink and quake at the sight of a magnet, as the slaves of *Scythia* fled from the scourge.

The widows will be confederated in my favour by their curiosity, if not by their virtue; for it may be observed, that women who have outlived their husbands, always think themselves entitled to superintend the conduct of young wives; and as they are themselves in no danger from this magnetick trial, I shall expect them to be eminently and unanimously zealous in recommending it.

With these hopes I shall, in a short time, offer to sale magnets armed with a particular metallick composition, which concentrates their virtue, and determines their agency. It is known that the efficacy of the magnet, in common operations, depends much upon its armature, and it cannot be imagined, that a stone, naked or cased only in the common manner, will discover the virtues ascribed to it by Rabbi *Abraham*. The secret of this metal I shall carefully conceal, and, therefore, am not afraid of imitators, nor shall trouble the offices with solicitation for a patent.

I shall sell them of different sizes and various degrees of strength. I have some of a bulk proper to be hung at the bed's head, as scare-crows, and some

ſome ſo ſmall that they may be eaſily concealed. Some I have ground into oval forms to be hung at watches; and ſome, for the curious, I have ſet in wedding-rings, that ladies may never want an atteſtation of their innocence. Some I can produce ſo ſluggiſh and inert, that they will not act before the third failure; and others ſo vigorous and animated, that they exert their influence againſt unlawful wiſhes, if they have been willingly and deliberately indulged. As it is my practice honeſtly to tell my cuſtomers the properties of my magnets, I can judge by their choice of the delicacy of their ſentiments. Many have been contented to ſpare coſt by purchaſing only the loweſt degree of efficacy, and all have ſtarted with terror from thoſe which operate upon the thoughts. One young lady only fitted on a ring of the ſtrongeſt energy, and declared that ſhe ſcorned to ſeparate her wiſhes from her acts, or allow herſelf to think what ſhe was forbidden to practiſe.

I am, &c.

HERMETICUS.

NUMB. 200. SATURDAY, *February* 15, 1752.

Nemo petit modicis quæ mittebantur amicis
A Seneca, quæ Piſo bonus, quæ Cotta ſolebat
Largiri, nempe et titulis et facibus olim
Major habebatur donandi gloria; ſolum
Poſcimus ut cænes civiliter; hoc face, et eſto
Eſto, ut nunc multi, dives tibi, pauper amicis. Juv.

No man expects (for who ſo much a ſot
Who has the times he lives in ſo forgot?)
What *Seneca*, what *Piſo* us'd to ſend,
To raiſe, or to ſupport a ſinking friend.
Thoſe godlike men, to wanting virtue kind,
Bounty well plac'd, preferr'd, and well deſign'd,
To all their titles, all that height of pow'r,
Which turns the brains of fools, and fools alone adore.
When your poor client is condemn'd t' attend,
'Tis all we aſk, receive him as a friend:
Deſcend to this, and then we aſk no more;
Rich to yourſelf, to all beſide be poor. BOWLES.

To the RAMBLER.

Mr. RAMBLER,

SUCH is the tenderneſs or infirmity of many minds, that when any affliction oppreſſes them, they have immediate recourſe to lamentation and complaint, which though it can only be allowed reaſonable when evils admit of remedy, and then only when addreſſed to thoſe from whom the remedy is expected, yet ſeems even in hopeleſs and incurable diſtreſſes to be natural, ſince thoſe by whom it is not indulged, imagine that they give a proof of extraordinary fortitude by ſuppreſſing it.

I am one of thoſe who, with the *Sancho* of *Cervantes*, leave to higher characters the merit of

ſuffering in ſilence, and give vent without ſcruple to any ſorrow that ſwells in my heart. It is therefore to me a ſevere aggravation of a calamity, when it is ſuch as in the common opinion will not juſtify the acerbity of exclamation, or ſupport the ſolemnity of vocal grief. Yet many pains are incident to a man of delicacy, which the unfeeling world cannot be perſuaded to pity, and which, when they are ſeparated from their peculiar and perſonal circumſtances, will never be conſidered as important enough to claim attention or deſerve redreſs.

Of this kind will appear to groſs and vulgar apprehenſions, the miſeries which I endure in a morning viſit to *Proſpero*, a man lately raiſed to wealth by a lucky project, and too much intoxicated by ſudden elevation, or too little poliſhed by thought and converſation, to enjoy his preſent fortune with elegance and decency.

We ſet out in the world together; and for a long time mutually aſſiſted each other in our exigencies, as either happened to have money or influence beyond his immediate neceſſities. You know that nothing generally endears men ſo much as participation of dangers and misfortunes; I therefore always conſidered *Proſpero* as united with me in the ſtrongeſt league of kindneſs, and imagined that our friendſhip was only to be broken by the hand of death. I felt at his ſudden ſhoot of ſucceſs an honeſt and diſintereſted joy; but as I want no part of his ſuperfluities, am not willing to deſcend from that equality in which we hitherto have lived.

Our intimacy was regarded by me as a diſpenſation from ceremonial viſits; and it was ſo long before I ſaw him at his new houſe, that he gently com-

plained of my neglect, and obliged me to come on a day appointed. I kept my promise, but found that the impatience of my friend arose not from any desire to communicate his happiness, but to enjoy his superiority.

When I told my name at the door, the footman went to see if his master was at home, and, by the tardiness of his return, gave me reason to suspect that time was taken to deliberate. He then informed me, that *Prospero* desired my company, and showed the staircase carefully secured by mats from the pollution of my feet. The best apartments were ostentatiously set open, that I might have a distant view of the magnificence which I was not permitted to approach; and my old friend receiving me with all the insolence of condescension at the top of the stairs, conducted me to a back room where he told me he always breakfasted when he had not great company.

On the floor where we sat, lay a carpet covered with a cloth, of which *Prospero* ordered his servant to lift up the corner, that I might contemplate the brightness of the colours and the elegance of the texture, and asked me whether I had ever seen any thing so fine before; I did not gratify his folly with any outcries of admiration, but coldly bad the footman let down the cloth.

We then sat down, and I began to hope that pride was glutted with persecution, when *Prospero* desired that I would give the servant leave to adjust the cover of my chair, which was slipt a little aside to show the damask; he informed me that he had bespoke ordinary chairs for common use, but had been disappointed by his tradesman. I put the chair aside with my foot, and drew another so hastily,

haſtily, that I was entreated not to rumple the carpet.

Breakfaſt was at laſt ſet, and as I was not willing to indulge the peeviſhneſs that began to ſeize me, I commended the tea; *Proſpero* then told me, that another time I ſhould taſte his fineſt ſort, but that he had only a very ſmall quantity remaining, and reſerved it for thoſe whom he thought himſelf obliged to treat with particular reſpect.

While we were converſing upon ſuch ſubjects as imagination happened to ſuggeſt, he frequently digreſſed into directions to the ſervant that waited, or made a ſlight enquiry after the jeweller or ſilverſmith; and once, as I was purſuing an argument with ſome degree of earneſtneſs, he ſtarted from his poſture of attention, and ordered, that if lord *Lofty* called on him that morning, he ſhould be ſhewn into the beſt parlour.

My patience was not yet wholly ſubdued. I was willing to promote his ſatisfaction, and therefore obſerved, that the figures on the china were eminently pretty. *Proſpero* had now an opportunity of calling for his *Dreſden* china, which, ſays he, I always aſſociate with my chaſed tea-kettle. The cups were brought; I once reſolved not to have looked upon them, but my curioſity prevailed. When I had examined them a little, *Proſpero* deſired me to ſet them down, for they who were accuſtomed only to common diſhes, ſeldom handled china with much care. You will, I hope, commend my philoſophy, when I tell you that I did not daſh his baubles to the ground.

He was now ſo much elevated with his own greatneſs, that he thought ſome humility neceſſary

to avert the glance of envy, and therefore told me, with an air of ſoft compoſure, that I was not to eſtimate life by external appearance, that all theſe ſhining acquiſitions had added little to his happineſs, that he ſtill remembered with pleaſure the days in which he and I were upon the level, and had often, in the moment of reflection, been doubtful, whether he ſhould loſe much by changing his condition for mine.

I began now to be afraid leſt his pride ſhould, by ſilence and ſubmiſſion, be emboldened to inſults that could not eaſily be borne, and therefore cooly conſidered, how I ſhould repreſs it without ſuch bitterneſs of reproof as I was yet unwilling to uſe. But he interrupted my meditation, by aſking leave to be dreſſed, and told me, that he had promiſed to attend ſome ladies in the park, and, if I was going the ſame way, would take me in his chariot. I had no inclination to any other favours, and therefore left him without any intention of ſeeing him again, unleſs ſome misfortune ſhould reſtore his underſtanding.

I am, &c.

ASPER.

Though I am not wholly inſenſible of the provocations which my correſpondent has received, I cannot altogether commend the keenneſs of his reſentment, nor encourage him to perſiſt in his reſolution of breaking off all commerce with his old acquaintance. One of the golden precepts of *Pythagoras* directs, that *a friend ſhould not be hated for little faults*; and ſurely, he, upon whom nothing worſe can be charged, than that he mats his ſtairs, and covers his carpet, and ſets out his finery to ſhow before

before thoſe whom he does not admit to uſe it, has yet committed nothing that ſhould exclude him from common degrees of kindneſs. Such improprieties often proceed rather from ſtupidity than malice. Thoſe who thus ſhine only to dazzle, are influenced merely by cuſtom and example, and neither examine, nor are qualified to examine, the motives of their own practice, or to ſtate the nice limits between elegance and oſtentation. They are often innocent of the pain which their vanity produces, and inſult others when they have no worſe purpoſe than to pleaſe themſelves.

He that too much refines his delicacy will always endanger his quiet. Of thoſe with whom nature and virtue oblige us to converſe, ſome are ignorant of the arts of pleaſing, and offend when they deſign to careſs; ſome are negligent, and gratify themſelves without regard to the quiet of another; ſome, perhaps, are malicious, and feel no greater ſatisfaction in proſperity, than that of raiſing envy and trampling inferiority. But whatever be the motive of inſult, it is always beſt to overlook it, for folly ſcarcely can deſerve reſentment, and malice is puniſhed by neglect.

NUMB. 201. TUESDAY, *February* 18, 1752.

——Sanctus haberi
Promiſſique tenax dictis factiſque mereris?
Agnoſco procerem. JUV.

Convince the world that you're devout and true,
Be juſt in all you ſay, and all you do;
Whatever be your birth, you're ſure to be
A peer of the firſt magnitude to me. STEPNEY.

BOYLE has obſerved, that the excellency of manufactures, and the facility of labour, would be much promoted, if the various expedients and contrivances which lie concealed in private hands, were by reciprocal communications made generally known; for there are few operations that are not performed by one or other with ſome peculiar advantages, which though ſingly of little importance, would by conjunction and concurrence open new inlets to knowledge, and give new powers to diligence.

There are, in like manner, ſeveral moral excellencies diſtributed among the different claſſes of a community. It was ſaid by *Cujacius*, that he never read more than one book, by which he was not inſtructed; and he that ſhall enquire after virtue with ardour and attention, will ſeldom find a man by whoſe example or ſentiments he may not be improved.

Every profeſſion has ſome eſſential and appropriate virtue, without which there can be no hope of honour or ſucceſs, and which, as it is more or leſs cultivated, confers within its ſphere of activity different degrees of merit and reputation. As the aſtrologers range the ſubdiviſions of mankind under the

the planets which they ſuppoſe to influence their lives, the moraliſt may diſtribute them according to the virtues which they neceſſarily practiſe, and conſider them as diſtinguiſhed by prudence or fortitude, diligence or patience.

So much are the modes of excellence ſettled by time and place, that men may be heard boaſting in one ſtreet of that which they would anxiouſly conceal in another. The grounds of ſcorn and eſteem, the topicks of praiſe and ſatire, are varied according to the ſeveral virtues or vices which the courſe of life has diſpoſed men to admire or abhor; but he who is ſolicitous for his own improvement, muſt not be limited by local reputation, but ſelect from every tribe of mortals their characteriſtical virtues, and conſtellate in himſelf the ſcattered graces which ſhine ſingle in other men.

The chief praiſe to which a trader aſpires is that of punctuality, or an exact and rigorous obſervance of commercial engagements; nor is there any vice of which he ſo much dreads the imputation, as of negligence and inſtability. This is a quality which the intereſt of mankind requires to be diffuſed through all the ranks of life, but which many ſeem to conſider as a vulgar and ignoble virtue, below the ambition of greatneſs or attention of wit, ſcarcely requiſite among men of gaiety and ſpirit, and ſold at its higheſt rate when it is ſacrificed to a frolick or a jeſt.

Every man has daily occaſion to remark what vexations ariſe from this privilege of deceiving one another. The active and vivacious have ſo long diſdained the reſtraints of truth, that pro-

miſes and appointments have loſt their cogency, and both parties neglect their ſtipulations, becauſe each concludes that they will be broken by the other.

Negligence is firſt admitted in ſmall affairs, and ſtrengthened by petty indulgencies. He that is not yet hardened by cuſtom, ventures not on the violation of important engagements, but thinks himſelf bound by his word in caſes of property or danger, though he allows himſelf to forget at what time he is to meet ladies in the park, or at what tavern his friends are expecting him.

This laxity of honour would be more tolerable, if it could be reſtrained to the play-houſe, the ball-room, or the card-table; yet even there it is ſufficiently troubleſome, and darkens thoſe moments with expectation, ſuſpenſe, and reſentment, which are ſet aſide for pleaſure, and from which we naturally hope for unmingled enjoyment and total relaxation. But he that ſuffers the ſlighteſt breach in his morality, can ſeldom tell what ſhall enter it, or how wide it ſhall be made; when a paſſage is open, the influx of corruption is every moment wearing down oppoſition, and by ſlow degrees deluges the heart.

Aliger entered the world a youth of lively imagination, extenſive views, and untainted principles. His curioſity incited him to range from place to place, and try all the varieties of converſation; his elegance of addreſs and fertility of ideas, gained him friends wherever he appeared; or at leaſt he found the general kindneſs of reception always ſhown to a young man whoſe birth and fortune give him a claim to notice, and who has neither by vice or folly deſtroyed his

his privileges. *Aliger* was pleafed with this general fmile of mankind, and was induſtrious to preſerve it by compliance and officiouſneſs, but did not ſuffer his deſire of pleaſing to vitiate his integrity. It was his eſtabliſhed maxim, that a promiſe is never to be broken; nor was it without long reluctance that he once ſuffered himſelf to be drawn away from a feſtal engagement by the importunity of another company.

He ſpent the evening, as is uſual, in the rudiments of vice, in perturbation and imperfect enjoyment, and met his diſappointed friends in the morning, with confuſion and excuſes. His companions, not accuſtomed to ſuch ſcrupulous anxiety, laughed at his uneaſineſs, compounded the offence for a bottle, gave him courage to break his word again, and again levied the penalty. He ventured the ſame experiment upon another ſociety, and found them equally ready to conſider it as a venial fault, always incident to a man of quickneſs and gaiety; till by degrees he began to think himſelf at liberty to follow the laſt invitation, and was no longer ſhocked at the turpitude of falſehood. He made no difficulty to promiſe his preſence at diſtant places, and if liſtleſſneſs happened to creep upon him, would ſit at home with great tranquillity, and has often ſunk to ſleep in a chair, while he held ten tables in continual expectations of his entrance.

It was ſo pleaſant to live in perpetual vacancy, that he ſoon diſmiſſed his attention as an uſeleſs incumbrance, and reſigned himſelf to careleſſneſs and diſſipation, without any regard to the future or the paſt, or any other motive of action than the impulſe of a ſudden deſire, or the attraction

of immediate pleaſure. The abſent were immediately forgotten, and the hopes or fears felt by others, had no influence upon his conduct. He was in ſpeculation completely juſt, but never kept his promiſe to a creditor; he was benevolent, but always deceived thoſe friends whom he undertook to patroniſe or aſſiſt; he was prudent, but ſuffered his affairs to be embarraſſed for want of regulating his accounts at ſtated times. He courted a young lady, and when the ſettlements were drawn, took a ramble into the country on the day appointed to ſign them. He reſolved to travel, and ſent his cheſts on ſhipboard, but delayed to follow them till he loſt his paſſage. He was ſummoned as an evidence in a cauſe of great importance, and loitered on the way till the trial was paſt. It is ſaid, that when he had, with great expence, formed an intereſt in a borough, his opponent contrived, by ſome agents, who knew his temper, to lure him away on the day of election.

His benevolence draws him into the commiſſion of a thouſand crimes, which others leſs kind or civil would eſcape. His courteſy invites application; his promiſes produce dependence; he has his pockets filled with petitions, which he intends ſome time to deliver and enforce, and his table covered with letters of requeſt, with which he purpoſes to comply; but time ſlips imperceptibly away, while he is either idle or buſy; his friends loſe their opportunities. and charge upon him their miſcarriages and calamities.

This character, however contemptible, is not peculiar to *Aliger*. They whoſe activity of imagination is often ſhifting the ſcenes of expectation,

tion, are frequently subject to such sallies of caprice as make all their actions fortuitous, destroy the value of their friendship, obstruct the efficacy of their virtues, and set them below the meanest of those that persist in their resolutions, execute what they design, and perform what they have promised.

NUMB. 202. SATURDAY, *February* 22, 1752.

Πρὸς ἅπαντα δειλὸς ἐστὶν ὁ πένης πράγματα,
Καὶ πάντας αὐτῷ καταφρονεῖν ὑπολαμβάνει.
Ὁ δὲ μετρίως πράττων περισκελέστερον
Ἅπαντα τ' ἀνιαρα, Δαμοτίμα, φέρει.

CALLIMACHUS.

From no affliction is the poor exempt;
He thinks each eye surveys him with contempt,
Unmanly poverty subdues the heart,
Cankers each wound, and sharpens ev'ry dart.

F. LEWIS.

AMONG those who have endeavoured to promote learning and rectify judgment, it has been long customary to complain of the abuse of words, which are often admitted to signify things so different, that instead of assisting the understanding as vehicles of knowledge, they produce error, dissension, and perplexity, because what is affirmed in one sense, is received in another.

If this ambiguity sometimes embarrasses the most solemn controversies, and obscures the demonstrations of science, it may well be expected to infest the pompous periods of declaimers, whose purpose is often only to amuse with fallacies, and

change the colours of truth and falſehood; or the muſical compoſitions of Poets, whoſe ſtyle is profeſſedly figurative, and whoſe art is imagined to conſiſt in diſtorting words from their original meaning.

There are few words of which the reader believes himſelf better to know the import than of *poverty*; yet whoever ſtudies either the poets or philoſophers, will find ſuch an account of the condition expreſſed by that term as his experience or obſervation will not eaſily diſcover to be true. Inſtead of the meanneſs, diſtreſs, complaint, anxiety, and dependance which have hitherto been combined in his ideas of poverty, he will read of content, innocence, and cheerfulneſs, of health and ſafety, tranquillity and freedom; of pleaſures not known but to men unencumbered with poſſeſſions; and of ſleep that ſheds his balſamick anodynes only on the cottage. Such are the bleſſings to be obtained by the reſignation of riches, that kings might deſcend from their thrones, and generals retire from a triumph, only to ſlumber undiſturbed in the elyſium of poverty.

If theſe authors do not deceive us, nothing can be more abſurd than that perpetual conteſt for wealth which keeps the world in commotion; nor any complaints more juſtly cenſured than thoſe which proceed from want of the gifts of fortune, which we are taught by the great maſters of moral wiſdom to conſider as golden ſhackles, by which the wearer is at once diſabled and adorned; as luſcious poiſons which may for a time pleaſe the palate, but ſoon betray their malignity by langour and by pain.

It

It is the great privilege of poverty to he happy unenvied, to be healthful without phyſick, and ſecure without a guard; to obtain from the bounty of nature, what the great and wealthy are compelled to procure by the help of artiſts and attendants, of flatterers and ſpies.

But it will be found, upon a nearer view, that they who extol the happineſs of poverty, do not mean the ſame ſtate with thoſe who deplore its miſeries. Poets have their imaginations filled with ideas of magnificence; and being accuſtomed to contemplate the downfal of empires, or to contrive forms of lamentations for monarchs in diſtreſs, rank all the claſſes of mankind in a ſtate of poverty, who make no approaches to the dignity of crowns. To be poor, in the epick language, is only not to command the wealth of nations, nor to have fleets and armies in pay.

Vanity has perhaps contributed to this impropriety of ſtyle. He that wiſhes to become a philoſopher at a cheap rate, eaſily gratifies his ambition by ſubmitting to poverty when he does not feel it, and by boaſting his contempt of riches, when he has already more than he enjoys. He who would ſhow the extent of his views and grandeur of his conceptions, or diſcover his acquaintance with ſplendour and magnificence, may talk like *Cowley* of an humble ſtation and quiet obſcurity, of the paucity of nature's wants, and the inconveniencies of ſuperfluity, and at laſt, like him, limit his deſires to five hundred pounds a year; a fortune indeed not exuberant when we compare it with the expences of pride and luxury, but to which it little becomes a philoſopher to affix the name of poverty, ſince no man can, with any propriety, be termed

termed poor, who does not see the greater part of mankind richer than himself.

As little is the general condition of human life understood by the panegyrists and historians, who amuse us with accounts of the poverty of heroes and sages. Riches are of no value in themselves, their use is discovered only in that which they procure. They are not coveted, unless by narrow understandings, which confound the means with the end, but for the sake of power, influence, and esteem; or, by some of less elevated and refined sentiments, as necessary to sensual enjoyment.

The pleasures of luxury, many have, without uncommon virtue, been able to despise, even when affluence and idleness have concurred to tempt them; and therefore he who feels nothing from indigence but the want of gratifications which he could not in any other condition make consistent with innocence, has given no proof of eminent patience. Esteem and influence every man desires, but they are equally pleasing and equally valuable, by whatever means they are obtained; and whoever has found the art of securing them without the help of money, ought, in reality, to be accounted rich, since he has all that riches can purchase to a wise man. *Cincinnatus*, though he lived upon a few acres, cultivated by his own hand, was sufficiently removed from all the evils generally comprehended under the name of poverty, when his reputation was such, that the voice of his country called him from his farm to take absolute command into his hand; nor was *Diogenes* much mortified by his residence in a tub, where he was honoured with the visit of *Alexander* the Great.

The

The ſame fallacy has conciliated veneration to the religious orders. When we behold a man abdicating the hope of terreſtrial poſſeſſions, and precluding himſelf by an irrevocable vow, from the purſuit and acquiſition of all that his fellow-beings conſider as worthy of wiſhes and endeavours, we are immediately ſtruck with the purity, abſtraction, and firmneſs of his mind, and regard him as wholly employed in ſecuring the intereſts of futurity, and devoid of any other care than to gain at whatever price the ſureſt paſſage to eternal reſt.

Yet, what can the votary be juſtly ſaid to have loſt of his preſent happineſs? If he reſides in a convent, he converſes only with men whoſe condition is the ſame with his own; he has from the munificence of the founder all the neceſſaries of life, and is ſafe from that *deſtitution, which* Hooker declares to be *ſuch an impediment to virtue, as, till it be removed, ſuffereth not the mind of man to admit any other care.* All temptations to envy and competition are ſhut out from his retreat; he is not pained with the ſight of unattainable dignity, nor inſulted with the bluſter of inſolence, or the ſmile of forced familiarity. If he wanders abroad, the ſanctity of his character amply compenſates all other diſtinctions; he is ſeldom ſeen but with reverence, nor heard but with ſubmiſſion.

It has been remarked, that death, though often defied in the field, ſeldom fails to terrify when it approaches the bed of ſickneſs in its natural horror; ſo poverty may eaſily be endured, while aſſociated with dignity and reputation, but will always be ſhunned and dreaded, when it is accompanied with ignominy and contempt.

NUMB. 203. TUESDAY, *February* 25, 1752.

Cum volet illa dies, quæ nil nisi corporis hujus
Jus habet, incerti spatium mihi finiat avi. OVID.

Come soon or late, death's undetermin'd day,
This mortal being only can decay. WELSTED.

IT seems to be the fate of man to seek all his consolations in futurity. The time present is seldom able to fill desire or imagination with immediate enjoyment, and we are forced to supply its deficiencies by recollection or anticipation.

Every one has so often detected the fallaciousness of hope, and the inconvenience of teaching himself to expect what a thousand accidents may preclude, that, when time has abated the confidence with which youth rushes out to take possession of the world, we endeavour, or wish, to find entertainment in the review of life, and to repose upon real facts and certain experience. This is perhaps one reason, among many, why age delights in narratives.

But so full is the world of calamity, that every source of pleasure is polluted, and every retirement of tranquillity disturbed. When time has supplied us with events sufficient to employ our thoughts, it has mingled them with so many disasters, that we shrink from their remembrance, dread their intrusion upon our minds, and fly from them as from enemies that pursue us with torture.

No man past the middle point of life can sit down to feast upon the pleasures of youth without finding the banquet embittered by the cup of sorrow; he may revive lucky accidents and pleasing extravagancies; many days of harmless frolick, or nights

nights of honeſt feſtivity, will perhaps recur; or, if he has been engaged in ſcenes of action, and acquainted with affairs of difficulty and viciſſitudes of fortune, he may enjoy the nobler pleaſure of looking back upon diſtreſs firmly ſupported, dangers reſolutely encountered, and oppoſition artfully defeated. *Æneas* properly comforts his companions, when after the horrors of a ſtorm they have landed on an unknown and deſolate country, with the hope that their miſeries will be at ſome diſtant time recounted with delight. There are few higher gratifications than that of reflection on ſurmounted evils, when they were not incurred nor protracted by our fault, and neither reproach us with cowardice nor guilt.

But this felicity is almoſt always abated by the reflection, that they, with whom we ſhould be moſt pleaſed to ſhare it, are now in the grave. A few years make ſuch havock in human generations, that we ſoon ſee ourſelves deprived of thoſe with whom we entered the world, and whom the participation of pleaſures or fatigues had endeared to our remembrance. The man of enterprize recounts his adventures and expedients, but is forced, at the cloſe of the relation, to pay a ſigh to the names of thoſe that contributed to his ſucceſs; he that paſſes his life among the gayer part of mankind, has his remembrance ſtored with remarks and repartees of wits, whoſe ſprightlineſs and merriment are now loſt in perpetual ſilence; the trader, whoſe induſtry has ſupplied the want of inheritance, repines in ſolitary plenty at the abſence of companions, with whom he had planned out amuſements for his latter years; and the ſcholar, whoſe merit, after a long ſeries of efforts, raiſes him

him from obſcurity, looks round in vain from his exaltation for his old friends or enemies, whoſe applauſe or mortification would heighten his triumph.

Among *Martial*'s requiſites to happineſs is, *Res non parta labore, ſed relicta*, an eſtate not gained by induſtry, but left by inheritance. It is neceſſary to the completion of every good, that it be timely obtained; for whatever comes at the cloſe of life will come too late to give much delight; yet all human happineſs has its defects. Of what we do not gain for ourſelves we have only a faint and imperfect fruition, becauſe we cannot compare the difference between want and poſſeſſion, or at leaſt can derive from it no conviction of our own abilities, nor any increaſe of ſelf-eſteem; what we acquire by bravery or ſcience, by mental or corporal diligence, comes at laſt when we cannot communicate, and therefore cannot enjoy it.

Thus every period of life is obliged to borrow its happineſs from the time to come. In youth we have nothing paſt to entertain us, and in age, we derive little from retroſpect but hopeleſs ſorrow. Yet the future likewiſe has its limits, which the imagination dreads to approach, but which we ſee to be not far diſtant. The loſs of our friends and companions impreſſes hourly upon us the neceſſity of our own departure: we know that the ſchemes of man are quickly at an end, that we muſt ſoon lie down in the grave with the forgotten multitudes of former ages, and yield our place to others, who, like us, ſhall be driven awhile, by hope or fear, about the ſurface of the earth, and then like us be loſt in the ſhades of death.

Beyond this termination of our material exiſtence, we are therefore obliged to extend our hopes; and

and almoſt every man indulges his imagination with ſomething, which is not to happen till he has changed his manner of being: ſome amuſe themſelves with entails and ſettlements, provide for the perpetuation of families and honours, or contrive to obviate the diſſipation of the fortunes, which it has been their buſineſs to accumulate; others, more refined or exalted, congratulate their own hearts upon the future extent of their reputation, the reverence of diſtant nations, and the gratitude of unprejudiced poſterity.

They whoſe ſouls are ſo chained down to coffers and tenements, that they cannot conceive a ſtate in which they ſhall look upon them with leſs ſolicitude, are ſeldom attentive or flexible to arguments; but the votaries of fame are capable of reflection, and, therefore, may be called to conſider the probability of their expectations.

Whether to be remembered in remote times be worthy of a wiſe man's wiſh, has not yet been ſatisfactorily decided; and, indeed, to be long remembered, can happen to ſo ſmall a number, that the bulk of mankind has very little intereſt in the queſtion. There is never room in the world for more than a certain quantity or meaſure of renown. The neceſſary buſineſs of life, the immediate pleaſures or pains of every condition, leave us not leiſure beyond a fixed proportion for contemplations which do not forcibly influence our preſent welfare. When this vacuity is filled, no characters can be admitted into the circulation of fame, but by occupying the place of ſome that muſt be thruſt into oblivion. The eye of the mind, like that of the body, can only extend its view to new objects, by loſing ſight of thoſe which are now before it.

Reputation

Reputation is therefore a meteor which blazes a while and diſappears for ever; and if we except a few tranſcendent and invincible names, which no revolution of opinion or length of time is able to ſuppreſs; all thoſe that engage our thoughts, or diverſify our converſation, are every moment haſtning to obſcurity, as new favourites are adopted by faſhion.

It is not therefore from this world, that any ray of comfort can proceed, to cheer the gloom of the laſt hour. But futurity has ſtill its proſpects; there is yet happineſs in reſerve, which, if we tranſfer our attention to it, will ſupport us in the pains of diſeaſe, and the languor of decay. This happineſs we may expect with confidence, becauſe it is out of the power of chance, and may be attained by all that ſincerely deſire and earneſtly purſue it. On this therefore every mind ought finally to reſt. Hope is the chief bleſſing of man, and that hope only is rational, of which we are certain that it cannot deceive us.

NUMB. 204. SATURDAY, *February* 29, 1752.

Nemo tam dives habuit faventes,
Craſtinum ut poſſit ſibi polliceri. SENECA.

Of heav'ns protection who can be
So confident to utter this—?
To morrow I will ſpend in bliſs. F. LEWIS.

SEGED, lord of *Ethiopia*, to the inhabitants of the world: To the ſons of *preſumption*, humility and fear; and to the daughters of *ſorrow*, content and acquieſcence.

Thus, in the twenty-ſeventh year of his reign, ſpoke *Seged*, the monarch of forty nations, the diſtributor of the waters of the *Nile*: "At "length, *Seged*, thy toils are at an end; thou haſt "reconciled diſaffection, thou haſt ſuppreſſed re-"bellion, thou haſt pacified the jealouſies of thy "courtiers, thou haſt chaſed war from thy con-"fines, and erected fortreſſes in the lands of thy "enemies. All who have offended thee tremble "in thy preſence, and wherever thy voice is "heard, it is obeyed. Thy throne is ſurrounded "by armies, numerous as the locuſts of the ſum-"mer, and reſiſtleſs as the blaſts of peſtilence. "Thy magazines are ſtored with ammunition, "thy treaſuries overflow with the tribute of con-"quered kingdoms. Plenty waves upon thy "fields, and opulence glitters in thy cities. Thy "nod is as the earthquake that ſhakes the moun-"tains, and thy ſmile as the dawn of the vernal "day. In thy hand is the ſtrength of thouſands, "and thy health is the health of millions. Thy "palace is gladdened by the ſong of praiſe, and "thy path perfumed by the breath of benedic-"tion.

"tion. Thy subjects gaze upon thy greatness, "and think of danger or misery no more. Why, "*Seged*, wilt not thou partake the blessings thou "bestowest? Why shouldst thou only forbear to "rejoice in this general felicity? Why should thy "face be clouded with anxiety, when the meanest "of those who call thee sovereign, gives the day to "festivity, and the night to peace? At length, "*Seged*, reflect and be wise. What is the gift of "conquest but safety, why are riches collected but "to purchase happiness?"

Seged then ordered the house of pleasure, built in an island of the lake *Dambea*, to be prepared for his reception. "I will retire," says he, "for "ten days from tumult and care, from counsels "and decrees. Long quiet is not the lot of the "governors of nations, but a cessation of ten days "cannot be denied me. This short interval of "happiness may surely be secured from the inter- "ruption of fear or perplexity, sorrow or disap- "pointment. I will exclude all trouble from my "abode, and remove from my thoughts what- "ever may confuse the harmony of the concert, "or abate the sweetness of the banquet. I will "fill the whole capacity of my soul with enjoy- "ment, and try what it is to live without a wish "unsatisfied."

In a few days the orders were performed, and *Seged* hasted to the palace of *Dambea*, which stood in an island cultivated only for pleasure, planted with every flower that spreads its colours to the sun, and every shrub that sheds fragrance in the air. In one part of this extensive garden, were open walks for excursions in the morning; in another, thick groves, and silent arbours, and bubbling

bling fountains for repoſe at noon. All that could ſolace the ſenſe, or flatter the fancy, all that induſtry could extort from nature, or wealth furniſh to art, all that conqueſt could ſeize, or beneficence attract, was collected together, and every perception of delight was excited and gratified.

Into this delicious region *Seged* ſummoned all the perſons of his court, who ſeemed eminently qualified to receive or communicate pleaſure. His call was readily obeyed; the young, the fair, the vivacious, and the witty, were all in haſte to be fated with felicity. They ſailed jocund over the lake, which ſeemed to ſmooth its ſurface before them: Their paſſage was cheered with muſick and their hearts dilated with expectation.

Seged landing here with his band of pleaſure, determined from that hour to break off all acquaintance with diſcontent, to give his heart for ten days to eaſe and jollity, and then fall back to the common ſtate of man, and ſuffer his life to be diverſified, as before, with joy and ſorrow.

He immediately entered his chamber, to conſider where he ſhould begin his circle of happineſs. He had all the artiſts of delight before him, but knew not whom to call, ſince he could not enjoy one, but by delaying the performance of another. He choſe and rejected, he reſolved and changed his reſolution, till his faculties were haraſſed, and his thoughts confuſed; then returned to the apartment where his preſence was expected, with languid eyes and clouded countenance, and ſpread the infection of uneaſineſs over the whole aſſembly. He obſerved their depreſſion, and was offended, for he found his vexation increaſed by thoſe whom he expected to diſſipate and relieve it.

He

He retired again to his private chamber, and fought for conſolation in his own mind; one thought flowed in upon another; a long ſucceſſion of images ſeized his attention; the moments crept imperceptibly away through the gloom of penſiveneſs, till having recovered his tranquillity, he lifted up his head and ſaw the lake brightened by the ſetting ſun. "Such," ſaid *Seged* ſighing, "is the longeſt "day of human exiſtence: before we have learned "to uſe it, we find it at an end."

The regret which he felt for the loſs of ſo great a part of his firſt day, took from him all diſpoſition to enjoy the evening; and, after having endeavoured, for the ſake of his attendants, to force an air of gaiety, and excite that mirth which he could not ſhare, he reſolved to refer his hopes to the next morning, and lay down to partake with the ſlaves of labour and poverty the bleſſing of ſleep.

He roſe early the ſecond morning, and reſolved now to be happy. He therefore fixed upon the gate of the palace an edict, importing, that whoever, during nine days, ſhould appear in the preſence of the king with dejected countenance, or utter any expreſſion of diſcontent or ſorrow, ſhould be driven for ever from the palace of *Dambea*.

This edict was immediately made known in every chamber of the court and bower of the gardens. Mirth was frighted away, and they who were before dancing in the lawns, or ſinging in the ſhades, were at once engaged in the care of regulating their looks, that *Seged* might find his will punctually obeyed, and ſee none among them liable to baniſhment.

Seged now met every face ſettled in a ſmile; but a ſmile that betrayed ſolicitude, timidity, and conſtraint. He accoſted his favourites with familiarity and ſoftneſs; but they durſt not ſpeak without premeditation, leſt they ſhould be convicted of diſcontent or ſorrow. He propoſed diverſions, to which no objection was made, becauſe objection would have implied uneaſineſs; but they were regarded with indifference by the courtiers, who had no other deſire than to ſignalize themſelves by clamorous exultation. He offered various topicks of converſation, but obtained only forced jeſts and laborious laughter, and after many attempts to animate his train to confidence and alacrity, was obliged to confeſs to himſelf the impotence of command, and reſign another day to grief and diſappointment.

He at laſt relieved his companions from their terrors, and ſhut himſelf up in his chamber to aſcertain, by different meaſures, the felicity of the ſucceeding days. At length he threw himſelf on the bed, and cloſed his eyes, but imagined, in his ſleep, that his palace and gardens were overwhelmed by an inundation, and waked with all the terrors of a man ſtruggling in the water. He compoſed himſelf again to reſt, but was affrighted by an imaginary irruption into his kingdom, and ſtriving, as is uſual in dreams, without ability to move, fancied himſelf betrayed to his enemies, and again ſtarted up with horror and indignation.

It was now day, and fear was ſo ſtrongly impreſſed on his mind, that he could ſleep no more. He roſe, but his thoughts were filled with the deluge and invaſion, nor was he able to diſengage his attention, or mingle with vacancy and eaſe in any

amuſement. At length his perturbation gave way to reaſon, and he reſolved no longer to be haraſſed by viſionary miſeries; but before this reſolution could be completed, half the day had elapſed: he felt a new conviction of the uncertainty of human ſchemes, and could not forbear to bewail the weakneſs of that being, whoſe quiet was to be interrupted by vapours of the fancy. Having been firſt diſturbed by a dream, he afterwards grieved that a dream could diſturb him. He at laſt diſcovered, that his terrors and grief were equally vain, and, that to loſe the preſent in lamenting the paſt, was voluntarily to protract a melancholy viſion. The third day was now declining, and *Seged* again reſolved to be happy on the morrow.

NUMB. 205. TUESDAY, *March* 3, 1752.

——Volat ambiguis
Mobilis alis hora, nec ulli
Præſtat veloz fortuna fidem. SENECA.

On fickle wings the minutes haſte,
And fortune's favours never laſt. F. LEWIS.

ON the fourth morning *Seged* roſe early, refreſhed with ſleep, vigorous with health, and eager with expectation. He entered the garden, attended by the princes and ladies of his court, and ſeeing nothing about him but airy cheerfulneſs, began to ſay to his heart, "This day ſhall be a "day of pleaſure." The ſun played upon the water, the birds warbled in the groves, and the gales quivered among the branches. He roved from walk to walk as chance directed him, and

sometimes listened to the songs, sometimes mingled with the dancers, sometimes let loose his imagination in flights of merriment; and sometimes uttered grave reflections and sententious maxims, and feasted on the admiration with which they were received.

Thus the day rolled on, without any accident of vexation, or intrusion of melancholy thoughts. All that beheld him caught gladness from his looks, and the sight of happiness conferred by himself filled his heart with satisfaction: but having passed three hours in this harmless luxury, he was alarmed on a sudden by an universal scream among the women, and turning back, saw the whole assembly flying in confusion. A young crocodile had risen out of the lake, and was ranging the garden in wantonness or hunger. *Seged* beheld him with indignation, as a disturber of his felicity, and chased him back into the lake, but could not persuade his retinue to stay, or free their hearts from the terror which had seized upon them. The princesses inclosed themselves in the palace, and could yet scarcely believe themselves in safety. Every attention was fixed upon the late danger and escape, and no mind was any longer at leisure for gay sallies or careless prattle.

Seged had now no other employment than to contemplate the innumerable casualties which lie in ambush on every side to intercept the happiness of man, and break in upon the hour of delight and tranquillity. He had, however, the consolation of thinking, that he had not been now disappointed by his own fault, and that the accident which had blasted the hopes of the day, might easily be prevented by future caution.

That he might provide for the pleasure of the next morning, he resolved to repeal his penal edict, since he had already found that discontent and melancholy were not to be frighted away by the threats of authority, and that pleasure would only reside where she was exempted from controul. He therefore invited all the companions of his retreat to unbounded pleasantry, by proposing prizes for those who should, on the following day, distinguish themselves by any festive performances; the tables of the antechamber were covered with gold and pearls, and robes and garlands decreed the rewards of those who could refine elegance or heighten pleasure.

At this display of riches every eye immediately sparkled, and every tongue was busied in celebrating the bounty and magnificence of the emperor. But when *Seged* entered, in hopes of uncommon entertainment from universal emulation, he found that any passion too strongly agitated, puts an end to that tranquillity which is necessary to mirth, and that the mind, that is to be moved by the gentle ventilations of gaiety, must be first smoothed by a total calm. Whatever we ardently wish to gain, we must in the same degree be afraid to lose, and fear and pleasure cannot dwell together.

All was now care and solicitude. Nothing was done or spoken, but with so visible an endeavour at perfection, as always failed to delight, though it sometimes forced admiration; and *Seged* could not but observe with sorrow, that his prizes had more influence than himself. As the evening approached, the contest grew more earnest, and those who were forced to allow themselves excelled, began to discover the malignity of defeat, first by angry glances, and

and at laſt by contemptuous murmurs. *Seged* likewiſe ſhared the anxiety of the day, for conſidering himſelf as obliged to diſtribute with exact juſtice the prizes which had been ſo zealouſly ſought, he durſt never remit his attention, but paſſed his time upon the rack of doubt in balancing different kinds of merit, and adjuſting the claims of all the competitors.

At laſt, knowing that no exactneſs could ſatisfy thoſe whoſe hopes he ſhould diſappoint, and thinking that on a day ſet apart for happineſs, it would be cruel to oppreſs any heart with ſorrow, he declared that all had pleaſed him alike, and diſmiſſed all with preſents of equal value.

Seged ſoon ſaw that his caution had not been able to avoid offence. They who had believed themſelves ſecure of the higheſt prizes, were not pleaſed to be levelled with the crowd; and though, by the liberality of the king, they received more than his promiſe had intitled them to expect, they departed unſatisfied, becauſe they were honoured with no diſtinction, and wanted an opportunity to triumph in the mortification of their opponents. "Behold "here," ſaid *Seged*, "the condition of him who "places his happineſs in the happineſs of others." He then retired to meditate, and, while the courtiers were repining at his diſtributions, ſaw the fifth ſun go down in diſcontent.

The next dawn renewed his reſolution to be happy. But having learned how little he could effect by ſettled ſchemes or preparatory meaſures, he thought it beſt to give up one day entirely to chance, and left every one to pleaſe and be pleaſed his own way.

This relaxation of regularity diffused a general complacence through the whole court, and the emperor imagined, that he had at last found the secret of obtaining an interval of felicity. But as he was roving in this careless assembly with equal carelessness, he overheard one of his courtiers in a close arbour murmuring alone; "What merit has "*Seged* above us, that we should thus fear and "obey him, a man, whom, whatever he may "have formerly performed, his luxury now shews "to have the same weakness with ourselves." This charge affected him the more, as it was uttered by one whom he had always observed among the most abject of his flatterers. At first his indignation prompted him to severity; but reflecting, that what was spoken, without intention to be heard, was to be considered as only thought, and was perhaps but the sudden burst of casual and temporary vexation, he invented some decent pretence to send him away, that his retreat might not be tainted with the breath of envy, and after the struggle of deliberation was past, and all desire of revenge utterly suppressed, passed the evening not only with tranquillity, but triumph, though none but himself was conscious of the victory.

The remembrance of this clemency cheered the beginning of the seventh day, and nothing happened to disturb the pleasure of *Seged*, till looking on the tree that shaded him, he recollected, that under a tree of the same kind he had passed the night after his defeat in the kingdom of *Goiama*. The reflection on his loss, his dishonour, and the miseries which his subjects suffered from the invader, filled him with sadness. At last he shook off the weight of sorrow, and began to solace himself with

with his uſual pleaſures, when his tranquillity was again diſturbed by jealouſies which the late conteſt for the prizes had produced, and, which, having in vain tried to pacify them by perſuaſion, he was forced to ſilence by command.

On the eighth morning *Seged* was awakened early by an unuſual hurry in the apartments, and enquiring the cauſe, was told that the princeſs *Balkis* was ſeized with ſickneſs. He roſe, and calling the phyſicians, found that they had little hope of her recovery. Here was an end of jollity: all his thoughts were now upon his daughter, whoſe eyes he cloſed on the tenth day.

Such were the days which *Seged* of *Ethiopia* had appropriated to a ſhort reſpiration from the fatigues of war and the cares of government. This narrative he has bequeathed to future generations, that no man hereafter may preſume to ſay, "This day "ſhall be a day of happineſs."

Numb. 206. Saturday, *March* 7, 1752.

Propoſiti nondum pudet, atque eadem eſt mens,
Ut bona ſumma putes, alienâ vivere quadrâ. Juv.

But harden'd by affronts, and ſtill the ſame,
Loſt to all ſenſe of honour and of fame,
Thou yet can'ſt love to haunt the great man's board,
And think no ſupper good but with a lord. Bowles.

WHEN *Diogenes* was once aſked, what kind of wine he liked beſt? he anſwered, "That "which is drunk at the coſt of others."

Though the character of *Diogenes* has never excited any general zeal of imitation, there are

many who reſemble him in his taſte of wine; many who are frugal, though not abſtemious; whoſe apetites, though too powerful for reaſon, are kept under reſtraint by avarice; and to whom all delicacies loſe their flavour, when they cannot be obtained but at their own expence.

Nothing produces more ſingularity of manners and inconſtancy of life, than the conflict of oppoſite vices in the ſame mind. He that uniformly purſues any purpoſe, whether good or bad, has a ſettled principle of action; and as he may always find aſſociates who are travelling the ſame way, is countenanced by example, and ſheltered in the multitude; but a man, actuated at once by different deſires, muſt move in a direction peculiar to himſelf, and ſuffer that reproach which we are naturally inclined to beſtow on thoſe who deviate from the reſt of the world, even without enquiring whether they are worſe or better.

Yet this conflict of deſires ſometimes produces wonderful efforts. To riot in far-fetched diſhes, or ſurfeit with unexhauſted variety, and yet practiſe the moſt rigid economy, is ſurely an art which may juſtly draw the eyes of mankind upon them whoſe induſtry or judgment has enabled them to attain it. To him, indeed, who is content to break open the cheſts, or mortgage the manors of his anceſtors, that he may hire the miniſters of exceſs at the higheſt price, gluttony is an eaſy ſcience; yet we often hear the votaries of luxury boaſting of the elegance which they owe to the taſte of others, relating with rapture the ſucceſſion of diſhes with which their cooks and caterers ſupply them; and expecting their ſhare of praiſe with the diſcoverers of arts and the civilizers of nations.

But

But to ſhorten the way to convivial happineſs, by eating without coſt, is a ſecret hitherto in few hands, but which certainly deſerves the curioſity of thoſe whoſe principal enjoyment is their dinner, and who ſee the ſun riſe with no other hope than that they ſhall fill their bellies before it ſets.

Of them that have within my knowledge attempted this ſcheme of happineſs, the greater part have been immediately obliged to deſiſt; and ſome, whom their firſt attempts flattered with ſucceſs, were reduced by degrees to a few tables, from which they were at laſt chaſed to make way for others; and having long habituated themſelves to ſuperfluous plenty, growled away their latter years in diſcontented competence.

None enter the regions of luxury with higher expectations than men of wit, who imagine, that they ſhall never want a welcome to that company whoſe ideas they can enlarge, or whoſe imaginations they can elevate, and believe themſelves able to pay for their wine with the mirth which it qualifies them to produce. Full of this opinion, they crowd with little invitation, wherever the ſmell of a feaſt allures them, but are ſeldom encouraged to repeat their viſits, being dreaded by the pert as rivals, and hated by the dull as diſturbers of the company.

No man has been ſo happy in gaining and keeping the privilege of living at luxurious houſes as *Guloſulus*, who, after thirty years of continual revelry, has now eſtabliſhed, by uncontroverted preſcription, his claim to partake of every entertainment, and whoſe preſence they who aſpire to the praiſe of a ſumptuous table are careful to pro-

cure on a day of importance, by ſending the invitation a fortnight before.

Guloſulus entered the world without any eminent degree of merit; but was careful to frequent houſes where perſons of rank reſorted. By being often ſeen, he became in time known; and from ſitting in the ſame room, was ſuffered to mix in idle converſation, or aſſiſted to fill up a vacant hour, when better amuſement was not readily to be had. From the coffee-houſe he was ſometimes taken away to dinner; and as no man refuſes the acquaintance of him whom he ſees admitted to familiarity by others of equal dignity, when he had been met at a few tables, he with leſs difficulty found the way to more, till at laſt he was regularly expected to appear wherever preparations are made for a feaſt, within the circuit of his acquaintance.

When he was thus by accident initiated in luxury, he felt in himſelf no inclination to retire from a life of ſo much pleaſure, and therefore very ſeriouſly conſidered how he might continue it. Great qualities, or uncommon accompliſhments, he did not find neceſſary; for he had already ſeen that merit rather enforces reſpect than attracts fondneſs; and as he thought no folly greater than that of loſing a dinner for any other gratification, he often congratulated himſelf, that he had none of that diſguſting excellence which impreſſes awe upon greatneſs, and condemns its poſſeſſors to the ſociety of thoſe who are wiſe or brave, and indigent as themſelves.

Guloſulus having never allotted much of his time to books or meditation, had no opinion in philoſophy or politicks, and was not in danger of injuring

injuring his intereſt by dogmatical poſitions or violent contradiction. If a diſpute aroſe, he took care to liſten with earneſt attention; and when either ſpeaker grew vehement and loud, turned towards him with eager quickneſs, and uttered a ſhort phraſe of admiration, as if ſurpriſed by ſuch cogency of argument as he had never known before. By this ſilent conceſſion, he generally preſerved in either controvertiſt ſuch a conviction of his own ſuperiority, as inclined him rather to pity than irritate his adverſary, and prevented thoſe outrages which are ſometimes produced by the rage of defeat, or petulance of triumph.

Guloſulus was never embarraſſed but when he was required to declare his ſentiments before he had been able to diſcover to which ſide the maſter of the houſe inclined, for it was his invariable rule to adopt the notions of thoſe that invited him.

It will ſometimes happen that the inſolence of wealth breaks into contemptuouſneſs, or the turbulence of wine requires a vent; and *Guloſulus* ſeldom fails of being ſingled out on ſuch emergencies, as one on whom any experiment of ribaldry may be ſafely tried. Sometimes his lordſhip finds himſelf inclined to exhibit a ſpecimen of raillery for the diverſion of his gueſt, and *Guloſulus* always ſupplies him with a ſubject of merriment. But he has learned to conſider rudeneſs and indignities as familiarities that entitle him to greater freedom: he comforts himſelf, that thoſe who treat and inſult him pay for their laughter, and that he keeps his money while they enjoy their jeſt.

His chief policy conſiſts in ſelecting ſome diſh from every courſe, and recommending it to the company, with an air ſo deciſive, that no one ven-

tures to contradict him. By this practice he acquires at a feast a kind of dictatorial authority; his taste becomes the standard of pickles and seasoning, and he is venerated by the professors of epicurism, as the only man who understands the niceties of cookery.

Whenever a new sauce is imported, or any innovation made in the culinary system, he procures the earliest intelligence and the most authentick receipt; and by communicating his knowledge under proper injunctions of secrecy gains a right of tasting his own dish whenever it is prepared, that he may tell whether his directions have been fully understood.

By this method of life *Gulosulus* has so impressed on his imagination the dignity of feasting, that he has no other topick of talk or subject of meditation. His calendar is a bill of fare; he measures the year by successive dainties. The only common places of his memory are his meals; and if you ask him at what time an event happened, he considers whether he heard it after a dinner of turbot or venison. He knows indeed, that those who value themselves upon sense, learning, or piety, speak of him with contempt; but he considers them as wretches envious or ignorant, who do not know his happiness, or wish to supplant him; and declares to his friends, that he is fully satisfied with his own conduct, since he has fed every day on twenty dishes, and yet doubled his estate.

NUMB. 207. TUESDAY, *March* 10, 1752.

Solve ſenescentem mature sanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus. HOR.

The voice of reaſon cries with winning force,
Looſe from the rapid car your aged horſe,
Leſt, in the race deſerted, left behind,
He drag his jaded limbs and burſt his wind. FRANCIS.

SUCH is the emptineſs of human enjoyment, that we are always impatient of the preſent. Attainment is followed by neglect, and poſſeſſion by diſguſt; and the malicious remark of the *Greek* epigrammatiſt on marriage may be applied to every other courſe of life, that its two days of happineſs, are the firſt and the laſt.

Few moments are more pleaſing than thoſe in which the mind is concerting meaſures for a new undertaking. From the firſt hint that wakens the fancy, till the hour of actual execution, all is improvement and progreſs, triumph and felicity. Every hour brings additions to the original ſcheme, ſuggeſts ſome new expedient to ſecure ſucceſs, or diſcovers conſequential advantages not hitherto foreſeen. While preparations are made, and materials accumulated, day glides after day through elyſian proſpects, and the heart dances to the ſong of hope.

Such is the pleaſure of projecting, that many content themſelves with a ſucceſſion of viſionary ſchemes, and wear out their allotted time in the calm amuſement of contriving what they never attempt or hope to execute.

Others, not able to feaſt their imagination with pure ideas, advance ſomewhat nearer to the groſſ-

neſs

nefs of action, with great diligence collect whatever is requifite to their defign, and after a thoufand refearches and conſultations, are fnatched away by death, as they ſtand *in procinctu* waiting for a proper opportunity to begin.

If there were no other end of life, than to find ſome adequate ſolace for every day, I know not whether any condition could be preferred to that of the man who involves himſelf in his own thoughts, and never ſuffers experience to ſhew him the vanity of ſpeculation; for no ſooner are notions reduced to practice, than tranquillity and confidence forſake the breaſt; every day brings its taſk, and often without bringing abilities to perform it: difficulties embarraſs, uncertainty perplexes, oppoſition retards, cenſure exaſperates, or neglect depreſſes. We proceed, becauſe we have begun; we complete our deſign, that the labour already ſpent may not be vain: but as expectation gradually dies away, the gay ſmile of alacrity diſappears, we are compelled to implore ſeverer powers, and truſt the event to patience and conſtancy.

When once our labour has begun, the comfort that enables us to endure it is the proſpect of its end; for though in every long work there are ſome joyous intervals of ſelf-applauſe, when the attention is recreated by unexpected facility, and the imagination foothed by incidental excellencies; yet the toil with which performance ſtruggles after idea, is ſo irkſome and diſguſting, and ſo frequent is the neceſſity of reſting below that perfection which we imagined within our reach, that ſeldom any man obtains more from his endeavours than a painful conviction of his defects,

and

and a continual refuſcitation of deſires which he feels himſelf unable to gratify.

So certainly is wearineſs the concomitant of our undertakings, that every man, in whatever he is engaged, conſoles himſelf with the hope of change; if he has made his way by aſſiduity to publick employment, he talks among his friends of the delight of retreat; if by the neceſſity of ſolitary application he is ſecluded from the world, he liſtens with a beating heart to diſtant noiſes, longs to mingle with living beings, and reſolves to take hereafter his fill of diverſions, or diſplay his abilities on the univerſal theatre, and enjoy the pleaſure of diſtinction and applauſe.

Every deſire, however innocent, grows dangerous, as by long indulgence it becomes aſcendent in the mind. When we have been much accuſtomed to conſider any thing as capable of giving happineſs, it is not eaſy to reſtrain our ardour, or to forbear ſome precipitation in our advances, and irregularity in our purſuits. He that has cultivated the tree, watched the ſwelling bud and opening bloſſom, and pleaſed himſelf with computing how much every ſun and ſhower add to its growth, ſcarcely ſtays till the fruit has obtained its maturity, but defeats his own cares by eagerneſs to reward them. When we have diligently laboured for any purpoſe, we are willing to believe that we have attained it, and becauſe we have already done much, too ſuddenly conclude that no more is to be done.

All attraction is increaſed by the approach of the attracting body. We never find ourſelves ſo deſirous to finiſh, as in the latter part of our work, or ſo impatient of delay, as when we know

know that delay cannot be long. Thus unſeaſonable importunity of diſcontent may be partly imputed to languor and wearineſs, which muſt always oppreſs thoſe more whoſe toil has been longer continued; but the greater part uſually proceeds from frequent contemplation of that eaſe which is now conſidered as within reach, and which, when it has once flattered our hopes, we cannot ſuffer to be withheld.

In ſome of the nobleſt compoſitions of wit, the concluſion falls below the vigour and ſpirit of the firſt books; and as a genius is not to be degraded by the imputation of human failings, the cauſe of this declenſion is commonly ſought in the ſtructure of the work, and plauſible reaſons are given why in the defective part leſs ornament was neceſſary, or leſs could be admitted. But, perhaps, the author would have confeſſed, that his fancy was tired, and his perſeverance broken; that he knew his deſign to be unfiniſhed, but that when he ſaw the end ſo near, he could no longer refuſe to be at reſt.

Againſt the inſtillations of this frigid opiate, the heart ſhould be ſecured by all the conſiderations which once concurred to kindle the ardour of enterpriſe. Whatever motive firſt incited action, has ſtill greater force to ſtimulate perſeverance; ſince he that might have lain ſtill at firſt in blameleſs obſcurity, cannot afterwards deſiſt but with infamy and reproach. He, whom a doubtful promiſe of diſtant good could encourage to ſet difficulties at defiance, ought not to remit his vigour, when he has almoſt obtained his recompence. To faint or loiter, when only the laſt efforts are required, is to ſteer the ſhip through tempeſts,

tempeſts, and abandon it to the winds in ſight of land; it is to break the ground and ſcatter the ſeed, and at laſt to neglect the harveſt.

The maſters of rhetorick direct, that the moſt forcible arguments be produced in the latter part of an oration, leſt they ſhould be effaced or perplexed by ſupervenient images. This precept may be juſtly extended to the ſeries of life: nothing is ended with honour, which does not conclude better than it began. It is not ſufficient to maintain the firſt vigour; for excellence loſes its effect upon the mind by cuſtom, as light after a time ceaſes to dazzle. Admiration muſt be continued by that novelty which firſt produced it, and how much ſoever is given, there muſt always be reaſon to imagine that more remains.

We not only are moſt ſenſible of the laſt impreſſions, but ſuch is the unwillingneſs of mankind to admit tranſcendant merit, that, though it be difficult to obliterate the reproach of miſcarriages by any ſubſequent atchievement, however illuſtrious, yet the reputation raiſed by a long train of ſucceſs, may be finally ruined by a ſingle failure; for weakneſs or error will be always remembered by that malice and envy which it gratifies.

For the prevention of that diſgrace, which laſſitude and negligence may bring at laſt upon the greateſt performances, it is neceſſary to proportion carefully our labour to our ſtrength. If the deſign compriſes many parts, equally eſſential, and therefore not to be ſeparated, the only time for caution is before we engage; the powers of the mind muſt be then impartially eſtimated, and it muſt be remembered, that not to complete the plan, is not to have

have begun it; and that nothing is done, while any thing is omitted.

But, if the task consists in the repetition of single acts, no one of which derives its efficacy from the rest, it may be attempted with less scruple, because there is always opportunity to retreat with honour. The danger is only, lest we expect from the world the indulgence with which most are disposed to treat themselves; and in the hour of listlessness imagine, that the diligence of one day will atone for the idleness of another, and that applause begun by approbation will be continued by habit.

He that is himself weary will soon weary the publick. Let him therefore lay down his employment, whatever it be, who can no longer exert his former activity or attention; let him not endeavour to struggle with censure or obstinately infest the stage till a general hiss commands him to depart.

NUMB. 208. SATURDAY, *March* 14, 1752.

Ηράκλειτε, ἐγὼ τί με ὧ κάτω ἕλκετ' ἄμυστι;
Οὐχ' ὑμῖν ἐπόνουν, τοις δέ μ' ἐμισαμένοις·
Εἷς ἐμοὶ ἄνθρωπος τρισμύριοι· οἱ δ' ἀναρίθμοι
Οὐδείς· ταῦτ' αὐδῶ καὶ παρὰ Περσεφόνη·

DIOG. LAERT.

Begone, ye blockheads, *Heraclitus* cries,
And leave my labours to the learn'd and wife;
By wit, by knowledge, ſtudious to be read,
I ſcorn the multitude, alive and dead.

TIME, which puts an end to all human pleaſures and ſorrows, has likewiſe concluded the labours of the RAMBLER. Having ſupported for two years the anxious employment of a periodical writer, and multiplied my eſſays to four volumes, I have now determined to deſiſt.

The reaſons of this reſolution it is of little importance to declare, ſince juſtification is unneceſſary when no objection is made. I am far from ſuppoſing, that the ceſſation of my performances will raiſe any inquiry, for I have never been much a favourite of the publick, nor can boaſt that, in the progreſs of my undertaking, I have been animated by the rewards of the liberal, the careſſes of the great, or the praiſes of the eminent.

But I have no deſign to gratify pride by ſubmiſſion, or malice by lamentation; nor think it reaſonable to complain of neglect from thoſe whoſe regard I never ſolicited. If I have not been diſtinguiſhed by the diſtributors of literary honours, I have ſeldom deſcended to the arts by which favour is obtained. I have ſeen the meteors

teors of fashion rise and fall, without any attempt to add a moment to their duration. I have never complied with temporary curiosity, nor enabled my readers to discuss the topick of the day; I have rarely exemplified my assertions by living characters; in my papers, no man could look for censures of his enemies, or praises of himself; and they only were expected to peruse them, whose passions left them leisure for abstracted truth, and whom virtue could please by its naked dignity.

To some, however, I am indebted for encouragement, and to others for assistance. The number of my friends was never great, but they have been such as would not suffer me to think that I was writing in vain, and I did not feel much dejection from the want of popularity.

My obligations having not been frequent, my acknowledgments may be soon dispatched. I can restore to all my correspondents their productions, with little diminution of the bulk of my volumes, though not without the loss of some pieces to which particular honours have been paid.

The parts from which I claim no other praise than that of having given them an opportunity of appearing, are the four billets in the tenth paper, the second letter in the fifteenth, the thirtieth, the forty-fourth, the ninety-seventh, and the hundredth papers, and the second letter in the hundred and seventh.

Having thus deprived myself of many excuses which candour might have admitted for the inequality of my compositions, being no longer able to allege the necessity of gratifying correspondents,

pondents, the importunity with which publication was ſolicited, or obſtinacy with which correction was rejected, I muſt remain accountable for all my faults, and ſubmit, without ſubterfuge, to the cenſures of criticiſm, which, however, I ſhall not endeavour to ſoften by a formal deprecation, or to overbear by the influence of a patron. The ſupplications of an author never yet reprieved him a moment from oblivion; and though greatneſs has ſometimes ſheltered guilt, it can afford no protection to ignorance or dulneſs. Having hitherto attempted only the propagation of truth, I will not at laſt violate it by the confeſſion of terrors which I do not feel: having laboured to maintain the dignity of virtue I will not now degrade it by the meanneſs of dedication

The ſeeming vanity with which I have ſometimes ſpoken of myſelf, would perhaps require an apology, were it not extenuated by the example of thoſe who have publiſhed eſſays before me, and by the privilege which every nameleſs writer has been hitherto allowed. "A maſk," ſays *Caſtiglione*, "confers a right of acting and ſpeaking with leſs "reſtraint, even when the wearer happens to be "known." He that is diſcovered without his own conſent, may claim ſome indulgence, and cannot be rigorouſly called to juſtify thoſe ſallies or frolicks which his diſguiſe muſt prove him deſirous to conceal.

But I have been cautious leſt this offence ſhould be frequently or groſsly committed; for, as one of the philoſophers directs us to live with a friend, as with one that is ſome time to become an enemy, I have always thought it the duty of an anonymous

anonymous author to write, as if he expected to be hereafter known.

I am willing to flatter myself with hopes, that by collecting these papers, I am not preparing, for my future life, either shame or repentance. That all are happily imagined, or accurately polished, that the same sentiments have not sometimes recurred, or the same expressions been too frequently repeated, I have not confidence in my abilities sufficient to warrant. He that condemns himself to compose on a stated day, will often bring to his task an attention dissipated, a memory embarrassed, an imagination overwhelmed, a mind distracted with anxieties, a body languishing with disease: he will labour on a barren topick, till it is too late to change it; or in the ardour of invention, diffuse his thoughts into wild exuberance, which the pressing hour of publication cannot suffer judgment to examine or reduce.

Whatever shall be the final sentence of mankind, I have at least endeavoured to deserve their kindness. I have laboured to refine our language to grammatical purity, and to clear it from colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms, and irregular combinations. Something, perhaps, I have added to the elegance of its construction, and something to the harmony of its cadence. When common words were less pleasing to the ear, or less distinct in their signification, I have familiarized the terms of philosophy by applying them to popular ideas, but have rarely admitted any word not authorized by former writers; for I believe that whoever knows the *English* tongue in its present extent, will be able to express his thoughts without further help from other nations.

As it has been my principal design to inculcate wisdom or piety, I have allotted few papers to the idle sports of imagination. Some, perhaps, may be found, of which the highest excellence is harmless merriment; but scarcely any man is so steadily serious as not to complain, that the severity of dictatorial instruction has been too seldom relieved, and that he is driven by the sternness of the Rambler's philosophy to more cheerful and airy companions.

Next to the excursions of fancy are the disquisitions of criticism, which, in my opinion, is only to be ranked among the subordinate and instrumental arts. Arbitrary decision and general exclamation I have carefully avoided, by asserting nothing without a reason, and establishing all my principles of judgment on unalterable and evident truth.

In the pictures of life I have never been so studious of novelty or surprise as to depart wholly from all resemblance; a fault which writers deservedly celebrated frequently commit, that they may raise, as the occasion requires, either mirth or abhorrence. Some enlargement may be allowed to declamation, and some exaggeration to burlesque; but as they deviate further from reality, they become less useful, because their lessons will fail of application. The mind of the reader is carried away from the contemplation of his own manners; he finds in himself no likeness to the phantom before him; and though he laughs or rages, is not reformed.

The essays professedly serious, if I have been able to execute my own intentions, will be found exactly

exactly conformable to the precepts of Chriſtianity without any accommodation to the licentiouſneſs and levity of the preſent age. I therefore look back on this part of my work with pleaſure, which no blame or praiſe of man ſhall diminiſh or augment. I ſhall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cauſe, if I can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth.

Αὐτῶν ἐκ μακάρων ἀντάξιος εἴη ἀμοιβή.

Celeſtial pow'rs! that piety regard,
From you my labours wait their laſt reward.

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